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Weekly American Flag.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Mrs. Partington says that the gout is incoherent in some families.

It is said that "Gen. Quattlebum" intends to charter the dredging machine "Winnemucca" for the purpose of "cleaning out" the *Alta* office.

MAKING TRACKS.—That venerable turtle, the *Alta*, is crawling off quite vigorously under the live coals put upon its back by the FLAG.

NINE reasons are given why Sherman's treaty with Johnson was rejected. One was sufficient with the President, to wit: that the thing couldn't be done.

NO HONOR IN THEM.—The paroled prisoners at Richmond have been committing depredations. They ought to be shot like wild animals. They are outlaws from civilization.

"CLOSE up, boys, close up!" said the Captain. "If the enemy should fire on you when you're straggling along that a way, he couldn't hit a darned one of ye!"

ENRAGED TEAMSTER.—"Curse you, you long eared brute! Your father wasn't a mule and neither was your mother. What business have you to be a mule, anyhow? dern you!"

ARRESTING THE TRAITORS.—Three more arrests of persons for uttering treasonable sentiments, were made at Colusa on Friday and Saturday—making seven in all. They were taken to Camp Union.

A correspondent desires to know whether the chief editor of the *Bulletin* is a man of "liberal education?" We don't know, but think it probable that he is familiar with *St Giles' Greek*, a dialect much in vogue in Botany Bay.

A man who saw MacCrellish leaving the *Alta* office, the other morning, before daylight, peering timorously from side to side, said that "he reminded him of Governor Pilate's private secretary returning from the Crucifixion!"

On hearing of the President's death, a female Sepoy at Oakland rolled up her eyes, raised her hands and said she was glad of it. Her husband, if any, should be taken out and tarred and feathered, otherwise her part of him.

ALABAMA RETURNING.—A correspondent writes that there are thousands of loyal people in Alabama who are rejoicing in their coming deliverance. The feeling of disgust for their military tyrants is becoming general among the rank and file of the Confederacy.

WINHAM AGAIN.—The Nevada *Gazette* says of Winham, accused of treasonable utterances in San Francisco, that, notwithstanding his contradiction, "he is well known at Colombia Hall, where he [illegible]

THE People's Party are held responsible for the efforts now being made to restore the smashed-up treason mills. None but the People's newspapers have been condemned to destruction. The restoration of these mud holes of hell is to be the price of Copperhead support of the People's Party ticket at the city election.

EXACT JUSTICE.—Loyal citizens of Tennessee are now before the State Courts prosecuting their rebel tormentors for damages, and, as many of the latter are wealthy, and the courts render verdicts for the full amount claimed, whenever the offense is proven, the former are in a fair way of obtaining redress.

In all time the ministers of the popular religion have exercised a most formidable power, either for the building up or overthrow of civil governments; and, fortunately for this nation, their influence has been exerted in behalf of human freedom, until at length the horrid barbarism of American Slavery is wasting out, like a dreadful spectre at break of day.

The Christian church is the champion of freedom, spiritual and temporal. It has taught the world how to live and die for its faith, and also how to fight for liberty. The fiercest battles that redden on the pages of history were fought in behalf of a free conscience, and the sword flashed never so deadly as when swung by religious zealots in the name of the Most High.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE.—The Stockton *Independent* calls Abraham Lincoln the incorruptible, and says: "In an age of money grabbing and universal extravagance, our good President's honesty and republican simplicity shone with such resplendence as even to disarm the malice of his most malignant enemy." This sentiment, inscribed on the nation's heart, is Lincoln's best monument.

THUS spake the Rev. Peablossom Shackle, of the Methodist Church *South*, to the slave christians of his congregation: "Fear not, little flock! Never mind the whistling lash of the cruel driver! Shrink not at the bloodhound's baying! Cry not so bitterly when the majestic steamer sweeps down the Mississippi with your first-born—Jesus died for you!"
Merciful God! can men so blaspheme?

WE are told that the belief prevails in distant parts of the city that the *Flag* issues a newspaper every three or four hours during the day, and one or two after night! The story has got afloat by grapevine, we expect. It is true, however, that the printing of the morning edition is not always completed until afternoon, and that the DISPATCH keeps multiplying until long after dark. The press is not idle, much of the time.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.—"All quiet on Sacramento street." General Quattlebum has changed his base from Squarza's to Martin & Horton's. Noah is baking oat-meal bread. Evans, the wild cat banker, is trying to compromise with his Chicago depositors. Hittell is committing to memory Archdeacon Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." MacCrellish is composing a McClellan war song, entitled "The Bloody Gallopper of the Chickahominy."

SMALL ARMS were in use about the middle of the fifteenth century, but they were miserable things—it took a quarter of an hour to load and fire one—says Hallam, in his "Middle Ages." The soldier had to carry a rest to shoot from. Pistols were invented in the sixteenth century. Gun powder was used to undermine towns in 1487. The exact time when cannon were first used in war is not determined, but Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England" says, after careful investigation that they were in use before the middle of the fourteenth century.

A HAPPY TRANSFER OF ALLEGIANCE.—Every where the horizon appears to be brightening. Among the encouraging signs of late is the announcement that a large number of men who were formerly rebel soldiers in Georgia and Tennessee have joined the Second United States Volunteers, and had started for Fort Kearney to assist in fighting down the common enemy—the Indians. Glorious rebels figuring in Uncle Sam's uniform, and handling Uncle Sam's greenbacks, and helping to keep up the communication between the loyal States of the North!

THE VOICE OF THE INTERIOR ON THE NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT.

Oration by Rev. A. Dryden.

The oration by Rev A. Dryden, delivered in Nevada city on the day of the obsequies, was a most impressive and effective effort. The speaker alluded in telling terms to the solemnity of the occasion and the eminence of the victim, whose majestic form was but yesterday the living tabernacle of a great soul—a soul that was a stranger to selfish ambition or lust of power; that never thought of injustice, wrong or oppression, but ever moved in all its nobleness in sympathy with truth, justice and freedom. Those orbs, closed and motionless now, but yesterday were radiant with eyes which beamed only with kindness, sympathy and love, and that massive brow, cold and insensible now, but yesterday was filled with anxious, hopeful thoughts of peace to a distracted country, of the reunion of the severed States, and of freedom for the millions of the poor and oppressed. The speaker alluded to the bereavement as being similar in effect to a father slain in every house. Angels in heaven never looked down on an occasion so sad, so sorrowful, so horrifying to goodness, innocence and love since the day our Christ was murdered on Calvary. Why this was allowed is beyond the ken of any finite mind to fully solve. It is one of those wonderful examples which may be found all along the march of the ages, in which

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Acting upon this philosophy, of faith in God said the orator, I find no difficulty in accepting the seemingly untimely death of our President as an important link in the chain of His present Providential government of this nation, and moreover I am persuaded that it will be so wrought in the chain as to accomplish His present purposes results which could have been accomplished in no other way. It is my faith that Abraham Lincoln dying just as he did, will accomplish for this nation, for the freedom of man and the uplifting of humanity, what he could not have done living. Except a grain of wheat die, it abideth alone, but if it fall into the earth and die, it bringeth forth much fruit. The Christ was cruelly murdered at Jerusalem, but his life passed into humanity, and became the life of the race. The speaker also regarded the death of the President as a part of a general expiation for the nation's tolerance of slavery and kindred sins. If Mr Lincoln had a fault, it was that he could not realize the depth of crime of which the slavery advocates were capable, and in kind and fond hope of conciliation and restoration, he warmed the infernal reptile in his generous bosom until its deadly fang reached his noble heart. The speaker uttered a withering denunciation upon those whose sympathies and words of encouragement throughout the rebellion had sustained the rebels in their iniquities, and assisted them in consummating their grand design. He closed by saying, "Long as the Pacific shall lave our golden shores, or Mount Shasta lift his forehead to the clouds, shall Lincoln's name, his virtues and his noble deeds be treasured in the hearts of our children's children.

Oration by Hon. D. Belden.

The Hon D Belden delivered on the same occasion an address remarkable for its appreciation of the deceased patriot's merits. He described Abraham Lincoln as being peculiarly the man of the people. Debarred in early life of those advantages which fortune bestows upon her more favored sons, untrained in the scholastic subtleties of the schools, unpracticed in the polished dissimulations of courtiers, the stalwart woodsman of the frontier brought to the battle of life little save an energy that never slackened and an integrity that never swerved. Uncouth and unpolished, he entered the arena of intellectual strife with giants for his competitors, and distanced all his rivals, reaching the very pinnacle of national honor and preferment, with his name a household word for honesty and integrity. The champion of the oppressed when the oppressor was all powerful, the advocate of freedom when slavery was the worshiped idol, fearless in his weakness, magnanimous in his strength, it was well for the country and well for humanity that such a man thus spotless and self reliant, thus fearless and merciful, was called to the Chair of Washington. In the face of rebellion and threatened assassination, with the [illegible] to begin war, [illegible] Lincoln assumed, as its Chief Executive, [illegible] and the reins of power, and like another [illegible] stood between the people and the destruction that threatened the land, and the plague was stayed.

He kindled the patriotism of the loyal States till the North was one blaze of enthusiasm, and the grey haired veterans of former wars and [illegible] less youths answered to [illegible] the earth, looked on [illegible] at this uprising of a great people. He [illegible] those its wild zeal into directed valor, and a million armed men in martial array attested the hand of the master. He unloosed the frozen springs of trade, and at his bidding public credit rose from the dead. The country woke in a tempest and the insurrection that had marshaled its hosts for Northern fields of plunder halted dismayed, while the crowned robbers of Europe, exultant over our downfall, and hastening to rehearse the partition of Poland with the fragments of the great American Republic, deferred their schemes of plunder to a more auspicious occasion.

In view of all that he has accomplished, the orator denominated Lincoln the second Father of his Country, the hero in disaster, merciful in victory, a martyr in triumph, like Israel's Lawgiver, to him it was given to lead his people through the Red Sea of conflict and the wilderness of suffering, but to find his own grave at the very gates of the promised land, which he was indeed suffered to behold but not permitted to enter.

His mission accomplished—

It came, his hour of martyrdom
In Freedom's sacred cause her sons,
And though his life hath passed away
Like light along a stormy day,
Yet shall his death hour leave a track
Of glory permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret, and by its light
Watch through the hours of Slavery's night
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.

Of the Emancipation Proclamation, he said, we scarce appreciate it. It has forever put an end to the despotism of the pro slavery autocrats, and attributed the whole system of rebellion which [illegible] from their doctrines. To such a life as Lincoln's, this earth is a monument, and not a sepulchre, and through the long vista of coming years the gathering ages bring new honors, bequeathing a deeper devotion to his name and his cherished memory. And we may thus—

"——recall his fate without a sigh,
For he is Freedom's now and fame's—
One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

Mr. Putnam's Oration, at Grass Valley.

On the day of the obsequies, Rev. R. F. Putnam delivered an impressive oration, at Grass Valley in which occurred the following sentiments:

And, will it come to pass that here or elsewhere, now or six months from now, any man living will dare to exult over the fall of him whom we are bending to that grave which is his gateway to glory, then, make that man feel that it were good for him that he had never been born! Make him realize that he could more safely stand on the rocky shores of the Bay of Fundy, when the sweeping tide of rise is at come rolling in, than face the scorn of an indignant people! Tell him of a Haman gallows that little is head in high empyrean. Or better yet, in the name of humanity, in the name of your country, in the name of Almighty God; strike him down to the earth so that he rise not again! Woe, woe, woe, be to him that shall dare to add insult to our injury.

. . . .

We bend over this newly made grave, that from the mouldering bones of the heroic Apostle of Freedom, we may catch inspiration and energy for the duties that devolve upon us. Abraham Lincoln being dead, yet speaketh. The blood of the martyr crieth aloud from the ground. It seems to breathe itself in tongues of fire and lips of flame.

And what are the burning words they utter to the American citizen? They are these: Stand by the Government of the Fathers! Make no compromise, no treaty, no truce with traitors in arms! Expect no permanent peace, no enduring Union until the iniquitous system of Slavery, the demon of curse and crime, is eradicated—root and branch, rod and blossom—from the body politic. And when this Moloch, on whose black altars so many illustrious dead have been slaughtered, has met its doom, when this Cerebus has been slain; then may you hope that North and South, East and West, may be bound together by the ties of a common brotherhood—and States now "discordant and belligerent" shall be united as one indissolubly and forever.

Revival of Union Spirit in Napa.

A great revulsion has been produced in Napa by the horrible butchery of our beloved President. For some time past the taint of suspicion, owing to the surly proceedings of a malcontent minority had clung to the whole of the beautiful valley in which that town is situated, but the recent tragic occurrence has effectually destroyed all that was doubtful or vacillating, and enables us to set Napa down as secure for the Union. The large meeting of citizens held on the 17th instant, in the Court House, resulted in the drafting of a series of whole-souled resolutions, among which we find the following:

WHEREAS, The causeless and unsuccessful assault which has been made by traitors in the revolted States, and by their abettors everywhere, against the liberties of the American people, and the [illegible] Government of the United States, has culminated in the cowardly assassination of our revered Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted murder of William H. Seward, the Secretary of State. Therefore,

Resolved, That the loyal citizens of Napa County recognize in this last desperate act of the accursed base tools of traitors, new evidence of the barbarous character of the wretches who have so long made war against the Government and Administration—and regard this atrocious murder as the legitimate fruit of the principles which underlie the present rebellion, and of the fiendish spirit of opposition which has appealed to the basest passions of the basest men.

Resolved, That in our view, the actual perpetrators of this murder, unparalleled in American history, are less guilty than the organized bands of traitors, North as well as South, who have for the last four years fomented discord, denounced the officers of Government, and plotted treason; and that, in our belief, the assassination of the President is to be attributed, not to a single murderer, but to a secret organization whose members are to be found in every community—and which, either directly, or through its satellites, has been, and still is actuated by the single purpose of destroying the Government and securing success to the slaveholders' rebellion.

Also—that the murder [illegible] punishment should be [illegible] this crime against the humane [illegible]

The resolutions embody also a glowing tribute to the personal and public worth of the late Chief Magistrate, and pledges the citizens anew to the devotion of influence—property—and lives, if need be—whenever and wherever they may be required [illegible]

Similar resolutions were also passed by other public bodies.

In commenting upon the damnable deed, the Napa *Register* says: "While we deplore the loss of our noble Chief Magistrate, we rejoice that Andrew Johnson and W H Seward have been spared to guard the interests of the country. To their honesty and fidelity we are willing to confide the national affairs in this dark and foreboding hour of sorrow. Though shaken to her very centre by this terrible and unexpected blow, the nation still stands strong, and will yet sit on forever, foremost among the powers of the earth, shedding the light of her glory upon all coming ages. Dark though her past may have been, her future is bright with promises of returning peace and prosperity. But Americans never will nor can forget this dark blot upon their country's history, however resplendent may be her future record, and oh, how bitter will be the memory of those who are in any way responsible for the hellish act! What a weight of woe and infamy will rest upon their children and their children's children—the consciousness of there fathers guilt in having sustained—by word or deed—the bands of traitors North and South, whose acts have resulted in the death of President Lincoln."

The Popular Heart-Beat in Contra Costa.

Crowded meetings were held of the citizens of Pacheco, on Monday and Tuesday evenings last at which, while declaring that the assassin's blow falls like a sad personal bereavement as well as a great national calamity, upon the heart and home of every citizen of the country worthy of the name, it was

Resolved, That the language is inadequate to express the deep, heartfelt and profound sorrow that pervades the minds and hearts of the loyal citizens of this community, occasioned by the death of our beloved President, and that his cold blooded and cowardly assassination is unparalleled in the history of crime, and deserves the eternal justice at the hands of the American people, that the foul deed instigated by the most fiendish malice that ever shaped a murderous purpose, we regard as the culmination of the wickedness of the Slaveholders' rebellion, and that the barbarism of slavery is thus most unquestionably illustrated; that inasmuch as our lamented Chief Magistrate was simply the executive to carrying out the will of a free and sovereign people, his base and heartless murderers can derive no benefit from his cruel death, but the lawfully expressed will of the people must be carried out in restoring peace, Union, and the authority of the General Government to all the States now in rebellion; and that we humbly implore God, who in our beloved President so often invoked and upon whose Almighty arm he implicitly relied to overrule this afflictive dispensation of His Providence to the Nation's good, to the end that the Union may be preserved, justice established, and peace secured to our distracted country.

The Contra Costa *Gazette* expresses the utmost horror of the act, and says: "The vile spirit of that wicked rebellion that has instigated so many fiendish crimes during the last four years, is fitly represented in this crowning act of infamy. The horrid murder is a true embodiment of the rebel heart. As an impulse of diabolical revenge it is intelligible, but as a really calculated plot to harm the cause of the Union and benefit the rebellion, it is a total failure. Instead of aiding the expiring cause of the rebel Confederacy, it only tends to turn the hearts of millions of freemen with renewed intensity of indignation and abhorrence of a system that naturally culminates in such a deed of horror and crime."

The *Gazette* sees in the whole affair the workings of a most vile conspiracy, the plans of which were so extensive as to defeat their own purpose. In exchanging Lincoln for Johnson, they have only accelerated and added weight to their own punishment. The position of the country will be in no wise altered. The civil and military affairs of the nation will go on in their accustomed course, so that any hopes of confusion in the onward progress of our armies, or any delay in the work of effectually suppressing the last remains of rebel power, will be most thoroughly disappointed. The only difference, if any, will be that our soldiers will be inspired with tenfold more zeal and uncompromising ardor in totally extinguishing the rebellion. Slavery, the prime source of the rebellion, will as thoroughly be effectually abolished, and the spirit of slavery, which is the spirit of rebellion, and has shown its merciless nature so often before, and so conspicuously in this last act of infamous murder, will receive so marked and so severe a rebuke, from the united voices and acts of an indignant nation, that it will never again dare to appear openly as an unpitying element in our national concerns. Out of the depths of evil and wickedness God will make good to arise for our people.

In Marin County.

The events of the past week have created a tremendous reaction in Marin county, where the Union sentiment is getting to be more marked than ever before. Of the murder, the *Marin County Journal* says: "The Nation is draped in the deepest gloom of mourning. A project engendered in the hellish conclave of treason has been accomplished. The assassin's bullet, by cowardly stealth has reached the heart, and foully murdered the nation's idolized Chief. The blanched face of discomfited rebellion, with quivering limbs and vengeful heart, for failure in blasting our country's expanding bud of freedom, has at last spat its last spite upon our country's savior. But may we not say, and with reverence, as did the Savior of the world when, by similar hands, in the zenith of his glorious manhood, he was cut off from being among men—"It is finished!"

The God that planted and reared for our infant Republic, is still the ruler among, and the God of nations. His chastening rod, though severe, is the sure guarantee of His continued fatherly care and protection.

The work that President Lincoln was appointed to, has been accomplished, and well done. And like many others of the world's brightest benefactors, he has fallen a martyr to the cause of humanity."

The Stockton Independent on the Consequences of the Act.

The editor of the *Independent* thinks the conspirators were ignorant fanatics, without a system in their madness, arguing that their [illegible] was intended to try the Constitution of the United States by the severest test that could [illegible] the Vice President and Chief [illegible] of Cabinet, [illegible] the assassins thought, would leave the country without a government and compel Congress to [illegible] power. They made one mistake. They overlooked the law of 1792, which, in conformity with constitutional provision, designates the President pro tem. of the Senate as President of the [illegible] and this circumstance it is upon which the *Independent* bases its argument.

Had the assassination included the President, Vice President, and President pro tem of the Senate, in the vacation of Congress, and had this plan carried we should have been without a Constitutional Executive until the next regular meeting of Congress, which will not be until the first Monday in December, 1865, for Congress having adjourned *sine die* on the 4th of March, there would have been no power to call it together to designate what officer should act as President. Once in session, Congress might disregard the law of 1792, and designate some other officer than the President pro tem of the Senate or Speaker of the House, but as Congress had expired by limitation of the law, it could only be convened by the President, and as the assassination of the three officers above named would have left the country in a state of anarchy until the first Monday of December next. It is possible that the conspiracy looked at this, but so far, the *Independent* thinks there is no proof of the fact.

Recognizing the existence still of the infamous secret organization of Copperheads who are plotting for the overthrow of the nation, it thinks it the plain duty of President Johnson to call Congress together again by proclamation. The act itself has only strengthened the Government. The first great sorrow over, the nation instantly turns from the dead President to the living Constitution which the traitors did not and cannot wound. We fit ourselves to the circumstances, because really there has been no radical change. The finds remain firm and the improving prospect is unaltered.

In Calaveras County.

The citizens of Mokelumne Hill, were prompt in their reprobation of the horrible crime by which the Copperheads have just immortalized themselves. They at once passed resolutions that in this bereavement the nation had lost a tried and true patriot and a wise and able President, whose every act has been marked with a jealous care of the rights of the people, and an earnest intention to preserve at every sacrifice one national honor and the Union of the States, and recognizing the late Chief Magistrate as pre-eminently the friend of man, and the great exponent of human freedom throughout the world.

The obsequies of the late President, says the *Chronicle*, were celebrated with appropriate honors at Mokelumne Hill. All places of business were closed, and the town draped with symbols of mourning. Many of the private residences of our citizens in the outskirts of the place, were festooned with crape. The crushing blow fell upon no community in the land with greater severity than on this, and from the moment that the melancholy event was first known in our midst, until a final tribute of respect had been paid to the illustrious dead, there was but one expression of public sentiment, and that was horror for the atrocious murder. But a few nights previous we had celebrated with all the warmth of our California natures the brilliant victory won by Grant over Lee, and while the memory of our rejoicings was still fresh in our minds came the announcement that he who had so long and so ably presided over our nation's councils was stricken down, in the midst of family and friends, and lay a bleeding corse in the Capital of the country which he had rescued from destruction. Eloquent addresses were made by Dr. B. [illegible] Brook and Judge Badgley, and Rev. [illegible] Mosher officiated as chaplain.

Of the illustrious martyr, the *Chronicle* says: While engaged in suppressing the rebellion, he exhibited some of the most brilliant qualities that ever adorned a hero. The annals of the world give no parallel. He stands alone, without a peer in the whole range of history. Other men have founded empires; have conquered and subjugated nations and established dynasties and [illegible] imperial crowns, but where can we point to one stepped from the body of the people to the highest place ever yet erected beneath the dome of heaven, and toiled day and night for their welfare and their advancement. He called forth the most powerful army, and created the most magnificent navy that ever yet obeyed the mandates of a sovereign, but, instead of using them to destroy the liberties of the people he depended upon their patriotism to [illegible], preserve and perpetuate the glorious heritage bequeathed by our fathers. Instead of becoming arrogant from having the unlimited control of war, he seemed to grow gentler and more humble as his power over mankind increased. The vulgar ambition of surrounding himself with the trappings of royalty seemed never to have occurred to him. And, instead of attempting to grasp the sceptre, and to trample upon the rights of his fellow citizens, he went down among the walks of the lowly, and liberated those who had for generations worn the chains of bondage. He fell a victim, not because he was ambitious, but because he was magnanimous. Caesar was assassinated, because he would have placed a diadem upon his brow. Lincoln was murdered because he would cut off the fetters from the bondmen. Let us draw the veil over the bleeding corpse. He has passed into bliss. He has gone from time to eternity, but so long as men remember those who labored for their elevation, his name will be cherished, and his virtues will be sung.

The San Andreas *Register* says: "The loss of the President, or of the Secretary of State, will not vitally affect the administration of the government. The only effect it can have is to delay a little longer the settlement of our national difficulties, which have been brought to a focus by Mr Lincoln. He knew better about the situation of affairs and the negotiations, which are probably yet to be made than any other person, and his sudden taking off, will no doubt cement but disarrange the plans already made for peace, and it is quite doubtful whether Mr Johnson in his administration will consent to offer to the rebels as liberal terms as Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly contemplated. A few short days ago we were all filled with joy at the surrender of Lee's army. Now the nation mourns the untimely death of him, to whom the whole country looked, soon to bring peace, and the restoration of the seceded States to their former place in the Union.

In Tehama.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Supervisors of Tehama county, at Red Bluff, on the 19th:

WHEREAS, An all wise Providence, has permitted the hand of an assassin to be raised against the life of Abraham Lincoln, whereby the people of this nation have been suddenly deprived of their Chief Magistrate, and plunged into the profoundest depths of sorrow,

Resolved, That in the death of the President of these United States, we mourn the loss of a Christian, statesman and patriot, whose unswerving fidelity to the cause of his country has brought the nation through the deep sea of afflictions and trials brought upon us by the machinations of traitors through a rebellion, unequaled in its wickedness of conception, and characterized by inhumanity without parallel in the history of nations.

Resolved, That the uprightness and honesty of purpose, and firmness of execution which has been so conspicuously displayed, in the discharge of the exalted duties as the head of this nation, has endeared him to the hearts of the American people whose children will be taught to revere the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The Red Bluff *Independent*, while acknowledging the hand of Providence in the fiery ordeal through which the Nation has passed, remarks that the Proclamation of Freedom, which alone has made the name of Abraham Lincoln immortal, brought with it success to the Federal arms. Every step in the path of emancipation has brought with it success in the National cause, and when the people saw that slavery must die that the Republic might live, and became resolved upon that point how quick the right man was found to lead the hosts of Freedom victoriously against slavery and rebellion and treason, and when by the constitutional amendment slavery was finally and forever abolished, Providence rewarded the consummation with a final and utter defeat of the last organized body of rebel defenders, and opened wide the door to a bright and glorious peace. Immediately the hearts of the great loyal masses were softened; there was a great relaxation, we began to look kindly upon the misguided ones, we began to look about for excuses in their behalf, the rancor and bitter feelings all vanished at the near approach of peace, and while the honest palm of a loyal people were extended, the steel was thrust into their hearts—the barbed steel, painted with poison!

* * * The deed is accomplished, but upon the grave of Abraham Lincoln will be reared a noble structure to Freedom, and from his life, and acts and deeds will spring a noble, purer national policy; and a great people will cherish his memory in their heart of hearts, and it will make them better, the nation greater, its laws purer, its statesmen more honest, its rulers more just and wise.

In Los Angeles.

At a meeting of the Common Council of the City of Los Angeles, held on the 17th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were passed:

In the Common Council of the City of Los Angeles

WHEREAS, An event has occurred unparalleled in the history of this nation, plunging the people into mourning, and calling for the deepest condemnation of every citizen, high and low, irrespective of political bias and association. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Mayor and Common Council of [illegible] Angeles City, that this municipality deem it [illegible] duty to express, and do hereby express and declare its unreserved denunciation, and unqualified abhorrence of the murderous assassination [illegible] of the United States and the expectation and belief that no citizen within its bounds will so far forget his manhood as to view the acts of the assassins with any other feeling than one of horror.

Resolved, That the corporation recommend that the residents of this city observe the day [illegible]

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Council, and the newspapers of the county be requested to publish the same.

The Los Angeles *News* says: "A good man has fallen, a man of the people, working with an eye single to their well being, and desirous only to accomplish that purpose, has been made the victim of an assassin. The President has fallen a martyr on the altar of his country. The sad tidings burst upon the people like a thunder storm from a clear and cloudless sky, startling and terrifying them by the sudden and awful calamity which had befallen them. The Republic has lost a Chief who has evinced an honest desire from the commencement of his high career to act for the best interests and welfare of the whole people. * * * We consider that the Southern rebels have lost, in the untimely death of Mr Lincoln, one who would have shown them more consideration and mercy for their crimes than they can hope to expect from Andrew Johnson, now Chief Magistrate of the United States. The milk of human kindness was prominent in Mr Lincoln's composition, some called it weakness and blamed him because of his leniency—the radical element of the Union party believed his Administration was not severe enough, and desired harsher measures. But Mr Lincoln pursued the even tenor of his way. * * * The whole nation should deplore the untimely death of President Lincoln—the South as well as the North. It is a sad calamity and subsequent events will prove it to be so."

The oration by Hon John A. Collins was one of the best of all those which have been called forth by the National calamity. The speaker said in effect that the earthly career of Abraham Lincoln has perished, but we shall reap the reward of his labors. Ere this, the good angels have taken him to his God and to his Savior. The spirits of Washington, Hancock, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson, Clay, Webster, and the fathers and defenders of the Republic, have bid him welcome to their glorious homes. The speaker illustrated the great [illegible] which, in the hands of Providence, may be expected to spring from this event by several scriptural comparisons. When Joseph's brethren, moved by envy and jealousy, sold him into bondage, he little dreamed that these wicked and unfraternal men were laying the foundation for his future greatness and that it would enable him to become the savior of his kindred and people. The effects of despotism were also portrayed in the results that flowed from Pharaoh's mandate for the massacre of the innocent, and other episodes of divine history, and especially in that crowning act of infamy, the crucifixion of the Redeemer, which proved the salvation of our race. The orator dwelt upon the severity of our chastisement—the immense number of lives that have been sacrificed, the difficulties into which the nation as well as the people have been plunged, tracing all to the great nation's sin, slavery. He observed that the real revolution of which we are just now witnessing the consummation had been going on for a third of a century and the great battle between slavery and freedom had been fought before the firing upon Sumter, or any ordinance of secession. The speaker referred to an interesting review of the history of the Republic in its connection with slavery, citing the great men, including Benjamin Franklin, who had opposed it, and the fearful riots to which it had given rise, the outrages which had been perpetrated in its name, ending in the late frightful crime at Washington—a damning record! He dwelt with pride upon the blessings which a renunciation of the system had exerted upon the world, and the corresponding evils which had ensued to the South by adherence to the system, reviewed the late President's career, paid a high tribute to his character, and, while deprecating in forcible language the calamity which we all deplore, deduced a favorable augury for the future.

In Gold Hill the ceremonies were of a similar character, the oration being by Hon B. C. Whitman.

Sentiment Over the Bay.

That steadfast patriot and loyal and true Irishman, the editor of the Oakland *News*, says:

O! the dreadful truth was too horrible to contemplate, that a man whose heart was filled to overflowing with kindness and love for his fellow men, whose treatment of his country's enemies partook so much of the Divine character, should be stricken down so ruthlessly. It is heart-rending to think that so great and good a man should be thus cruelly murdered. And for what? Merely because he believed and acted upon the great principle of right and justice—that men were brothers, and should act as brothers toward each other; because he sought to elevate mankind rather than to oppress and degrade them. This, and his anxiety to preserve the integrity of the Union, not alone for the people of the North, but for those of the South also, were his only crimes. His best energies were directed to relieving mankind's necessities, and righting the wrongs of his race, and in [illegible] crucially, he sacrificed [illegible] It is grievous [illegible] the effect upon this last evidence of man['s] depravity. The poor and dumb creatures of the field and the forest may well congratulate themselves that they are [illegible] God is as just as he is omnipotent, [illegible] When we reflect [illegible]

olent, and that punishment, certain and swift, will await every violation of his law, we may rest assured that a fearful retribution is in store for all who participated in this monstrous iniquity.

Abraham Lincoln to-day fills a martyr's grave; his voice is hushed in the stillness of the tomb, but the cause for which he died is still marching on. The demon fiend of Slavery, which has marked for its victim, having lapped up the life blood of Freedom's Chieftain, can now loll out its tongue, and taste the red drops trickling from its jaws. Every drop of our President's blood will be more costly to Southern barbarism than the most precious ruby before Northern terrors will balance the account. Such hell born fiendishness demands terrible retribution; and rebels and rebel sympathizers may well stand blanched and aghast when they contemplate the fearful consequences of this bloody crime. Twenty millions of loyal people who recognized Abraham Lincoln as their chosen Chieftain, have registered a silent vow in heaven to avenge his death, and never will they falter in their determination until the cause for which his life has been sacrificed is triumphant and victorious, or every rebel is swept into the yawning gulf of eternal perdition.

Tuolumne County.

COLUMBIA, Tuolumne Co., April 16, 1865.

AMERICAN FLAG: For the past week our citizens have been jubilant over the glorious victories which have recently crowned the triumphs of our armies. With praise of exultation, with firing of cannon, with a general hope that we were now seeing the beginning of the end, we gloried that the war was near its close, and the Union would be established on a firmer basis than ever. But, last evening, a "change came o'er the spirit of our dreams," travelers from Sonora passing through our village, reported that, over the wires came the news that our beloved President had been assassinated! We could not believe it, but were informed that in Sonora the telegraph office was besieged by anxious crowds awaiting information, the flags were all at half mast; and all were hoping, almost against hope, that the report was untrue.

With us it was the same. All this day, every traveler was interrogated in relation to any further information, and, when this evening on the arrival of the papers, the sad tidings was confirmed the indignation was intense, no traitorous rebel or contemptible copperhead would have been safe from exasperated Union men, had one dared to express a sentiment of exultation. But they dared not, and, skulking in their dens, with but one or two individuals hovering around, watching our grief they doubtless exulted in the success of their nefarious scheme. Their piracies on the high seas, their attempted conflagration of cities, their inhuman and barbarous treatment of prisoners, their cold blooded murders of unarmed men, have now culminated in the assassination of their best friend, one who had the power and the influence to give them better terms than their barbarities entitled them to.

There is but one feeling among us; it is that no more terms shall be offered to rebels, drive them into their last ditch, coop them up in their last fort, enclose them in their last pen; listening to no overtures but unconditional surrender. We have been patient and long suffering, though constantly hearing of the barbarities practised, heretofore unknown in civilized warfare, their deeds would have shamed even the savages, though we acquiesced in the determination of our beloved President to give them favorable terms. But this last great blow has filled our cup to overflowing. There are but few Union men but think that the day of moderation has passed, that the terms for them should be the bayonet and the sword, the fire and the rope. Every rebel in arms should have no mercy, every rebel sympathizer should receive the reward due to traitors—"a short shrift and a near tree."

Sadness and grief overpower us, to think that the man so venerated by the people, should be so cowardly murdered, just at the time when his generous heart was devising plans for ameliorating the condition of our enemies, stirs our blood to fever heat.

Should any traitor, and there are many among us, dare to exult, in word or look, at the fall of our great chief, here in Tuolumne, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. We doubt not, but they knew beforehand that Lincoln would be assassinated, but now that the murderous deed is accomplished, they must exult in secret. Our sentiments are, "war to the knife," either here or elsewhere as they have sown the wind, let them reap the whirlwind.

VALE.

At a meeting of the citizens of Santa Barbara held on Tuesday, the 18th day of April, 1865, for the purpose of publicly expressing the [illegible] the community upon the reception of [illegible] [illegible] Esq., and Hon. Francisco de la Guerra, and R. S. Williams, Secretary.

After eloquent and feeling remarks by the Chairman, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The mournful tidings of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has reached us, suddenly changing our exuberant joy at the success of the Federal arms over traitors, to profound sorrow and gloom, it is

Resolved, That in the death of this great and good man, wise in counsel, eminent in patriotism, conscientious in the discharge of the most responsible duties ever devolved upon a mortal, spotless in character and a sincere christian, unshrinking in his adherence to the right, firm in his purpose to preserve, at all hazards and at every cost, the priceless boon of liberty inherited from our fathers, our country has sustained an irreparable loss, and the world at large has experienced a sad calamity.

Resolved, That our President is a martyr to the sacred principle of liberty, and that all who have hitherto aided, abetted, and assisted the existing rebellion, not only by arms but by counsel, moral support, and sympathy with the rebels and traitors are accessory to this fiendish assassination.

Resolved, That the diabolical and cowardly attempt to assassinate William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, was a blow aimed at our Republican Institutions, and serves to exemplify the atrocious malignity and brutal barbarity of those who are in arms to overthrow the best and last Government that has ever been established on earth.

Resolved, That while we bow with deference and humble submission to Divine Providence, which has permitted this mournful event that has befallen our common country, we will ever cherish in our hearts the memory of the virtues and noble deeds of our late President, and in token of respect for his illustrious character, and as a symbol of our sincere grief, that we will wear upon our left arm a badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the foregoing be published in the AMERICAN FLAG and Sacramento *Union*.

R. S. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

The Feeling at Petaluma.

PETALUMA, April 19th, 1865.

EDITOR FLAG: Petaluma joins with the rest in the mourning over the loss of Abraham Lincoln; she, too, would drop a tear over his catafalque; she, too, would raise her voice in anguish and her arms in vengeance over the foul deed!

How the Fatal News was Received.

On last Saturday, in the afternoon, the news was received in this city that he upon whom all eyes at this moment were turned, as the preserver of the Government, had been assassinated! Truly it was a day such as I have never before beheld. It was the bitter dropped in the overflowed cup of sweetness. Old men wept, young men raised their voices in anguish and remorse against a deed so foul! The stores and business places were immediately closed and draped. Men walked to their homes with heavy hearts. Copperheads and secessionists made themselves very "scarce," some being called away upon special business, others felt indisposed to be seen upon the streets. Our Copperhead, who rails under the cognomen of Smith, ridiculed a Union man for mourning. But the atmosphere soon became too warm for him, and had it not been for a few cool heads who sought to maintain order, he would have been stretched to the nearest lamp post. He was not seen any more that day and not until next morning did he show himself in the street, and then he was behind two very thick [illegible]. I understood this evening that he was preparing to close out his business, and well he might, for Union men at this time can hardly bear with quiet Copperheads, let alone having their presence polluted by men who rejoice at such an hour as this.

Religious Observances—The M. E. Church South.

On the next day (Sunday,) all the respectable churches were draped in mourning, and appropriate discourses delivered. The only one that forgot decency and good sense, and refused to do these honors, was the M. E. Church *south*. The minister of that church never mentioning in the slightest manner that the President of the United States had been assassinated. Great God, how much longer must these things continue? Is not the death of Lincoln enough to open its eyes to the fact that such things as this must be stopped? God speed the day when brave Andy Johnson will close the doors of these treason breeding, hypocritical sanctuaries and turn them into armories or freedmen's chapels.

The Funeral Obsequies

To-day, the citizens of this place held the funeral obsequies over Lincoln. And it was a grand affair reflecting credit to its citizens, and the Union League, under whose auspices it was gotten up. All the business places were closed, and every building in the city draped in [illegible] The procession was a large one, containing over one thousand [illegible] marched through the principal streets up to the Plaza, in Front of the Baptist Church where the services were opened by an elegant appeal to Divine Providence for aid in this hour of peril, by Rev G. W. Brier, after which Prof E. S. Lippitt addressed the vast multitude. I wish that I had power and space to give an outline of his address. But as I have neither I will only say that it was the finest effort that has been made in Petaluma since the days when Col. Baker inspired us with his eloquent logic, and when I say this I only speak the sentiment of every Union man that heard him. After this the large assemblage went to their homes to reflect over their bereavement, and the greatest piece of infamy that darkens the pages of history.

Yours in mourning,
CHESTER.

The Meeting at Hornitas.

At a meeting of the "Hornitas Union Club," held in the town of Hornitas on the evening of April 21st, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, has fallen by the hand of an assassin, a martyr to the principles and doctrines, the advocacy of which elevated him the second time to the highest place in the gift of the American people.

Resolved, That while we are called upon to contemplate the greatest calamity which has ever befallen this nation, we will be calm and just *in the punishment of traitors and assassins and all in complicity with the great crime*.

Resolved, That in the death of Abraham Lincoln LIBERTY has lost its strongest support, HUMANITY its brightest ornament, and civilization and UNIVERSAL FREEDOM its ablest advocate.

Resolved, That we regard the President's assassination the legitimate result of an unholy rebellion for the perpetuity of human bondage; and that we hold responsible all who abetted, encouraged and sympathized with this rebellion.

Resolved, That the President's Proclamation suitably fixes the status of all those by him enumerated, and we find in Andrew Johnson a man whose past life guarantees the carrying out of those principles which his illustrious predecessor recommended.

Resolved, That the members of this Club wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that we hereby respectfully suggest to all those [illegible] sympathize with us, to do the same.

[illegible] That these resolutions be published in the *Mariposa Gazette*, *Stockton Independent*, AMERICAN FLAG and *Evening Bulletin*.

Resolutions of the Grant Guard.

At a regular meeting of the Grant Guard, held in their armory, Monday evening April 24th 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased The All Wise Creator to take from us the honored CHIEF EXECUTIVE of [illegible] Nation, and while we feel the loss irreparable, [illegible] confident that the same God that gave [illegible] President endowed with so much kindness, wisdom and knowledge, and then in the midst of his countrymen's acclaim, "well done, good and faithful servant," took him from his labor on earth to Heaven, will guide the nation, just left in tears, to a haven of safety, peace and prosperity. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Grant Guard have learned with deep emotions and heartfelt sorrow, the death of our beloved and patriotic President, by the hand of an assassin, and that too in an hour when the nation felt, that by the agency of his kind heart and masterly mind, was fast bringing to a close a long and bloody war, out of which prosperity and a happy future was plainly visible.

Resolved, That in the death of Abraham Lincoln we feel the loss of our country's Savior, as our forefathers mourned the loss of Washington our country's father, and that their names and their illustrious deeds in common will ever be linked in our heart's best affection.

Resolved, That while dropping a tear of sorrow over his bier, it is a consoling thought to know that his noble and magnanimous spirit still lives in Heaven, while his name and fame live on earth forever.

Resolved, That the Grant Guard drape its guns with in mourning in token of respect to the illustrious dead.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in the AMERICAN FLAG and *Morning Call*.

H. A. GORLEY, Capt.
S. C. GARDNER,
C. W. MERWIN
Committee.

Preamble and Resolutions of the Golden Gate Division Sons of Temperance.

WHEREAS, The Great Patriarch has, for his own wise purposes permitted an assassin, the basest [illegible] any country, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the Nation to which we owe allegiance, be it, therefore, [illegible] us become as in this heart rending calamity, in common with all the citizens of our widely extended country, who mourn bitterly as for a father slain, with the lovers of humanity and the champions of freedom in all lands, whom we know will weep with us, feeling that in the death of Abraham Lincoln they lost their truest and best friend, and we mourn for him as Sons of Temperance—lovers of the cause of Total Abstinence—he being the first Chief Magistrate of the Nation who, by his life and influence alike benefitted our cause, and presented to the world an illustrious example of the advantages of a life total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. All honor and glory to his name.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning, and the members of the Division wear an appropriate badge for thirty days, in respect to the memory of our departed President and friend, and that a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered on our records and published in the daily papers.

JOSEPH WEED,
JOHN J. HICKS,
R. J. TRUMBULL,
SAN FRANCISCO, April 22, 1865. Committee.

Sons of Temperance.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted unanimously in Excelsior Division No 6 of the Sons of Temperance:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to permit the death of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, by the hand of a cowardly assassin, therefore, be it resolved,

1st. That we deeply lament the great crime, and bow in sorrow and humiliation under the calamity which the nation has suffered in the removal of a great and good man, a pure Christian patriot, a profound statesman, and a judicious executive officer.

2d. That in the cowardly assassin we recognize the hideous incarnation of the hellish spirit of slavery. The black crimes of treason and rebellion in all their frightful forms of torture, starvation, massacre and murder, are impelled to their loathsome and hideous deformity by the same, hell spirit of human slavery. That foul blot on the civilization of the Nineteenth century, which in this assassination has placed its bloody mark high above all its former crimes, to be hated, detested and abhorred by the whole civilized world in all future time.

3d. That we will sustain, as the best tribute to departed worth, the administration of President Andrew Johnson in executing the laws and dealing with treason and traitors according to the principles of eternal justice—in carrying out the spirit of the emancipation proclamation—in eternal enmity to human slavery, and in making black and white American citizens equal before our laws.

Treason Criminated.

Abraham Lincoln is dead—Slain by the hand of a foul assassin. Never was murder more diabolical since the days of Cain, never was crime committed of a more heinous or devilish character. This is the last crowning act of treason—the result of long teaching the doctrine of State Rights, or the superiority of those who deal in human beings as mere chattels and exercised the privilege of holding their fellow men in heartless bondage. Treason has manifested its malignant instincts on former occasions and in various ways. It assailed Sumner on the floor of the Senate Chamber; it set at defiance the benign laws of the Government; it fired on Fort Sumter; it robbed the mint at New Orleans; and it assumed bodily form in the persons of Jeff Davis, Floyd and Toombs. The last act of treason exceeds all others in atrocity. It has slain the President of the whole United States—the choice of millions, the people's favorite, the poor man's friend, the slave's liberator, and the champion of freedom.

Treason, embodied in the person of Booth, does the deed. Language fails to give expression to this hard crime. Henceforth Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold may be considered as saints compared with the murderer of the President. Henceforth the name of Booth shall be uttered in connection with everything that is mean and diabolical. Millions yet unborn shall utter it with detestation and loathing. The criminal may elude the officers of justice, but, like Cain, the indelible mark of murder is stamped on his ignoble brow, the lashings of a guilty conscience shall follow him wherever he goes, and goad him on to his final doom. The hissing of a thousand demons shall constantly be sounding in his ears. On the highest mountain peak, or in the lonely vale, the furies of the deepest pandemonium shall be his constant attendants. The [illegible] grave shall give him no peace. The long night of death will afford him no rest. The worm that never dies shall be his constant companion, with its thousand hydra heads and stings innumerable, guilty conscience forever sounding in his unhallowed ears: "Ye knew your duty to your fellow man, but yet did it not."

J. W. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20th, 1865.

THE ANIMALS DEFINED.—One who has suffered somewhat from the malice of the sympathizers, calls them aptly the murderers of Presidents, corruptors of children and persecutors of grey hairs.

THE BLACK ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, In Ford's Theatre, at Washington, on Easter-Eve, April 14, 1865.—President Lincoln and His Wife, Miss Harris and Major Rathbun in the Box; the Assassin, John Wilkes Booth, Escaping.

Weekly American Flag.

LE NATIONAL, the French Union paper of this city, speaks in terms of fitting horror of the base assassination of President Lincoln. Its views must be shared by all honorable Frenchmen.

A FACTORY in Boston has made its steam whistle musical by a novel arrangement of pipes, through which the escaping steam plays a cheerful tune to call the workmen.

SUSPICIOUS SILENCE.—In Grass Valley, on Sunday night last, the Catholic Church utterly ignored the death of the President—no allusion being made to it whatever.

A most appropriate device of mourning was generally remarked on the "Union Building," Montgomery street—the Shield of Liberty, decorated with sables. Whoever did that had a fine appreciation of the fitness of things.

WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.—The London *Times* regards the prospect of a war between the United States and England as imminent—believing, however, that the first steps will be taken by the former.

TIME WASTED.—The *Bulletin* has been apologizing for the Secesh press and for the assassins of President Lincoln, ever since the day of the murder. Is this the course it adopts to convince people of its loyalty?

THE HELL-HOUNDS AT ALLISON'S RANCH.—A correspondent of good repute for veracity writes to the Nevada *Gazette* that the rebel demons at Allison Ranch gave three cheers when they heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, and collected money for a torchlight procession.

REJOICING AT COLUSA.—The telegrams state that when the boat passed Colusa, on Sunday, *the friends of Jeff Davis were demonstrating their joy at the death of President Lincoln, by cheers, firing of pistols, etc.*

Will the editors of the *Alta* deny that members of their corps have repeatedly written strong [illegible] head and secession articles, which were [illegible] translated into French, and published in the *Echo du Pacifique?*

OUR EXCHANGES.—The interior papers, as they came to us, are laden with details of the horrible deed, and all, without exception, denounce the crime as atrocious, dastardly, and without a parallel in the history of the country. The act has made converts by the thousand to the regular Union Party.

We are informed by a very intelligent and reliable gentleman, that, during his sojourn in Arizona and Southern Mexico, two years ago, the *Bulletin* of this city was taken by secessionists, and universally regarded and spoken of by them as a friend and a sound rebel and Pacific Republic authority. Another proof that the *Bulletin's* record for loyalty is as clear as Abraham Lincoln's!

THE INFERNAL HYPOCRITE!—We remark several "valuable contributors" to Mariott's infamous *News Letter* making themselves very conspicuous as mourners for the late President. That villainous sheet was conducted by a club of British Copperheads, together with a few American flunkeys, who avail themselves of that paper and such company to prove their enemies. They should be exposed one and every one of them.

SECESH TACTICS.—Somebody with a poetic turn is dropping copies of verses eulogistic of the assassin of Lincoln all over the streets of Grass Valley. The fraternity are recognizable by the same cowardly partisan sneaking, anonymous game which tells all their actions, from the destruction of a reputation to the murder of a President. Pity it was not his blood he was spilling about so lavishly, instead of his brains.

If in the magnificent structure of our country's greatness, there shall be found only a sand grain laid up by the labors of our whole life time, we shall not have lived in vain; we shall have left a landmark of existence which, if not perceptible to the grand future generations, will still be ... [illegible]

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.—We understand that Sacramento street, last night. He took a drink at Squarza's, and made certain indirect inquiries in relation to MacCrellish, which induced the compatriot of Garibaldi to think that something was up. The "Goose house" is still strongly garrisoned, at public expense, but General Quattlebum thinks that he can storm it with his Quaker battery.

EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG.—A. C. Judah was arrested the other day in Aurora for exulting over the death of Lincoln. He was let off on taking the oath. These fellows will take the oath any time for a glass of whiskey. McDaniel did it in Marysville, and desecrated the flag a day or two after. To men who boast of murder, poisoning and arson, the taking of any kind of an oath is as easy as rolling off a log.

PETROLEUM.—A learned "Pike," hearing some gentlemen in conversation about petroleum, the great things it is going to do, that it is now employed in the British navy, etc., spoke up: "Well now that's jist what I expected. I knowed Pat Rolium when he was rafting timber down the Red River, and if Jeff Davis had put him to command of the *Alabama*, as I wanted him to do, the damned Yankees could never have whipped us."

Now, that Beriah Brown and Zach Montgomery are well out of the way, it is generally supposed that the *Alta California*, having utterly lost the confidence and respect of Union men, will become the lowest bidder for Copperhead adoption. Last summer, when the *Alta* astonished the town by a strong McClellan article, Beriah growled and showed his teeth like the dog in a manger, and tried to drive off the poacher on his territory. The Democratic coast is clear now, however.

"WHY don't you let Beriah alone? The FLAG has too much to say about Beriah Brown," used to remark certain "conservative Union men" who had been accustomed to draw their "Union" rations from the *Bulletin* and *Alta*, and who wanted to buy and sell and get gain with copperhead traitors, up to the last minute before the general massacre. Some of these wretches actually quit the FLAG because it "wouldn't let Beriah alone!" We have half a mind to point them out to public contempt now, and thereby destroy them.

IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The London *Index*, a strong Anti-American journal published in London, suddenly comes out with a vehement protest against "the system of transferring ships belonging to Federal ship owners to the British registry"—or, in other words, of seeking protection for our merchant ships against Confederate pirates by displaying the British flag. Neither the *Index*, nor any other of the newspapers of England, ever thought of objecting to the use of the British flag by the Confederate pirates. It is easy to see which way the cat jumps.

THE NEWS IN WASHOE.—The population of Virginia and Gold Hill were paralyzed by the tidings. It created a general sentiment of horror. All business was suspended, and the usual observances adopted. Only one God forsaken scoundrel here and there was heard to rejoice at the news. At Gold Hill a villainous character named Coxey received thirty lashes on the bare back, and was paraded about with a placard bearing the words "Traitor To His Country" fastened between his shoulders. At Washoe City, James Pearson, keeper of the Lake House, said that "the news was too d——d good to be true." He took to the woods for safety, and returning to his house the next morning, was seized by the provost guard, when he fell to crying.

MOBILE.—The evacuation of Mobile will prove a terrible blow to the rebellion. Next to New Orleans it is the most important seaport from the Pascagoula to the Rio Grande. In our possession, the entire territory of Middle and Northern Alabama and Middle and Northern Mississippi is at our mercy. Mobile is situated at the mouth of the Alabama River, near its entrance into the bay of the same name, thirty miles from the Gulf of Mexico and one hundred and sixty-seven from New Orleans. It was, before the war, next to New Orleans, the most extensive cotton port in the Union—more than 600,000 bales having been exported in a single year. The situation is considered very healthy, being built on a plain that rises near fifteen feet above tide water. The population of Mobile before the war was estimated at about 30,000, and rapidly growing. It is the terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, while its bay is the outlet for the most prolific cotton growing regions in the South.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD, NEITHER BEMOAN THEM; FOR THEY SEEK A BETTER COUNTRY.

Well, Old Uncle Abe is dead, at last! They've killed him. He has been folded to the good embrace of Freedom's earth. But,

> Let not Cæsar's servile minions
> Mock the hero thus laid low;
> 'Twas no warrior's hand that slew him—
> 'Twas a coward struck the blow.

We give the Southern people great joy of their illustrious victory. Their chivalric fame is already established; discreet and cautious in the field; but headlong and indomitable on the dark tortuous war-path of the assassin. They could'nt defend Richmond, or hold Charleston, but they could conspire with Northern copperhead dastards, steal upon and murder an unarmed man, in the presence of his wife. Brave Southrons! The lordly British lion will now come forth from his lair and roar his approbation of Southern independence. The Holy Father, the Pope, will come, and with his vase of holy water to bless his pious children of Austerlitz and the good Victoria will step down from her throne, outstretching her snow-white hand to welcome King Davis, and to be consanguined by noble blood. O, beautiful land of the South! would that thy humbled children here had not reason to curse the fruitfulness of thy loins! For hast thou not cruelly and cowardly and ignominiously murdered as much of goodness and greatness and heroism as could die? Who would not be thy son, henceforth? Who would not rather have been born in a brothel through the amours of slaves? What generation, to the end of time, will cease to spit the world's saliva of its jaws upon thy honor.

Glorious "Old Abe!" how imperially he sleeps and how illustriously he died. Like the strong man of Israel, he shook down the polluted temple of Slavery with his last departing strength. Nor Cæsar nor Alexander, nor Cyrus nor Artaxerxes nor David was mourned in ten thousand rebuilded cities between the rising and setting sun. The vengeful lightning, launched from the palaces of the clouds by Jupiter himself, never bore a more veritable destruction than that along the wires to the hellish regions of human slavery, when Abraham Lincoln was dead. May God forget the death of His Son and grow exceedingly wroth when the cold-blooded man-stealer, and assassin cry to Him from the depths of their despair, and send fierce billows from the under hells to overleap the barriers of eternity and drag them, like monsters too wicked to die, down to a damnation which will appal the atonement!

But, now, all that is sorrowful is over. We do not know that Abraham Lincoln could have done so much for Freedom in continued life as he has accomplished in his death. We do not believe that, could he have foreseen all its results, he would have hesitated an instant at the threshold of the sacrifice. With him death was not a ceasing to be, but the beginning of an immortality on either side of Heaven's high and holy walls; and if he could have had the happy consciousness, he would have felt that the skeleton cavalier came not with fleshless limbs and grinning skull, but like an angel of light to a valley of shadows. It remains for us to build him a cenotaph of granite and marble and gold in the matrix of the rock, to stand upon the uppermost heights of Lone Mountain, so that its white form may be espied by landward ships, and it shall abide like a mute and motionless listener to the everlasting anthem of the Ocean. There would be a grand sublimity in the act which would survive as long as the most illustrious apotheosis shall have preserved the heroism and devotion of Rome. Around it our posterity would gather to read in antique characters the [illegible] people would stand in reverent salutation, and over it would forever hover the [illegible] of California. Let the cement [illegible] memory [illegible] of Freedom and [illegible] will come to build it, as they did to the warrior-prophet, holding the spear in one hand, and toiling with the other, "from the rising of the morning till the stars appear."

It is related that after his great conquest Tamerlane sought to perpetuate his fame by building a pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls. Though the chief commander in a war whose ferocity would have depopulated the realms of the Eastern monarch, the immortality of Abraham Lincoln's glory depends on no such ghastly monument. Its pyramids, and pillars and temples and obelisks, stand on imperishable foundations in the hearts of a free people, and will be preserved in the memories of millions whose forefathers have been slaves. And now, good bye, dust of Abraham Lincoln! Lie in quiet, imperial repose, beside what was perishable of Washington and Kosciusko and Bozzaris, Emmett and O'Connell, in the Hero's Corner of this world's vast cemetery, until the good angel sounds the glorious resurrection of the Just!

Chalk and Water Contrasted with Eternal Fire—Hollow Sepulchres and Sound Hearts.

When the Assassination of President Lincoln was heard of, the President of the "People's Nominating Committee" arose and said:

It is hoped that this crime, the most damning ever perpetrated in the world, has not been committed through the agency of the leaders of the South. If it has, the vengeance of Heaven and Earth should be called upon them, the sword and bayonet unsheathed—while a whirlwind of the people's wrath should drive every vestige of the enemy from the foothold of slavery.

The following resolution was then adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That it is the duty of every citizen to conduct himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, abstaining from all acts of violence, *and leaving to the constituted authorities the direction and control of all acts necessary for the complete vindication of the nation's honor.*

It was "hoped" that our "Southern brethren" hadn't anything to do with the wicked business! Lucky for the Abolitionists that *they* are not accused of the crime. What very *trash*—stuff, bird-lime to catch Copperheads. How unlike the impulsive language of Redgauntlet to his "conservative" brother: "I ask you, in the name of God, *will* you not draw your sword and go with me to lay our father's dust in consecrated earth? His skull is now standing over the Rickergate, the perch of the obscene owl and carrion crow; and even *its* bleak and meagre jaws command you to be a *man!*"

Now, hear the manly, impulsive, positive declarations of the Grand Council of the Union League, and compare them with the first. No "hopes," no "ifs" or "buts" about them.

WHEREAS, We believe that the act of treason and murder which has deprived the Nation of its Chief Magistrate, is the result of the teachings of the institution of slavery, therefore

Resolved, That in the assassination of the President of the United States we recognize the legitimate fruit of "the barbarism of slavery," and its antagonism to religion and civilization, and we believe it to be a duty to God, humanity and the country, to forever abolish the institution of slavery throughout the United States, and that the Government should listen to no terms of pacification except upon the basis of an immediate and total extinction of slavery, and the punishment of the instigators and leaders of the rebellion to the full measure which retributive justice demands.

Neutrality!!!

The presence of two war vessels of the French Emperor in our port at this particular time, and under the circumstances, places our authorities in a very delicate position; while we feel that we should extend to the officers, representing a power with which we are at peace, the proper hospitalities and courtesies usual on the occasion of a visit of this kind; yet, [illegible] in justice to the friendly power of the Republic of Mexico, permit and assist the ships of Napoleon to repair and fit out in our ports and dockyards to make war upon our sister who is now struggling to sustain her republican institutions against the usurpations of a foreign despotism?

A MEEK COTEMPORARY.—The *Alta* regards the *Flag* as an "incendiary sheet" because it handles traitors, Knights of the Golden Circle, swindlers and impostors, [illegible] What an impudent [illegible] the *Flag* is, to be sure.

The Last Crime of Slavery.

The sad pageant of a nation's sorrow is ended. The tomb has opened and received to its cold and silent depths all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln. The bells no longer toll, the solemn hymn, the mournful dirge and anthem echo no longer, the drums, muffled yesterday, are strained again for the long roll and alarm of battle, the bugle keys are opened to the shrill notes of the field, and the minute guns which boomed their awful thunder harmlessly upon the air, are shotted again and lie in their embrasures, ready for the work of death. But the flags still droop at half-mast, and the heavy black drapery of woe is hung upon every loyal home in the land.

Our grief is heavy. The mighty heart of the nation still throbs in sadness. We cannot be comforted, for a deed has been committed of such unparalleled atrocity and wickedness, and bearing such terrible consequences to our people, that they never can forget it, or cease to mourn in shame and anguish when they reflect that it is all American!

Shame! Shame! that in the United States should be found such miscreant cowards and assassins!

Accursed Genius of Human Slavery!! Your march among the nations of the earth has ever been marked by such hellish deeds as this! Your shame and curse blot every nation's history, and give infamy an immortality of hideous and damning circumstances which will startle the remotest generations of men! By your infernal promptings, massacres filled the Nile's slow floods with the putrid carcases of those whom you whipped and scourged to death in the plains where the lotus grew. By you, the hills of Hellas grew red in a night with blood of the Helots slain! You filled the amphitheatres of Rome with gory corpses, as if they had been the jaws and stomach of hell itself! You have ground all Europe under your thrones, and bound nine-tenths of the human family in chains, and you now curse this fair land by acts unparalleled, even in your own experience of horrible guilt. You have made the South a charnel house; a heap of dead men's bones; a mighty hecatomb, a ghastly cemetery. You have eaten up armies, educated cannibals and pirates, and massacred men. Famine has done your bidding, Disease has been your minister, and Death your active ally, till the homes of the North are broken, and your own domain in ruins. And now you have in a last resort, in the impotency of murder obtained the aid of the Assassin and Poisoner. Without these, your work is never complete, your infernal nature and character never truly displayed. And there are men, even in this city, so abandoned, so unutterably mean and degraded, as to rejoice at this last display of your spirit!

You have your admirers, and they are accursed of God and man; you have your apologists, and they are scoundrels, thieves, inhuman murderers and idiots. But, mark it, you have your enemies too, and they are millions of men, who will give the last of life for the freedom of mankind. You have slain the Leader and President. But no sword has fallen since but to destroy. And we shall go on. At home, your despised earth-born minions must henceforth keep silent, while our hosts of warriors shall sweep the region of your last abode as with a besom of destruction! Your own victims shall become their own avengers, and, when their work is done; when the flag of our country shall float, as before, over the entire South, and the leaders of your horrible warfare shall dangle from the beam of the gibbet, the world may ask for the record [illegible] Andersonville, to the massacre of Fort Pillow and to the crowning act of your infamy, THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN!!

THE [illegible] SO FAR OFF, O [illegible]

Each syllable rolls over a continent, and shakes the inhuman despotism of the man stealers to its deepest foundations. When Gustavus Adolphus was about to engage Wallenstein, who, like a blind and deaf spectre of devastation, had been stalking in blood through the fairest portions of Germany, his whole army united in singing Luther's Hymn, and then rushed to battle, as they believed, re-invigorated from the presence of God. The brave and good Adolphus fell, but the tide of battle rolled on in bloody surges until the field of Lutzen was won.

Philosophers, statesmen, warriors, orators, all have well understood the might of the spiritual. When Patrick Henry had exhausted the vast magazine of his eloquence, and the colonists still hesitated to encounter the fierce wrath of the British King, as a last tremendous stroke which was to shiver the obdurate rock, he invoked the God of battles. Whether to answer to his reverent prayer, or because he had thus reached an otherwise inaccessible citadel of the human heart, it matters not; the result was the same, the spell was broken, the work was done. The torch was kindled; and spreading its red light, soon revealed the constellation of the American Union. Under that invocation, believing that their cause was just, the sturdy colonists went forth and built an altar which they baptized with their blood, and which, God helping us, shall stand until other constellations lose their way and part company in the desert heavens. Unto that God the nation cries again from the depths of deep affliction—from a vast cemetery of slaughter, from boiling seas with bloody-crested waves—to him whom all Nature worships perpetually with polyglot tongues, and who leads the grand procession of the stars in their unending rounds.

It is true that our enemies invoke the same Deity; but, just Heaven, what worship! The prayers of men stealers, of homicides, of adulterers, sellers of their own flesh and blood, whippers of women, traitors to the holy cause of human freedom! Together with their blaspheming mockery of Heaven, ascends the earnest appeal of the wretched people whom they dehumanize and enslave, as well as the anathemas of Civilization, Religion and Humanity. As well might Pharoah have fasted and prayed when he held the captives of Israel in bondage. As well might Nero have clothed himself in sackcloth and ashes when throwing the Christians to the dogs and lions. As well might Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, have fasted when plundering the temple of Proserpine or sacrilegiously dismantling the statue of Jupiter. Let us not impair our faith in the justice of the Maker of all men by believing that the prayers of traitors and tyrants ever rise to vex the ear of Deity or the messengers of mercy who listen earthward from the ramparts of heaven. Let us rather believe, in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, that the appeal of the old, time worn slave, who mutters his earnest prayer for freedom in some hiding place where none but God can hear, climbs in the majesty of Justice along with the myriad columns of incense which now ascend from the altars of true Religion.

"O, let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end; but establish the Just!"

Further Development of a Horrible Plot.

A large tin case of a most destructive description of minie-rifle balls, of peculiar shape, hollow, loaded with powder and with fuse attached, was lately found among the *debris* of one of the rebel papers squelched in this city, such as are used exclusively by the rebels. We ask the question whether any honest man—any true friend of peace or lover of his country, would keep about his premises a full supply of a missile so dangerous? These bullets are of [illegible] known as "explosive," which split in pieces on entering [illegible] body, and produce the most terrific mangling wounds. Think of it, citizens of San Francisco! The "mob," for driving whom away the *Bulletin* and the *Alta* call you rioters, had hundreds of just such deadly little sugar-plums ready to pelt you with, as soon as the plans of his fellow conspirators should have become ripe for a general massacre! We understand Chief Burke has made some arrests concerning these bullets.

THE BLACK MAN'S MOSES.

When President Andrew Johnson made a speech to the colored people at Nashville, he told them that if no stronger or greater offered, he himself would be their "Moses," to lead them out of the house of bondage. He now has both the opportunity and the ability, and he will surely lead them on swiftly from where Abraham Lincoln left them hovering in dismay and despair in the wilderness. The black people still have a friend, thank God! and none the most powerful that rules beneath the throne of Heaven—the leader of swarming millions clad in triple steel, and of clustering fleets that line vast harbors or career at large on all the seas. Their land of Canaan is right ahead.

Andrew Johnson bears no love for the slave holding regicides. Hear what he said in the Senate, on the 31st of January, 1862:

"My wife and children have been turned into the street, and my house has been turned into a rebel barracks, and for what? Because I stand by the institutions of the country, that I have been taught to love, respect and venerate. *This is my offence*. Where are my sons in law? One is lying in prison, another is forced to fly to the mountains to evade the pursuit of the hell born and hell bound conspirators of disunion and secession, and when their cries come up to you for protection we are told: 'No! I am against the entire coercive policy of the Government.' Can you expect brave men, officers and soldiers who are now in the tented fields, subject to all the hardships and privations pertaining to it, will rear like this, to have courage and march with patriotism, to crush treason on every battle-field, when *you* have not the courage to expel it from your midst? *Let these brave men be an example!* Say to them by your acts and votes, that our intention is to put down traitors in the field by expelling them from your midst, *without regard to former associations!* Talk not of compromise! What! sir; compromise with traitors with arms in their hands! Talk about our 'Southern brethren' while they lay their swords at your throats and their bayonets at your bosoms! You have got to conquer them. You have got to conquer them, and nothing but the sacrifice of life and blood will do it."

Hurrah for the brave old Andrew Johnson! The [illegible] and hail him President of the United States of America! The mantle of the ascending Prophet has fallen worthily! Better for the traitors that they had let the merciful Lincoln live; for Andrew Johnson will not sit on Olivet, crying plaintively: "O! how often would I have gathered you, and ye would not!" He has a controversy with the savages. He still remembers the terror of his wife and family when the hell-inspired fiends chased them to the mountains, and he will make some of the arch-fiends acquainted with the use of gibbets, and show how excellently a dangling traitor can imitate the contortions of a murderer.

There are some who fear that, in consequence of Andrew Johnson's alleged misconduct on Inauguration day, he is less worthy of national trust. We have none of these apprehensions, nor do we believe half that has been told. They do not seem to realize that a stealthy conspiracy had been entered into to assassinate the President, Vice-President and all the members of the Cabinet on that day, and that a deadly drug may have been dropped into a harmless wine-cup, perhaps by the snowy hand of some rebel seceitrice, and which momentarily dethroned his strong mind. In their hasty uncharity they forget that some of the most glittering minds that ever shone in the Capitol, have had their seasons of eclipse following too prodigal drafts of the deadly inspiration. We would not now inquire too closely into the abstemious habits of some whose names have added imperishable lustre to the nation, and which shall be now unspoken. We have no fears for Andrew Johnson's morality. No enervated inebriate ever marched so imperially from the tailor's bench, learning to read by the way, ever through the highest departments of [illegible] to the Presidential Chair. The rebels [illegible] will have reason to wish him [illegible] that they had not invoked the hellish spirit of assassination. It is a sorrowful disaster for the lords of the lash and bloodhounds whom they unused the blow aimed at old Andrew Johnson's heart and slew only Lincoln whose warm magnanimous heart and Christian forgiveness might have [illegible] the people whom they have been enslaving. They have heard the warning: "Mercy to individuals is not always mercy to the State." They have had a taste of Tennessee's administrative vigor during a former insurrection, and another deeper and fiercer draft is right at hand. Submission now or annihilation! and may God give them a little more despotism and make hold the heart and strong and inflexible the arm of brave Old Andrew Johnson!

A SHARP AND SUDDEN CONTRAST.—A thrilling scene occurred on Saturday evening last at San Jose, where the people had gathered in mass at the theatre to celebrate the recent victories. The day had been fine, and a merrier and more gayly attired crowd, probably never met to take part in a similar festival. The exhilaration was indescribable. The Rev. Mr. Hayes was just about to commence his congratulatory address, when a messenger entered the theatre in breathless haste, and handed to the orator a dispatch from the telegraph office. The reverend gentleman seized the missive with a hand that trembled as from palsy, and in choked faltering accents, read the terrible tidings of the nation's bereavement. For a moment there was a pause, and then a general commotion, and suppressed ejaculations of consternation and horror passed from one to another throughout the assembly. Their joy, (says the *Gazette*, whose account we are following,) was turned into gloom by a word. For a few moments they sat as if stupefied, then silently arose, filed out of the theatre extinguished the lights in their windows and transparencies, and proceeded to shroud their houses, so lately brilliant with the insignia of joy, in the sable drapery of woe. The effect was harrowing in the extreme. So sudden a change from festivity to mourning has rarely, if ever, been known.

By What Authority, Pray?

On Sunday a number of the town "Platform Statuary" got together in some rear consulting room, arranged the programme, fixed on a committee, and then advertised for a public meeting! When the full-hearted people came, there was nothing for them to do, save to endorse and ratify what had been all arranged by a minor Executive Committee of the People's Party. They were not expected to have anything to say, but merely to do, passively. The Mayor got on his legs, and with an owl-like gravity, and, most deliberately and oracularly, said "that it had been thought best not to have any speaking," etc. Afterward Mr. Hardenberg, from the uninitiated audience, moved for a Committee on Resolutions, a committee was appointed, but his virtuous Honor did not observe the propriety of making the mover of resolutions chairman. The resolutions and programme, previously arranged, were brought in, and, with the exception of the illumination of the Copperhead editor of the *Alta*, were passed.

Now, we want to know where that sub committee of the People's Party got their authority to act for the *whole* people, and *before the latter got there?*

D. M. GAZLAY, Esq., editor of Gazlay's *Pacific Monthly*, who arrived by the last steamer from New York, visits the Pacific Coast in an editorial capacity for the purpose of collating facts up to date in reference to the vast and growing important interests of the Pacific States. It is easy to see that his *Pacific Monthly* is a great success at the East, which is evident from the numerous eulogiums passed upon it by the leading journals there. Mr. Gazlay will be happy to receive reliable information upon the various subjects of interest connected with this coast for publication in the *Pacific Monthly*. He can be addressed at the Russ House, San Francisco.

THE Marysville *Appeal* says that one of its rebel contemporaries "can't go crazy—he hasn't brains enough to raise an inflammation."

A New Cabale di Morte—A General Disaster Averted—Let us Heed the Warning.

It is believed by those who have closely watched the under-current of events, that, if the plot against the entire Cabinet had succeeded, there was to have been a general massacre of loyal people in all the principal cities throughout the land—a common St. Bartholomew's Day, on which the bells of sympathizing Christian churches were to have tolled the signal for the indiscriminate slaughter of Union men. The Knights of the Golden Circle, or of the Columbian Star, or whatsoever the title by which they may choose to glorify themselves, have been for many months engaged in the perfection of their plots of murder and incendiarism, and have received such efficient aid through the complicity of the leading Democrats, and the fatal blindness of the loyal masses, who could not believe such a danger lay so near their own thresholds, that they had very nearly accomplished their horrible purpose. If the capture of Richmond could have been but a little longer deferred—if the blow by which the President's life was taken had not been premature, no power short of that which made the world and all that therein is, could have averted the whole scale assassination! Among us and around us mingling unsuspected in all our social gatherings, taking part with us in the daily affairs of life, addressing us in the hearty tones of friendship, sharing our confidence and rejoicing in an equal proportion of our prosperity, the members of this frightful *cabale de morte*—this hideous confraternity of assassins—have plied with consummate skill and art their satanic schemes; all the warnings given by those who believed that they had fathomed the intentions of the conspirators, all the indications which from time to time were thrown to the surface, as the feeble [illegible] which feeds the earthquake is sometimes cast into the light by the apparently slumbering volcano, passed unheeded by the intended victims. Such deeds had never been perpetrated in the United States before, and therefore never would be. The crimes imputed to these Thugs transcend in infamy the most memorable terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and even outvied in horror the offences for which the satanic legions were expelled from heaven. Yet there can be no doubt that the loyal people of America have narrowly escaped just such an ordeal. The glimpses which have from time to time been snatched of the plans and purposes of the conspirators, recall the glimpses caught in Etna's caverns of subterranean streams of molten fire, and, holding our breaths, our listening ears may almost distinguish the discordant hell of sounds which roars and bubbles in the Plutonian depths below. The principal victim has fallen, but a merciful Providence has checked in time the awful torrent of destruction.

Assassin Condolence—Judas Iscariot, Simon Magus and Pontius Pilate at the Sepulchre, all in Tears.

Some execrable hypocrite and accessory of assassins, representing the "Democratic Party," insults public decency by publishing a series of resolutions affecting sorrow for the murder of Abraham Lincoln! With an unfailing instinct and an excellent perception of the fitness of things, he carried the paper polluted with the horrid blasphemy to the *Evening Bulletin*, until next in the succession of infamy to the *Democratic Press*. The minds of the people became unmanageable with strong disgust, and they cast the paper down violently and crush it under their shoes. Expecting to encounter only loud expressions of scorn, the "Committee" wisely refrained from exposing their names [illegible] No journal not favored [illegible] irremediably polluted by the [illegible] of good men's character, would have suffered such a herlotry of debasement, and sickened community with a hypocrisy so infinitely damnable.

After keeping the miscreant, Beriah Brown, traducing his Government and consorting with his oath-bound assassin conduits, the sympathetic crocodiles, now come out of the green scummed bayous and claw their eyes until the slimy orbs begin to shed unnatural moisture which betrays only the physical agony of a reptile. The is what their representative organ, the *Democratic Press*, said of Abraham Lincoln about the 28th of last June. Read it, and consider how very much afflicted the "Democratic Committee" must be at his untimely and unexpected death.

"And who is this High Mightiness, to whom all knees must bow! A lank, lantern jawed flooster, born by slaves in Kentucky and in the swamps of Indiana, near Vincennes, reared on hog and hominy in the swamps of the Wabash! A youth too lazy to preserve a claim for his father on the public lands near Vandalia, Illinois, or to more than pole to propel a flat boat on the lower Mississippi! Ambitious enough to emulate the keeper of a rum hole in New Orleans! Avaricious enough to sell a [illegible] of the corner of the cross roads leading to a prairie village! Mean enough to take improper liberties with his neighbors' hogs near Oquaqua when the Illinois militia were marching to the Black Hawk war, and eminently worthy to be 'my man John' to sweep a brewery office when burlesqued!"

As good Old Abe used to say, "This reminds us of a little story": After the Crucifixion however, the sympathetic Judas Iscariot, Simon Magus and Pontius Pilate determined to address a letter of condolence to Mary the Mother. It was as follows:

> VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM,
> Anno Conditi Mundi 4001.

ILLUSTRIOUS WOMAN: Not forgetting to be afflicted with thee in thy great tribulation, we will offer in thy behalf our steadfast friendship and utmost sorrow.

If so be that it shall please thee, most illustrious woman, we will likewise also buy of thee the garments of thy beloved Son.

> Send Greeting,
> JUDAS ISCARIOT,
> SIMON MAGUS,
> PONTIUS PILATE.

The Secret of the Opposition.

The loyal people of California are just awaking to the dangers which have been hanging over them ever since the last election. The violent speeches of leading Copperheads like Weller and Wozencraft counseling bloodshed, the occasional exposure of piratical schemes, the significant editorials of the *Democratic Press* and other leading journals in the pay of treason, the discovery of the Order known as the "Knights of the Columbian Star,"—all these were not sufficient to arouse us from the lethargy into which we had fallen. It was only when we learned that the *openly made* threats of these conspirators had been followed up by a startling success, and the machinery by which they intended to apply their bloody doctrine to the Pacific Coast became apparent, that the alarm grew to be universal, and we began to concert the proper measures for common safety. We now know that we have been for a long time walking over a volcano which was liable at any time to explode beneath our feet. The preliminary arrangements, in which Brown and his infamous confederates are concerned, we believe to have been fully perfected, and a large organization to have been holding itself in readiness for the grand blow which was to follow close upon the assassination of the Chief Magistrate. The small armory of deadly missiles discovered among the property left behind him by one of the fugitive rebel editors, was probably not the only collection of warlike material privately accumulated in the city, and the purpose for which it was really intended can hardly be a matter of doubt. Whether our opponents are justified in the bitter warfare they are waging against us, whose sole offence has been the uncompromising exposure of the plots by which the peace of the coast is threatened and of the men who sustain them, all loyal leaders may answer as well as we.

TIT FOR TAT.—The New York landlords, grumbling at the taxes, doubled the rents of their houses. Whereupon the Supervisors called upon the Tax Commissioners to double the valuation.

The "D. C. Murray."

This splendid vessel, notice of which is given below, sailed last week at 11 A.M. for the Sandwich Islands. It being the occasion of her first trip in the line, quite a pleasant party of gentlemen accompanied the vessel to [illegible], at the invitation of the owners, among whom were Judge Allen, Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Islands, ex-officio chancellor (late envoy plenipotentiary to Washington, on a special mission relative to the Reciprocity Treaty), W. A. Aldrich, Esq., of Aldrich, Walker & Co., agents of the line at Honolulu (the above gentlemen returning to Honolulu), N. L. Ingols, Esq., commercial correspondent of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Jas. H. Cole, Esq., of Honolulu, Mr. Richards, of Richards & McCracken (of the Oregon and Hawaiian Packet Line), Messrs. G. J. Brooks & Co., Messrs. Chas. W. Brooks & Ladd, owners of the *Murray*, and others.

A collation was spread in the cabin, and numerous toasts were given by the company. About one o'clock the guests bade adieu to the *Murray* and passengers, and entered the tugboat, when three rousing cheers and a "tiger" were given for the noble bark, which soon left us in the distance, under full sail, for her desired haven. The day was warm and lovely, the sea calm, and everything served to render the trip a most delightful one to all concerned. The party were safely landed at the wharf at three o'clock.

The *D. C. Murray* was bought in Boston, expressly for the Hawaiian Packet Line, and arrived here only a short time since. She is quite a noted vessel, having been in the service of the United States, searching for pirates at Tacony, &c. She mounted four rifled Parrott guns, and during her career captured three prizes.

Since her arrival here, she has been entirely renovated and refitted throughout, in the most thorough manner.

She has accommodations for 66 cabin and steerage passengers. The cabin is seven feet six inches high, painted in China gloss, gilt, and natural wood, and furnished in the most sumptuous manner. The Bridal Chamber is superb: Wilton carpet, lace curtains, French plate glass mirrors, marble slabs, spring bed, black walnut bedstead, and other furniture in cedar and bird's-eye maple. A very tempting sight for a newly married couple, or *any body else*.

The carpenter work was done by Joseph Ringot, the painting by E. H. Wilkey [illegible] upholstery by C. H. Plum, bedding by J. C. [illegible] the galley, which is spacious, was furnished by Locke & Montague.

The work on the ship was all done by the day, and everything made to order throughout, and in the most *recherche* style. The ship is furnished with all kind of marine signal lanterns, rockets, etc., the same as on the mail steamers. The poop promenade deck is 73 feet long. The ship's Log shows thirteen and a half knots. The *D. C. Murray* is commanded by Capt. N. T. Bennett, formerly of the *Eldridge*, who has been in the employ of Messrs. Chas. W. Brooks & Co. for the last five years. This being his sixty-seventh trip. The *Murray* is A No. 1 at Lloyd's. She stows 750 tons assorted or general cargo. No vessel on the ocean is better fitted with every kind of furniture, crockery, silverware, etc., all complete and new. She is considered the fastest of the fast, and is expected to make the round trip in about forty-five days. She carries thirty cabin, and eight steerage passengers.

The *D. C. Murray*, is owned entirely by Messrs. Chas. W. Brooks & Co., and is the best vessel now on the Sandwich Island route. She cost about $30,000 in gold.

The other vessels comprising the line, are the *Onward* and *Smyrniote*; the latter is now lying at Vallejo street wharf, and a visit to her will well repay for the trouble.

The large and increasing traffic, and prospective trade with the Sandwich Islands, has rendered [illegible] these vessels. The resources of the [illegible] becoming wider and better known, and [illegible] attention here, as well as abroad. The trip is a delightful one in every respect, and the fine climate, and attractions at the Islands, will well repay the visitor.

Our relations with the Sandwich Islands are [illegible] increasing commerce from those sections, draws us as it were nearer and nearer. Under the right kind of government, and with the blessings God and nature has endowed them with, the Islands must in time become very prominent in the eyes of the whole commercial world.

"The Plague Ran Festering Through the Town, and only a Bell was Tolling."

It is now recollected that last summer when the FLAG attacked the rebel *Democratic Press*, the Catholic *Monitor* and other treason mongering newspapers, it was denounced by the *Evening Bulletin*, *Alta California*, and other chalk-and-water dealers, as improperly aggressive. People don't think so now, when they look up at that other and far more glorious Flag hanging in dejection. Then, when the electric finger of the telegraph shook with the palsy of great battles, the popular heart sunk and swelled, as the national standard swayed about in the red hot maelstrom. The wind that blew across the deserts, the sound of a Union defeat or disaster, was hotter, more parching than the sirocco, it shriveled the eye-balls and seemed to dry up the very fountains of the heart, and the Aroicee of the Union were ready to hide their heads in the sand, as hunted ostriches do. When a victory was declared, a thousand flags sprang up exultantly, like full fledged eagles going to meet the sun. The true ministers of religion came down in their desks, to plead in behalf of the Union soldier; good women went about the streets, and the slender treasuries of the people flew open, as did Horeb's Rock when the Prophet struck it.

All the time their eyes were offended, their ears vexed, and their hearts were lacerated by the taunts and jeers of the *Democratic Press*, the *Monitor*, the *News Letter*, and others only a little less diabolical. When the FLAG assailed the traitors it was reprovingly told to be hushed; that our social relations must not be broken up, that there were only differences of political opinion among very pleasant gentlemen. But the FLAG replied: "Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the King's gate!" Then the whole pack of traitors including the "conservative" *Bulletin* and the "loyal" *Alta*, fell upon it and tried to hunt it down. Appeal was made to Gen. McDowell, but, he appeared to have inherited all the ills that bound and at last destroyed his predecessor. He had adders' ears; he was told by Drum, the *Bulletin*, *Alta* and others, now under the ban, that the FLAG was not a "respectable" paper, that it was "a howler," etc. And so the thing went on, until one of that sort of "pleasant gentlemen" crept up behind Abraham Lincoln and blew his brains into the face of the companion of his young manhood and the partner of his mature glory.

Now! Now!! What do Gen. McDowell and the editors of the *Bulletin*, of the *Alta* and what other soulless rubbish under the wheels of Freedom, *think about the howlers?* Is the General still persuaded that he did wisely and better for his fame in following the counsel of alleged traitors whose hateful premises he is now to protect by unwilling soldiery from the swift vengeance of the people?

It is rumored, and, we earnestly hope, without foundation that the Commander of the Pacific intends to permit most of those engines of sedition, treason and murder to be again set agog! It cannot be possible that an American soldier will so far disoblige the Union people of California, and dishonor the memory of Abraham Lincoln? May God forefend!

Have Black People Souls!—Are Their Tears Precious to the Memory of Dead Heroes?

On Wednesday, at Union Square, while the procession was forming, we were pained to see the patriotic colored people standing in an alley, away off by themselves, to be brought in at the fag end of the procession, as if they had been attainted by some terrible crime. *The self appointed Committee of the People's Party had not so much as visited them*, OR RECOGNIZED THEIR CLAIMS TO HUMAN CONSIDERATION IN THE PROGRAMME ANNOUNCED.

They were offending the Copperheads; afraid that the delicate sense of some *Connecticut Southern Democrat* might snuff a patriotic and heart broken negro in the long train of the city's sorrow. Shame to their want of courage that they could not recognize the poor people for whose freedom Abraham Lincoln perished! Get them gone to confess that they have not yet straightened up from under the despotic frown of pro slavery tyrants, and pray that the humble people may not despise them.

A DAY OF SORROW

Millions of people, bowed with sorrow, and weeping tears of bitterest grief, will, this day, listen to the sad summons, the chants, dirges and requiems for our murdered President.

Such a spectacle never was presented to the world before. A mighty nation pauses in the midst of war and troubles which would appal a people of less courage and resolution, to observe, with painful interest, the obsequies of their Chief Executive, struck down, not by the hand of disease or the weapons of an open adversary, but by the bullet of a stealthy assassin.

There is no violent commotion or revolution; the succession is not broken, for the people are the succession, and they rest with confidence and ease in the contemplation of the law's majesty, while the hands of their other servants are moving to take up the trust of power.

There can be found to-day no loyal man, woman or child, in the whole length and breadth of the land who will not experience, in some degree, the grief which has come so suddenly upon us. Abraham Lincoln will be buried to-day! In the crowded cities, the merchant and banker, all trades and professions, will leave the business of their lives, and repair to their homes or to their churches to mourn for the honored dead. In the dark forests which skirt the lakes of Maine, the sturdy woodsman will sit in his cabin, and thumb with rough energy the journals which describe for him the awful circumstances of the deed, and the hot tears will come down his sun-burnt cheeks as the recital proceeds. In the green recesses of Vermont's hills and mountains, the daughters of freemen will murmur the plaintive wail of woe under the mossy roofs of primitive churches, and weep for the good man and patriot slain.

The Western farmer will collect about him his unbroken group of darlings, and tell them in the eloquent language of sorrow, how worthy he was, how useful, and how horrible his fate.

The soldier in the armies of the Union, he who is called "Uncle Abe's minion," will forget the stoicism of warfare and indulge his passion of grief when he reflects that the mangled corpse of his Chief is being borne to the grave.

The soldier suffering in the hospital will forget his agony of wounds in the heartache which this terrible event occasioned.

Everywhere, from the flinty cliffs which fringe the blue Superior, from the flowery prairies of Minnesota and her silvery lakes; from the wilderness wastes where the deep shadows of the Rocky Mountains are forever spread, to the plains which smile under a tropic sun, the funeral chant and dirge of our President will this day be sung. The clouds of war which are rolling over the charred and blackened cities of the rebellious South, hanging like the mighty wings of angels of death over Charleston, Richmond, Chattanooga and Mobile, will be this day rifted by the solemn battle hymns which the avengers of Lincoln shall shout and sing from the Potomac through all the Carolinas to Orleans and the Rio Grande. And San Francisco will not be lacking in her exhibitions of sorrowful emotion. Every man or woman who does not feel a secret gratification over the death of the President, will on this mournful occasion display some evidence of the poignant grief which all good men feel.

TWO RUINS.

You have seen the stately tree, which for many centuries had reared its giant form to mid heaven, until angry lightnings came out from the clouds and let fall upon it the dreadful paralysis of their wrath? Forever exalting its imperial crown of verdure, bidding defiance to loud talking storms, the tree had begun to think itself immortal, and refused to bow its haughty head when the Master rode the winds. It had begun to uphold poison trees under which venomous reptiles hid. [illegible] to rest under its leafy [illegible] who lay [illegible] became the perch of obscene birds and the shelter of deadly serpents, and wherever its shadow fell, the ground became desert. After a while, the red fruiting branch, the withering trunk, the falling limbs, the piled up cone told that the angel of death had been there. The monarch who had lorded over the little people of the wood was dead, and fox fire shone all around his sepulchre.

When the new Republic rose, and its increasing splendors began to flaunt the skies, the Democratic party grew to arrogance and substantial power. It was a glorious name—"Democracy!" The pleasant sound rose to the crest of the mountain, sank to the depths of the valley, and made music in the cottages of the people. It rang over the prostrate nationality of Ireland, echoed in the deep defiles of unconquerable Hungary, was heard among the lost glories of unyielding Poland. Christian, Jew, Buddhist and Moslem all began to stretch their supplicating hands toward the Ark of Nations.

But, alas! Democracy has proved an impostor and a traitor. Its great men have died and escaped the share of its humiliation and infamy. When an insulted country called for her bravest sons, Democracy was on the sick list. It hid from the turmoil, and got down on its trembling knees, holding out "the olive branch of peace," to a haughty enemy who voided his spittle in the face of the coward. The very tatterdemalion rebels of the South, contending for victory, with the souls of demons and the arms of giants, spat upon and spurned the pusillanimous peace Democracy of the North, and held their noses in the presence of hissing copperheads. And when it died in disgrace and was cast down to the nether hells, there was not found a coward's soul sufficiently debased to become its companion in damnation.

Extracts from a Sermon, by Rev. J. J. Moore, at Zion African Methodist Church

The following are extracts from a sermon delivered by Rev. J. J. Moore in the Zion Methodist Church on Stockton street, on Sunday morning, the 16th, on the death of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States. The text was taken in 2 Sam. 1. 27, "*How are the mighty fallen!*" These words, were taken after reading the whole chapter.

The speaker commenced as follows: Truly we live in a time when unbounded excitement reigns. But an hour past, our Nation's jubilant thunder shook our land from sea to sea over the victory of our arms. But as those peals of joy had died away upon the liquid floods that gird our lands, suddenly a solemn knell in muffled cadence, sadly fell upon our nation's glee. A terrible shock of death thrilled her heart. In the notice of an hour a great nation in habiliments of mourning stood before the world in pensive sobs and tears—her Chief Magistrate falls a victim to a horde of assassins, he yields his immortal soul to the Spirit in glory, the immortal Lincoln exchanges worlds! He is murdered—he dies a martyr for his country. "How are the mighty fallen."

In appropriating our text to the solemn subject in hand, we notice, first, President Lincoln as a mighty or great man—great in himself—in his nation—and in the world. He was great in himself, in his aspirations, energy and perseverance, he was possessed of an indomitable will, firm nerve, wise forethought, fixed integrity, and deliberate purpose and action.

These were the noble characteristics that paved the way for his crown of celebrity, from the humble abode of his indigent parents in Spencer county, Indiana, to the exalted position in which death found him. He had the aspiration to be a great man, the powers to be a great man,—he became and died the greatest of the age and of his nation, striking out, to combat for his desires in this life, a poor boy at 19 years of age, with one year's schooling, studying law, statesmanship and political economy. He was great in his nation, as a jurist, as a legislator, as a statesman, as the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

In 1834, 1836, 1838 and 1840, he was a legislator of his own resident State, Ill. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, and served until '49. He was great in the world; the world lost a great man at his death, he was martyred for human freedom, which is the world's cause, for Republican Institutions and true Democratic Government, which interests mankind. His last great deed, that lifted millions of America's sable sons from servile dust, whose fervid hearts have poured flood after flood of blessings upon his faithful head, was not only their joy, but the joy of the whole earth. "How has the mighty fallen!"

2d. How did our beloved President Lincoln fall? By the slave power and their sympathizers, through their hired assassins, who are unfit for the companionship of devils.

Beloved brethren, we mourn his irreparable loss with pierced hearts and broken spirits, sobbing souls and flooding tears; but he has been called to the reward of his faithful deeds on earth, gone to the bosom of that Saviour, his last great friend. Let us engrave him in our memories, embalm him in our hearts, and imitate him in our lives, hoping when our mortal bodies sink in the slumbers of death, we may join in the white-robed crowd, amid those shining ranks his initiated spirit, filled with Heaven's light, now ranges, a world of being and of thought, as pure and immortal as our God.

Weekly American Flag.

A CARNIVAL IN REALITY.—The grand carnival at Havana has recently ended. It was literally a *farewell to flesh*, as the name signifies, no less than fifty six persons having been murdered and wounded during the three days of its duration.

THE BULLETIN AND ITS PERSECUTORS.—The *Bulletin*, in its contortions under the stings of our lash, reminds us of a great big dog on whose back a persevering gadfly has alighted, and which it is turning cruelly round and round in the vain endeavor to bite off.

HENRY CLAY once offered a bill in the Kentucky Legislature, to "emancipate the slaves gradually," and he afterwards said, in a speech to Congress, "I will never vote to extend Slavery by the General Government, into territory now free—no, never, never."

NOT MUCH OF A MATTER.—"General" shouted an irate secesher to a Federal officer, whose men had made free with his barnyard pets—"General, your men are stealing all my chickens." "You ought to make them roost a little higher!" was the consoling rejoinder.

ONE of the first petitions to Congress against the Slave Trade was signed by Benjamin Franklin. Southern men cried out that the philosopher was insane and declared that the commitment of the memorial to a committee would sound the tocsin of civil war throughout the South. This was in 1790.

COPPERHEAD LITERATURE.—A rabid Copperhead, of the most radical sort, describes Henry Ward Beecher as "the boisterous Beecher, the belligerent Boanerges of Brooklyn." Mr Beecher will convert this *alliteration* into *obliteration*, if he should ever get hold of the writer.

THE TURN OF TEXAS COMING.—The rebels being now about done for in all the States on the east side of the Mississippi, the War Department will now pay its respects to Texas, which has hitherto escaped the horrors of war. A large army and navy are prepared to commence operations in that quarter. We shall now learn for a certainty what has become of Sam Houston.

GOOD, AGAIN!—W. B. H. Dodson, writing from Uncle Sam Postoffice, Lake City, April 12th, says:
"At the Union jollification three cheers were given for 'The people's champion on the Pacific coast, the AMERICAN FLAG.' Hallelujah! The glory of the Lord appeareth, and the downfall of slavery is at hand!"
Amen! quoth the FLAG.

HO! UP THERE, PHŒBUS! THE CATTLE ARE ON MOUNT HELICON!—We observe that Webb, hero of the Copperheaded breast pin, and Evans, the Chicago wild cat banker, are writing [illegible] poetry for the *Alta California*!
G. Whillikens!
It is now in order for people to scale the entire mountain here for oil.

A STEP TOWARD PEACE.—The skies are brightening for peace, and are becoming all the brighter for the recent tragedy, which the Southern fanatics thought to turn to their own account. The deputy Provost marshalships and all the cumbrous machinery of that and the military bureaus, are henceforth abolished, by order from headquarters, and recruiting is discontinued, all over the Union. The rebellion is one vast "squash pie."

IMMENSE ADVERTISEMENT.—Yesterday morning H M Newhall & Co enterprising and successful Auctioneers, had the foresight to advertise their this morning's sales in the FLAG's *Morning Extra*. It was printed conspicuously and beautifully, and five thousand copies went before the people, to be read and examined by at least three times as many more. The advantage to advertisers is obvious enough.

"SACRAMENTO UNION."—A note from the publishers of that paper desire the FLAG to send exchange in a manner unusual with it. In a view of the shabby and churlish conduct of the *Union* toward it, when the friendship of the former might have been beneficial, the FLAG does not feel at liberty to make any departure from its accustomed habits, for the *Union's* accommodation. The FLAG has a very enlarged contempt for sunshine friends.

SOME of the FLAG's readers say, querulously, that the best things appear originally in the *Dispatch*. Well, they shouldn't complain, for, they flow freely without money and without price. They shouldn't read the *Dispatch*! They should "take the *Bulletin*" in the evening, and gorge themselves with the splendors of its beauties, wit, sentiment or patriotism, especially so on Friday evening—hangman's day.

WHAT makes the Democratic leaders so afraid of the influence of preachers of the Gospel? Why do they denounce every one as a "fanatic" who has mind and manhood enough to exercise his rights of thought and speech as a citizen?
It is a remarkable fact that most of the funeral orations pronounced last Wednesday, throughout the State, were by preachers.

ON BOTH SIDES AT ONCE.—We hear of instances in this city of men holding comfortable or lucrative positions under our Government, while their wives are disseminating treason and doing all they can to annoy the Union people with whom they are thrown in contact. Swearing destruction to the Union while their mouths are filled with Union bread and butter. Faugh!

COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM.—We will recommend to the Union League and Grant Club to issue addresses, inviting the unconditionally loyal members of the People's Party, who have respect for the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and regard for the unity of the Union Party, to come out of that [illegible] and demoralized organization. There are hundreds, if not thousands, who if earnestly and [illegible] addressed by these influential bodies would abandon the disagreeable society of Copperheads.

THE TRANS MISSISSIPPI CONFEDERACY.—Prospects look rather squally for the Trans Mississippi Confederacy which, it is said, Jeff Davis and his colleagues in infamy propose to establish in lieu of the one they have lost. They have risked the destination, at length, of all classes except the pro-slavery sympathizers. They have risked all for one grand stake, and, having lost it, will hereafter, if they escape hanging, be little better than outlaws and wanderers on the face of the earth. The coolness of their proposition to take possession of the free soil of the Territories and States lying between the Pacific and Mississippi is the saltiest thing on record. Nevertheless, they will bear watching.

PATRIOT'S PRAYER.—When for the last time we behold the glorious flag of our devotion, whether on the hill tops of California, on the desert plain or on the great abounding Ocean, may every star remain undimmed, while from the East and from the West, from the storm breeding North and the gentle twilight of the South, shall still go up pilgrims to the sacred shrine of the Union. And when the sublime structure of our Republic falls, let it be in the chaos of nations. Even then, may Liberty, seizing her standard, relight her torch at the common funeral pyre, and mounting through tumultuous and terror-driven clouds, stand imperishable on the battlements of Heaven, and wave a last good night to the World!

THE HOUSE OF GRATITUDE.—E. Hatton, a colored man of Vallejo, proposed to the *Elevator* that his people in the United States contribute one dollar each to build the widow of the Liberator, Abraham Lincoln a magnificent homestead. The idea is magnificent and the originators has been lucky in being first here to think of it. They ought to call it "THE HOUSE OF GRATITUDE," and lay the corner-stone amid the glad acclamations of all the swarthy millions.

THE PROTESTANT ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Marlin Love, who writes us from Montezuma, Tuolumne county, asking particulars in relation to the above institution, is informed that a very superior establishment of the kind referred to, has been established in this city since the year 1851. It is situated on Laguna street, north of and not far from its intersection with Market street, and is under the superintendence of Mrs. Willard. You should write to the President, Mrs. Ira P Rankin, for information.

EXTREMES.—The *Express* is seriously exercised about the murder of Lincoln—for whom it had done so much. In its leader of Friday, it says—
"Our nation has been stained with the blood of its sons, and as we were preparing to witness the fall of the curtain over the bloody scene, we find one who was to be a *party to the treaty of peace*, felled to earth, and struggling in the death agonies." Yet only a few days have elapsed since that paper, in the spirit of the assassin, Booth, called him a *tyrant*.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S ADDRESS AT INAUGURATION—A LYING TRAITOR PUT DOWN.

We have received from Andrew Johnson, now President of the United States, an enclosed copy of the Washington *Daily Globe*, containing a full report of the Inauguration ceremonies, and also a copy of his own address on that occasion. The latter will be found in an adjacent column. The Union men of this city will recollect the mortifying account of the occurrence given by the *Evening Bulletin's* corresponding knave, Simonton; and that, notwithstanding the villain's celebrity as a reckless, malignant falsifier, they feared that it might be true.

They will now agree in the opinion that the Address does not read or sound like the production of a person heated and distracted by intoxication. It is rather what might be expected from a true patriot, and a brave, self-reliant straight-forward man, speaking almost within sound of the guns of Revolution, and feeling a pardonable exultation at having marched so grandly from the work-shops of the people, straight-way up to the second altitude of the nation's fame and power, and where the snapping of a slender thread, as afterward occurred, might make him the most powerful ruler in the world. We have no discretion in believing that the vile knave wickedly lied for the purpose of creating distrust of and contempt for Mr. Lincoln's second administration, nor does it require any extravagant credulity to believe that the foul-tongued vagabond had been informed of what has since taken place, and took that means of creating loss of respect for the new President, and consequent anarchy in the State.

Opposed to the assertion of an abandoned villain, who carries the ineffaceable brands of disgrace and falsehood upon his person, we have the report of one of the most distinguished and reliable of Washington journals, embracing Vice President Johnson's coherent, logical and patriotic inaugural address, with no extraordinary occurrences remarked on. It is therefore impossible to avoid the conclusion that this foul fellow, Simonton, had a sinister intent in his communication, and that he acted from the instincts of a traitor. Circumstantial evidence and his antecedents all tend to his inevitable conviction. Having been ignominiously expelled from the reporters' gallery in Congress, when employed by a black-mailing paper in New York, Simonton was brought to San Francisco by the execrable traitor, Gwin, for the purpose of destroying David C. Broderick and other friends of the people. He was placed at the head of the *Evening Bulletin*, and in conjunction with Nisbet, Fitch and other of the vile, malevolent and traitorous, worked on the reputations of the Fathers of Freedom and Union in California, with the assiduity of Time and the malignity of a devil. A fierce article in the San Francisco *Mirror*, written by a person who still keeps the infamous libeler in sight, and which threatened immediate exposure of all in the foul nest, drove Simonton to Washington; and he has had the discretion to keep away from San Francisco ever since. Next we heard of him about to be kicked out of Mr Lincoln's audience room; afterwards hounding Col. Baker, even after the glorious old hero had fallen dead in battle; still later we heard of him in Paris on familiar terms with Mason, Slidell and other traitors, and now we discover this upcast gorge of honor, truth and manhood at work on the reputation of Andrew Johnson.

And while this leashed whelp of Dr. Gwin was so infamously occupied, what was Andrew Johnson about! Out in Tennessee, struggling with the red fiends of Rebellion, like Samson among the Philistines, the aged companion of his youth flying from her home; his sons in prison or hiding in the mountains, while the brave old man was surrounded by glaring enemies, and laying about him with the club of Hercules. Again in the Senate, thundering with his heavy sledge-hammers on the naked crowns of traitors, and scourging them out of the Capital, with red-hot wires. So earnestly and mightily did he battle, so honorably famous did he become, so conspicuous was his glittering name on the roll of heroic Union Statesmen, that he was thought worthy of being nominated by acclamation with Abraham Lincoln. But forsooth, Simonton, of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, says that "Andrew Johnson is a maudlin drunkard!" What if the dog had not lied? [illegible] who had not rather be Andrew Johnson dead-drunk and lying eleven months in the year in the Home of the Inebriate, than to have the infamous, execrable fame of J. W. Simonton the professional libeler, the incurable falsifier; or to have any responsible connection with the fetid sink of pollution which he most worthily represents at Washington, and which here gangrenes on the sanitary front, and stinks under the provocation of the gentlest moonlight.

As we have before affirmed, there can be no reasonable doubt that, failing to assassinate him together with the President and Cabinet, on Inauguration Day, and having determined upon the death of Abraham Lincoln, the next purpose of the conspirators was to destroy national confidence in the survivor. If he was in any degree intoxicated on that occasion it was through the cunning betrayal of an enemy; for Andrew Johnson has not been known to the country as a drunkard. Assassins who would shoot at the back of a brave man's head, in the presence of his wife, would also poison his drink; and the medical jurisprudence of experience and observation, especially in California, makes known how small a deleterious atom in solution will temporarily dethrone the mind. That the deadly conspiracy was known to the calumniating traitor, Simonton, we do most religiously believe and unhesitatingly affirm; for the breath had scarcely gone from Abraham Lincoln, when Simonton's instrument, the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, rose from its simulated grief to its natural attitude of calumny, and exclaimed pathetically: "Great God! must we have a drunkard for President!"

Abraham Lincoln's Last Speech in Springfield.

When the late living and ever to be illustrious President was going from Springfield, to become the most powerful and famous ruler of the age, his old friends and neighbors went with him in a grand crowd to the depot, where he made them a short speech. It was a bewildering day of triumph to the man of the beetle and wedge. He was going to [illegible] the hellish kingdom of slavery square through the heart, and then lie down on Freedom's altar and die. This is what he said:

MY FRIENDS.—No one, not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell. (Loud applause and cries of "We will pray for you.")

War's Desolations.

The Memphis *Bulletin* gives a vivid picture of the track of war through Tennessee:

"There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone River; the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Falling in behind the retiring foot steps of humanity, come the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwelling where a happy people once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and schoolhouse. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest upon the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children. The gem is rotting in the cool spring. The partridge whistles from the ridgepole of the cabin. The wild bee seeks a storehouse for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature."

[From the Washington "Daily Globe," March 17.]

Vice-President Andrew Johnson's Inaugural Address—Preceding and Concluding Ceremonies.

Mr Trumbull. I move that all other business be suspended except that which is connected with the ceremonies of the day or with the reception of messages.

The motion was agreed to.

The Vice President (Hon. Hannibal Hamlin) and the Vice President elect (Hon. Andrew Johnson) entered the Chamber, accompanied by Mr Doolittle, one of the committee of arrangements. Mr Johnson was conducted to a seat to the right of the chair of the Vice President.

The Vice President resumed the chair.

THE INAUGURATION.

For some time the Senate Chamber had been crowded with those distinguished persons to whom admission was accorded as witnesses of the inauguration ceremonies. The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, a large attendance of ambassadors from foreign Governments, officers of the Army and Navy, with innumerable others. Shortly, the members of the House of Representatives, with their Speaker and Sergeant at Arms at their head, entered and were conducted to the seats prepared for them, the Speaker, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, being seated to the left of the Vice President. Extensive as is the area of the Senate Chamber, it was filled with a distinguished and brilliant assemblage.

VICE PRESIDENT HAMLIN RETIRING.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Senators: Amid these exciting events that mark the constitutional termination of this Congress, and as our official relations are about to cease, I ask briefly your indulgence.

I assumed the duties of this chair at a period of time unequaled in importance in the history of our country. War of a magnitude unknown in ancient or modern times has devastated the land—measures of deep and vital interest, affecting the very life of the Republic, demanded your investigation and determination, and if, amid these stirring scenes, in this chair, by any act of omission or commission, I have wounded the sensibilities of a single Senator I take this occasion to ask for your forbearance, with the assurance that it has not been intentional. I know how deeply I am indebted to the Senate for kindness, and courtesy, and cooperation I have received on all occasions. Whatever of success may have attended my efforts in the discharge of official duties in this position, I know how deeply I am indebted to the Senate for that confidence and cooperation. Permit me to tender to you my heartfelt and unfeigned thanks for the kindness which has been bestowed by every Senator on all occasions. I shall bear with me in after life a cherished recollection of the associations that have been here formed and the kindness which has thus been here bestowed, and I can wish my friend and worthy successor no greater felicity than that the same relations shall exist, as I think they will, between him and yourselves.

Thanking you again for your kindly [illegible] as for the resolution commendatory of the manner in which the duties of the Chair have been discharged, it only remains for me to tender to you our sincere wishes for a safe return to your families and your homes, and for your future welfare and prosperity in life, and hoping that the era of peace now dawning upon us will soon shed its rays upon a united, a happy, and a free people.

Is the Vice President elect, now ready to take and subscribe the oath of office?

The VICE PRESIDENT-elect, (Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.) I am. [Then turning to the Senate he said:]

VICE PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S ADDRESS.

Senators: I am here to-day as the chosen Vice President of the United States, and as such, by constitutional provision I am made the presiding officer of this body. I therefore present myself here in obedience to the high behests of the American people to discharge a constitutional duty, and not presumptuously to thrust myself in a position so exalted. May I at this moment—it may not be irrelevant to the occasion—advert to the workings of our institutions under the Constitution which our fathers framed and Washington approved, as exhibited by the position in which I stand before the American Senate, in the sight of the American people? Deem me not vain or arrogant, yet I should be less than man if under such circumstances I were not proud of being an American citizen, for to-day one who claims no high descent, one who comes from the ranks of the people, stands, by the choice of a free constituency, in the second place in this Government. There may be those to whom such things are not pleasing, but those who have labored for the consummation of a free Government will appreciate and cherish institutions which exclude none, however obscure his origin, from places of trust and distinction. The people, in short, are the source of all power. You, Senators, you who constitute the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, are but the creatures of the American people, your exaltation is from them; the power of this Government consists in its nearness and approximation to the great mass of the people. You, Mr Secretary Seward, Mr Secretary Stanton, the Secretary of the Navy, and the others who are your associates—you know that you have my respect and confidence—derive not your greatness and your power alone from President Lincoln. Humble as I am, plebeian as I may be deemed, permit me in the presence of this brilliant assemblage to enunciate the truth that courts and cabinets, the President and his advisers, derive their power and their greatness from the people. A President could not exist here forty eight hours if he were as far removed from the people as the autocrat of Russia is removed from his subjects. Here the popular heart sustains the President and Cabinet officers, the popular will gives them all their strength. Such an assertion of the great principles of this Government may be considered out of place, and I will not consume the time of these intelligent and enlightened people much longer, but I could not be insensible to these great truths when I, a plebeian, elected by the people Vice President of these United States, am here to enter upon the discharge of my duties. For those duties I claim not the aptitude of my respected predecessor. Although I have occupied a seat in both the House of Representatives and the Senate, I am not learned in parliamentary law, and I shall be dependent on the courtesy of those Senators who have become familiar with the rules, and the dispatch of its business. I have only studied how I may best advance the interest of my State and my country, and not the technical rules of order; and if I err I shall appeal to this dignified body of representatives of States for kindness and indulgence.

Before I conclude this brief inaugural address, in the presence of this audience—and I, though a plebeian boy, am authorized by the principles of the Government under which I live to feel proudly conscious that I am a man, and grave dignitaries are but men—before the Supreme Court, the representatives of foreign Governments, Senators and the people, I desire to proclaim that Tennessee, whose representative I have been, is free. She has bent the tyrant's rod, she has broken the yoke of slavery, and to-day she stands redeemed. She waited not for the exercise of power by Congress. It was her own act, and she is now as loyal, Mr. Attorney General, as is the State from which you come. It is the doctrine of the Federal Constitution that no State can go out of this Union, and moreover Congress cannot reject a State from this Union. Thank God, Tennessee has never been out of the Union! It is true the operations of her Government were for a time interrupted; there was an interregnum; but she is still in the Union, and I am her representative. This day she elects her Governor and her Legislature, which will be convened on the first Monday of April, and again her Senators and Representatives will soon mingle with those of her sister States; and who shall gainsay it, for the Constitution requires that to every State shall be guaranteed a republican form of government?

I now am prepared to take the oath of office and renew my allegiance to the Constitution of the United States.

The oath prescribed by law was then administered to the Vice President elect by the retiring Vice President.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The term prescribed by the Constitution for the termination of this Congress having arrived, by virtue of the authority in me vested I now declare it adjourned without day.

Flag Raising at Lake City.

APRIL 12th, 1865.

EDITOR AMERICAN FLAG.—I see by reading your invaluable Union journal, that the people of this State are wild with excitement on the reception of the news of the fall of the rebel strong hold. We, too, have caught the infection, and yesterday was a proud day for the patriots of Lake county. Upon the reception of the news of the fall of Richmond on Tuesday, 7th inst., we determined to make and hoist in our village the Stars and Stripes, accordingly, an impromptu gathering was had, money collected and the flag commenced—Mrs. Davidson with the two Misses Waller, completed it. On the morning of the 11th, a pole some sixty feet long was planted, and amid shouts and hurrahs and the firing of anvils the beautiful banner was flung to the breeze. A crowd of ladies as well as gentlemen were present to witness the raising. Thirty six shots were then fired, and cheer after cheer went up in honor of our great victory and for the noble leaders of the Federal armies. Three cheers were also given for the President of the United States. After the salute was fired the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by all the ladies and gentlemen present.

Dr. Dodson was then called out, who entertained the crowd for about an hour in a spirited and patriotic speech. He commenced by reading from the AMERICAN FLAG the latest telegraphic dispatches. He then reverted to the inauguration of the war by the firing on Fort Sumter, which was four years ago to-day; contrasted the condition of our country then and now; spoke of the great success of the Federal arms during the last year and the immediate suppression of the rebellion. He then drew a glowing picture of the happiness of our country when this "cruel war is over," and concluded with the denunciation of the "Monroe doctrine," which when it is enforced, will drive from down trodden Mexico the French usurper Maximilian. His remarks were frequently interrupted with marks of demonstrations of applause, and especially when referring to the Mexican question. There were quite a number of "rebels" present, who, contrary to their general character, were very quiet, although there were some threats made that if we raised that "rag" there would be trouble.

Mr. Leach, proprietor of the Union Hotel, prepared an excellent dinner for those present, and many partook of his hospitality. Although we are small in number in Lake county, the fire of patriotism and universal freedom burns bright in every Union man's heart. The mountains re-echo the shouts of rejoicing for the downfall of Richmond and the final crushing out of the rebellion and the immediate restoration of peace.

The Popular Sentiment in the Interior.

Meeting at La Grange.

The news of the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, reached La Grange Sunday afternoon, April 16th. A mingled feeling of sorrow and rage pervaded the entire community. In the evening, a meeting of the citizens was held in Davis' Hall. Mr A. J. Peaslee was called to the chair. He announced the death of the President and stated that the object of the meeting was to enable the citizens to express publicly their resentment of this, the greatest calamity which had ever befallen us as a people.

Mr Geo Buck and Mr J B [illegible] were elected Vice Presidents, Mr Geo F Cheshire was chosen Secretary. Moved and carried that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of the sense of the meeting. Messrs B D Horr, R Calhoun and John Rudolph were appointed such committee.

Mr. Dennis [illegible] was called for, and made a short and feeling speech.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

WHEREAS, We, the citizens of La Grange, having heard of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and W H Seward, Secretary of State, and believing that there is but one opinion which *honorable* men can have, and believing, also, that our opinion of such an act should be publicly expressed, do hereby adopt the following resolutions.

Resolved, That, in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and W H Seward, Secretary of State, we recognize a great national calamity, and that it is an act which merits the unqualified condemnation of every American citizen.

Resolved, That, by the death of Abraham Lincoln, the nation suffers the loss of one of her best citizens and the wisest and noblest President that ever filled the office of Chief Magistrate.

Resolved, That the act which *robbed* a humble, earnest and faithful citizen of his life, which *robbed* the nation of a wise, noble and able President, which *robbed* Liberty, Justice and Humanity of an earnest, valiant defender, which *robbed* Abraham Lincoln of his life by a cowardly assassination, is too dishonorable to spring from any source, except the most contemptible and corrupt hell born depravity.

Resolved, That we regard it as a crime against society and nature, and that any man, who smiles on it approvingly, should be instantaneously deprived of the blessings of both.

Resolved, That any man, who exults over the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and W H Seward deserves the severest punishment, and that we pledge our fortunes and our lives to enforce such punishment, when necessary.

Resolved, That all men, who deprecate the foul assassination of our Chief Magistrate and Secretary of State, are requested to wear crape on their left arm for the next twenty days.

B D HORR,
R CALHOUN,
JNO RUDOLPH, } Committee.

Moved and carried, that the resolutions be adopted singly. The chairman read the preamble and first resolution. Moved and carried, that the preamble and first resolution be adopted. There was only one person present, who did not vote affirmatively. Moved and carried, that a committee of three be appointed to wait on him out of the room. Messrs [illegible], Davis and Atwood were appointed such committee, and immediately ejected him out of the door. All the remaining resolutions were adopted.

A number of speeches were made by some of the citizens, others were called upon, but were too utterly overcome with grief to say anything. A feeling of sorrow weighed down the hearts of all those present. Strong men wept like children.

Moved and carried, that a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the AMERICAN FLAG, the Stockton *Independent* and the Mariposa *Gazette* for publication.

The meeting adjourned sine die.

A. J. PEASLEE, Chairman.
GEO F. CHESHIRE, Secretary.
La Grange, April 16th, 1865.

The Meeting at Visalia.

VISALIA, April 15, 1865.

At a meeting of the citizens of this place, held on the 15th inst., the following Resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It is reported to us to day by telegraph that Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and William H Seward, Secretary of State were last night assassinated in the city of Washington, therefore,

Resolved, That, as part of a mighty nation we have heard with horror of the commission of a crime against the nation and against humanity, so fiendish in its nature, and so terrible and far-reaching in its probable consequences, that the mind of civilized man stands aghast in the contemplation.

Resolved, That the history of the world does not furnish a parallel to this dastardly deed of darkness whereby the freely chosen head of a great, intelligent and Christianized people, has fallen a sacrifice to the frenzied hatred of the adherents of a rebellion whose wickedness has fitly culminated in this deed of infamy.

Resolved, That while we abhor the act and the actors beyond the utmost power of language to express, we will, to the extent of our ability, control and encourage the exercise of *firmness*, discretion and moderation in our future acts, that reason may lead and control passion.

Resolved, That while we would thus deprecate and discourage any unwarranted violence or unnecessary excitement, we do believe that loyal men and Union loving citizens will not and ought not to permit the exhibition in their presence of sneers or exultation in reference to this sad event by the enemies of our Government and Union.

Resolved, That while we deplore and mourn over this national calamity, we will be in the future, as we have been in the past, true to our Nation. [illegible] be published in the Visalia *Delta*, AMERICAN FLAG, S. F. *Bulletin*, *Alta California*, and Sacramento *Union*.

W. N. STEUBEN, Chairman.
H CHAPMAN, Sec'y.

The Feeling in San Jose.

SAN JOSE, April 18th, 1865.

EDITOR FLAG.—Although not "an occasional or a regular correspondent" of the FLAG, I send you a line or two which, if you think worthy of a place "in your invaluable paper" print me." The sad and terrible news of the past few days are yet the all absorbing topics. The downcast eye, the smothered sorrow, the habiliments of woe, the drooping flag, all silently tell of a calamity dire and terrible in its nature.

Abraham Lincoln is dead, are the words spoken in low and mournful accents—dead by the hand of an assassin, and the hands drop, the eye dilates, all speaking the just retribution which should be meted out to the villains who would sink to perdition our country, and have bereft us of our beloved President and Father. Murdered while yet he held the olive branch in his hand, while yet he held out his hand in fatherly forgiveness to his erring people—those who *rarked him*. Oh, God! the damning tragedy is too awful to be ascribed to any who are made in the form of humanity.

San José, like other places, has its wretches, who would, if they dare, exult in the deep dyed murder, but the watchful eye, the quick ear of the mourners who go about the streets," deter them. We sent the first instalment of this ilk by the early train to-day. One Sutton, a saloon keeper, on Sunday exulted over the nation's great loss, Monday afternoon found him in jail and to day en route for Alcatraz. Let such monsters beware, for the hand of an outraged people will fall heavily upon them. Some things wearing the garb of woman but exhibiting none of a true woman's qualities in her actions, have been heard to exult. Their names will not be reported at the present. Ignorance, supreme ignorance must be attributed to them, not being aware what constitutes a true woman, or what are the common decencies of life. Upon the receipt of the news the office of the Collector and Assessor of Internal Revenue were closed and the entrances heavily draped and with flags shrouded. The Post Office was also closed and draped. Flags were on the front of the building. Many private houses wear the sad weeds, the bunting also, both inside and out, silent expressions of a nation's great loss.

At Berryessa, some four miles from here, on Sunday, a Christian church was closed to the ground because, forsooth, it showed outward signs of grief for the illustrious dead. [illegible] to ferret out the cowardly dastards who perpetrated the hellish deed. On the same day, at a Methodist church South, some three miles from Santa Clara where a protracted meeting was being held to convert souls to Christ, to learn Christian graces, charity and all Christian virtues, the saints so far forgot what they should preach and practice, joined in and huzzaed and exhibited their [illegible] rejoicings, shouting "Glory! Lincoln dead! Hurrah!" This is the type of the land with whom a brave and enlightened people have battled—yes, and routed, horse, foot and dragoons.

A large meeting was held at the City Hall last evening. Several speeches were made, and resolutions offered appropriate to the occasion. Business will be suspended to morrow, and the formals of the last rites performed. The League met also last evening, and will be vigilant. While I write, the entire length of Market, First and other streets are being draped. Yours, [illegible]

PERPETUITY OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.—The history of other Republics bears no parallel with ours. Their destructive expansion gives us warning admonition in the American horoscope. Plodding caravans and slow marching columns are there required for the government of distant provinces, as they were in the era of the Cæsars, or even when Napoleon drew his wings of conquest in the shadow of the Pyramids. Steeds feeling no weariness up along parallels of iron, and couriers animated by the lightning, have taken the place of the sweating "ships of the desert" and the swift runner who carried the proclamation of Alexander and Cyrus. A tumult in Athens or a conspiracy in Rome now disturbs a thousand iron nerves, and runs a continent.

ORATION AT NAPA.—The Oration at Napa, on Wednesday last, was delivered by Hon. Henry Edgerton. It is said by the *Register* to have been "replete with wisdom, truth and pathos."

THE INTERIOR PRESS ON THE NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES, SERMONS, AND INCIDENTS.

The press throughout the interior are affected as if by a galvanic shock. No event within our recollection has created so spontaneous and intense a feeling of indignation as the late dastardly assassination. The chivalrous feeling boasted by the southern slave-breeding faction, which has always sought manifestation in deeds of violence in legislative halls, or within the precincts of State and National capitols, has at last lost the flimsiest gloss which still enabled it to find friends and apologists among a few of the public prints, and all most heartily denounce both the act and the party in whose interests it was perpetrated.

Marysville—Excitement of the People—Letter from Rev Mr Lyford—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Wythe—Obsequies.

In Marysville, the citizens were startled into sudden action by the news. Immediately after the occurrence, the Rev C P Lyford, of the Christian Commission, wrote to the Treasurer of the Marysville Branch a letter, of which part is published in the *Appeal*:

"The whole city has been in tears since the news of the assassination of our great and good President. I cannot, now, express my feelings about that damnable crime. Sometimes the waves of bitterness, hatred and revenge will go surging over me and I want to see a war of extermination commenced, and then more manly and Christian feelings prevail, and I am only overwhelmed in sorrow. I thought that I had learned, amidst the terrible scenes of the war through which I have passed, to hate slavery and rebellion, but, my God! I never saw its corruption till now. I witnessed the campaign of the Peninsula under McClellan, I saw men from the second Bull Run battle field, who had lain upon the field one week with nothing to eat or to drink, their wounds filled with maggots and offensive to the smell across the street; I held the head of many a poor fellow last spring and summer, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and saw them gasp in their death agony. I have had widows with streaming eyes say to me, my husband fell at Vicksburg, and I am left alone; I have had fathers tell me, my first son fell at Donelson, my second at Chickamauga, my third and last has just gone down at Petersburg, and now I wish the Government would accept my property, and then me; I have had little children press up around me and say, I shall never see papa again; I have seen our poor starved prisoners with the skin almost dried to the bone, and I thought I knew what slavery and treason was capable of doing, but I never thought it could murder Abraham Lincoln. Now, I hate the rebels [illegible], as much as I hate the demons in hell; now, I hate the Southern Confederacy as I hate perdition; now, I hate human slavery as the aggregate of all other villainies and woes, and I will, by the help of God, battle for the principles of liberty and Republican government, with what little strength He gives me, and as long as He gives me breath."

The Protestant Churches were draped in mourning on Sunday, when a most eloquent sermon was delivered at the Methodist Church by Rev Dr Wythe, which was attended by Company A, in full uniform. The preacher alluded to the event the shadow of which, like a pall, has covered the entire nation, and which has come upon us with a crushing, stunning weight, that our senses reel and stagger, our brain can scarcely master calmness enough to think or act. He regarded the murder as a direct issue with the providence of the Almighty God. God's providence owns and exercises peculiar care and protection over human society, while the sin of blood-shed makes a direct breach upon society. This act was no act of war, or of justifiable homicide, which by the usages of men and the necessities of war may be considered as without guilt. It was a cold blooded murder, concocted deliberately, conducted coolly, and setting at defiance, I will not say the laws of nations, but all the claims of humanity. It was a murder such as a New Zealander or a Hottentot might be guilty of, but which consigns the perpetrator to eternal infamy. To shoot a defenceless man from behind his back—to stab a sick man in his bed—such was the bravery of this chivalrous assassin! His tragic hurrah after shooting the President was of a piece with his cowardice and perfectly consistent with the fraud and hypocrisy with which he, or his associate, obtained admittance to Secretary Seward's sick room. Talk about guerrilla warfare! When partisans turn assassins they must expect the treatment due to tigers, and not the respect awarded to brave men. The preacher paid a noble tribute to the late President as a self-made man, showing therein, worth, not birth, was the principle of his elevation, and that in him, a true democracy, a pure republicanism, had fitting illustration. The pure patriotism which actuated him was the admiration of the age, and has elevated him to a rank not inferior to the Father of his Country. The preacher took the ground that, through the grace of God, the deed of the assassin might be converted into an instrument of good. The crucifixion of Jesus by wicked hands seemed a sad catastrophe, but his death was the world's atonement, and his resurrection the signal for the world's rejoicing.

The arrangements for the funeral obsequies were entrusted to a Committee of sixteen who selected Dr Wythe as orator. The procession was an imposing affair. The military display included the Seventh Regiment C. M., under command of Col. [illegible] V. D Hubbard, the Butte Rangers, mounted and several of the Volunteer and Militia Companies. These were followed by the hearse, carriages containing the orator of the day, the Mayor, Federal, State, City and County Officers, [illegible] Masons, Odd Fellows Societies, Delegations from Oroville, Butte, Sutter, and Yuba, Benevolent Societies, Fire Department and citizens.

The *Appeal* denounces the perpetrators of the infernal deed and the devils who would at the same [illegible] sympathy. Retributive Justice is as much an attribute of Divinity as Mercy. We have faith that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward is the means to bring to punishment the wicked men of this rebellion.

Of the new President it says: Andrew Johnson has been through the fiery furnace of Rebellion. At its breaking out he took a noble stand for the Government. Living in a slave State, and holding a high and influential position, the secessionists there inaugurated a system of persecution against him and his family. As early as December 21st, he was *burned* in effigy at Memphis Tenn. In April, while passing through the city of Lynchburg, Va., on his way to Washington, a large crowd assembled and groaned at him, offered him every indignity, and efforts were made to take him off the cars. At Liberty, Va., he was taken from the train, and a rope put round his neck, but his life was saved under the belief that Tennesseeans would do at some future day what the mob were prepared to accomplish. His trials and sufferings have endeared him for the exertion of his work in closing up this rebellion. The South, in slaying her best friend, has given power and authority into one of her bitterest enemies—not an enemy to the South, but to traitors. And well may the traitors and other sympathizers mourn over the death of the late President—a man too kind to deliver them to the demands of God and man.

North San Juan—A Thrilling Scene—Address of Rev. Mr. Haynes.

The sad tidings was first announced to the public at the theatre, where the people had congregated to listen to speeches from the Rev. Mr. Haynes, J C Falmer and others who had been announced to speak on the occasion. It is true the fact of the President's assassination was known by a certain few early in the afternoon of Saturday, but from some reason or other it was kept quiet until after the ceremonies of the evening had closed, and the people gathered to the theatre to hear the speeches. As soon as order could be restored—the house being densely packed with enthusiastic loyal citizens from various sections of this and our neighboring country of Yuba—the Rev. Mr Haynes arose, and in a solemn and feeling manner, announced to his audience that the speech he would deliver to them would, in consequence of a telegram he held in his hand, be quite different to the speech he had intended to deliver, or that was anticipated by his audience. He then read the dispatch which proved to be from J. C. Falmer, of Nevada, announcing the assassination of Lincoln and Seward. Had death himself, sitting astride his pale horse, entered the theatre building at that moment, it would not have created more consternation among the people there assembled than did the reading of this simple dispatch. Mr. Haynes subsequently addressed the people at some length, mostly in eulogy of the deceased President—his remarks eliciting tears from almost every man who heard him. I have witnessed many sorrowful events in my life time, but I have never before seen so many shed bitter tears as I saw last night. A deep feeling of indignation against the rebels and Copperheads was also visible, and but one word from some leading spirit bent on harm would have started the loyalists on a career of destruction of Copperhead property in our town.

When the news came that the Union people of San Francisco were annihilating the Copperhead printing offices of that city, a general shout of approval went up from the masses here, and it was with difficulty that some of them were restrained from the work of demolition of certain obnoxious places in this town. The saloon of Chas. Schardin is perhaps more obnoxious to the loyal people here than any other place in town. It is the headquarters of the disloyal Copperheads and rebel sympathizers, Schardin himself being an outspoken Copperhead. Had an outbreak occurred, his saloon would have been the first that would have suffered. Happily, however, better counsels prevailed, and no injury was inflicted on friend or foe.

While the feelings of the people were so intensified, a man named Morris, a bitter secessionist, and a native of North Carolina, remarked publicly that he rejoiced that Lincoln was assassinated. In a moment afterward he skedaddled out of the back door of Schardin's saloon and made his escape. I verily believe that if the crowd could have caught him they would have hung him. A few persons rejoiced over the news, among those the celebrated Quinton family. The eldest daughter of the family took the occasion of insulting several Union men on the streets by saying she was glad old Lincoln was dead, and that she was prepared to hold the tears that three men might shed. One of the gentlemen insulted pushed her off the sidewalk into the gutter. This Quinton family have been a disgrace to this town ever since the war commenced. There is now some talk of calling a meeting for the purpose of taking some action to get rid of them.

The usual observances were carried out to the fullest extent in North San Juan.

San Jose.

The same feeling was exhibited in San José as in other places, the military and firemen taking part in the obsequies.

The San José *Patriot*, of Wednesday, says:

Language is incapable of expressing the intense horror we feel at the murder of the President. Men have been murdered before, the assassin's arm has struck down in other times the rulers of other nations, but never in the history of the world has one so pure, so noble, so great, fallen beneath the murderer's hand. At the very moment when all were contemplating the speedy return of peace, and were joyful in the thought that the course of the bloody strife, in which the nation had been for four years engaged, were about closed—when the great heart of the President was warming in forgiving kindness toward the citizens in the rebellion, and was anxious to fold them again under the national wing, a conspiracy long matured in the heart of the rebellion was prepared to accomplish its horrible purpose. O, God, could not this cup which fouler crime had mixed be permitted to pass away from the nation!

The same article refers to the infamous tenets of the rebellion, the suspicions excited by the sudden deaths of Presidents Harrison and Taylor, the National Hotel disaster—the result of an attempt to poison President Buchanan,—the attack on Senator Sumner, as so many indications of the diabolic spirit which has seized upon the pro slavery Chivalry of the South.

Suisun—Opinions of the Press.

The Solano *Press* terms Lincoln the pure and incorruptible patriot, the wise and prudent statesman who has safely guided the ship of State through four years of war, falling just as the bright skies of peace were disclosing their roseate grandeur. The dead President needs no eulogy. Language cannot express the grief of a weeping nation. He was the representative man of the age, the chosen head of the American people, identified with our name and history—almost with our existence. His countrymen could repose every confidence in his integrity and ability. It seemed as if some good Providence had given us the exact man to lead us through the trial of internal war, and all hoped and expected that he would be spared to rule over a peaceful and purified nation. But the ways of God are mysterious and inscrutable. Our Chief has fallen, and the heart of the country bleeds in agony.

Nicolaus—Resolutions by the Citizens.

At Nicolaus, Yuba county, at a crowded meeting held in the church, the following resolutions were adopted, the audience rising and holding up the right hand:

Resolved, That we consider the President's death as a great national calamity, and an irreparable loss to our country's cause.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish profound respect for our patriotic President, Abraham Lincoln, and that we will teach our children to venerate his memory, and emulate his virtues.

Resolved, That as his death was the result of a base conspiracy to overthrow the Government of our Fathers, and to divide the seamless coat of the American Union with traitors, and now that our altar has been robbed of a country's loyal sacrifice just as the incense was about to arise carrying joy in Heaven as well as upon earth, therefore be it further

Resolved, That we will here under the blue firmament, swear afresh to maintain the Union in its integrity by every means in our power, and that we will act upon the motto, "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

The deepest solemnity prevailed throughout the exercises, many of the audience weeping like children. The speakers were often compelled to pause in their remarks, being unable to control their emotions.

Red Bluff—Editorial Opinions.

The Editor of the *Independent* believes that the assassination of President Lincoln has knit more firmly together the hearts of the loyal masses of the country, and riveted those hearts with firm resolve. Though Abraham Lincoln is dead, the People live, and the policy of his Administration *will be carried out to the letter!* The culmination of treason rule, hand of the assassin has struck a more terrible blow to the rebels than to the Government. Though it has bereft us of the wisdom of the great head and leader of the nation—still we have a "Joshua" left that will go up and possess the land of the enemy.

Grass Valley—Views of the Union.

The Grass Valley *Union* says of the victim: As George Washington was the Father of his Country, so has Abraham Lincoln been its Redeemer, and Columbia weeps to day o'er the grave of her patriot son. A man of indomitable will, with an energy that never stopped at obstacles, he had but just snatched his country from the iron grasp of traitors and placed it again into the hands of loyalty and patriotism. And for this the assassin's shot deprived him of a life that was of more value to America than all the traitor hosts combined. Abraham Lincoln has passed from earth to Heaven, and angel voices are even now singing his praises in the world above. But our hearts are sad. We mourn the dead President, because in his death our country has lost a patriot, a statesman, and a citizen, whose place we shall never be able to fill. A good man has fallen. But, thank God, the assassin's blow did not strike him until he had seen rebellion crouching in the dust before him. Accursed be the hand that has wrought this most foul crime. A nation's tears are freely flowing in token of their unparalleled grief, while millions of voices will call for vengeance.

Nevada City—What the Transcript Says.

The Nevada *Transcript*, in its last leader says: In the latter half of the nineteenth century, in a free country, for no act of oppression, among a people boasting their civilization, the chosen ruler of a great nation has died by violence—by murder—[illegible] shudders across the pages of history. We have thought that assassinations were only to be expected in despotic, half civilized, or barbarous governments. We little dreamed that [illegible] twenty four years have passed away since Paul was brutally assassinated. Yet he was a tyrant without mitigation, and the Emperor of a nation that even could at the time scarcely claim to be civilized. He was the last European monarch, we believe, who fell by assassins. But, since the death of William the Stadtholder, of Holland in 1650, assassination has not been known in the courts of Western Europe. France has not known a murder of a king since Ravaillac, the madman and fool, stabbed Henry of Navarre in 1610—two centuries and a half ago.

The writer further alludes to the cruelties perpetrated upon Union prisoners by the soldiers of the slave oligarchy, and sums up all in one word—Slavery, which have blunted the souls of men—the parent of all the horrors of this war.

Another article in the *Transcript* regards the deed as the "work of madmen and fools. Somewhere Ravaillac is at the bottom of it. Doubtless the foul deed was done in the interest of the hell born Confederacy. But the plot was the result of desperation. No friend of the South, blessed with good sense and reason, would at this time counsel the bloody act. There was a critical moment, when it might have told for the benefit of the rebellion, but that time had passed, never again to repeat itself. The rebellion was on its swift decline, and the asperities of [illegible] had begun to wear away. We had begun to feel merciful towards our sinful brethren, and all things seemed to indicate an early return to brotherhood by the whole American people. The bloody act of an assassin has aroused again our vengeful passions."

Address of Hon. A. A. Sargent.

On Sunday evening last, addresses were made at the Methodist Church by Hon A. A. Sargent and Rev D. A. Dryden, every available inch of room being filled.

Mr Sargent spoke of the murder as a deed unparalleled in our history. He remarked that assassination is not a characteristic of the American people, and however it may have been employed against helpless men or Union prisoners in the South, yet we could not dream that the bloody aim of treason would strike so high as at the life of the Chief Magistrate, the loved and honored of the nation. The warm heart that throbbed for the woes of its country North and South, the tender ruler, whose merciful policy saved the forfeit lives of thousands of rebels, the wise statesman whose comprehensive measures were leading the country in the path of restoration and freedom, has fallen a victim to the insensate hate and prejudice of the rebellion. The speaker trusted that he might be in error in believing that this foul act of murder will be greeted with exultation in those portions of the South not repressed by our arms, but as to the desperate band which planned and executed the foul play, how shall a nation [illegible] exact an adequate penalty from the flashing sword of justice? But why talk of vengeance! The sacrifice of ten cities full of such miscreants as the actors in this vile murder, the immolation of every agent in that vile order of American *Carbonari*—the Knights of the Golden Circle, the speedy destruction of every rebel who rejoices in this deed of blood, could not call back the dead, bind up the nation's wounds, or weigh against one hair of that honored, fallen head. The cold remains which now lie in sad repose in the Capitol cannot be re-animated to life and intelligence by the nation's tears or the nation's vengeance. But we will love his name and memory and we will teach our children the story of his life and death that the affections of the people in all future time may hallow his fame.

Virginia City.

The *Enterprise* says: "It is believed that the murderous plot was arranged by Maryland Secessionists, and was to have included the Vice President, and perhaps General Grant, but it is scarcely possible that it could have originated with any number of sane friends of the South, for recent events must have convinced the people of the rebel States, that the President was the one to whom they could look for the largest exercise of mercy in the hour of their defeat. The murderer of Abraham Lincoln doubtless imagined he was doing the South a service; but he has slain the best friend the South ever had—assassinated the last hope of mercy to subjugated treason—and now must the enemies of the Government take just such terms as may be accorded by the fortunes of war."

On the receipt of the news of the assassination of the President in Gold Hill, Silver City, Carson, Dayton, Washoe City, and every other town and settlement in the State, all business was suspended, the bells tolled, and the houses were draped in mourning. Throughout the country, men and women mourned as for a father.

The Virginia *Union* says: From this day forward the time has passed for the utterance of treasonable sentiments in the loyal States. This great sacrifice ends forbearance toward traitors, henceforward. If an outraged people can forgive the acts of traitors up to this gloomy hour, they cannot, and will not tolerate the breath of avowed traitors to pollute the air of the loyal States. Hitherto the great and tender heart of Abraham Lincoln has stood between the loyal and disloyal people of our unhappy country, protecting the latter from the just punishment which outraged humanity demanded at the hand of the former. He, whom the people loved and cheerfully obeyed, could calm their excited and outraged feelings as they mourned the loss of their friends, stricken down by the hands of traitors, and the desolation of once happy homes, in this cruel and causeless war. He alone could stay the hands of a mighty people from avenging the loss of their patriot dead. But the enemies of our country have stricken down their shield; that greatest of human hearts has ceased to beat, and his warm blood, mingling with that of thousands of patriot heroes of the war, cries aloud for vengeance upon the guilty traitors who have done, and those who sanction the cowardly act which caused the precious blood to flow.

Auburn.

The *Stars and Stripes* draws a historic parallel:

"Tradition tells us that on a certain Friday, centuries ago, a pure and sinless one was slain—slain by his countrymen—slain by those whom he lived but to benefit. Tradition, history and personal observation inform us that, through all the rolling centuries which have since followed in the track of time, the memory of that day's victim has lived in the hearts of untold millions, to comfort and inspire, while the entire race of those who jeered, scoffed at and slew him, have been proscribed and persecuted by all succeeding generations and peoples. On Good Friday, the eighteen hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of that event, Abraham Lincoln was struck down by the assassin hand of one belonging to a class toward whom his heart was ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness. As in the former, so in the latter case, the memory of the martyr will, while time lasts, have willing shrines in millions of loving hearts, and the assassins will be held in everlasting execration."

Napa.

Among the resolutions adopted by the Committee at Napa, on the 17th inst., were the following:

Resolved, That the clemency and forbearance with which this class of traitors have been treated by loyal citizens has been interpreted by them as evidence of cowardice and indifference, and emboldened traitors and ruffians in our midst to continue their vile abuse of the Government and its officers, and this unchecked license to treasonable sentiments, has led to this crowning act of infamy—the murder of the President of the Republic.

Resolved, That swift and severe punishment should be meted out to the authors and instruments of this hellish crime—a crime against the human race—as well as all who justify it, and that from this hour we will hold no man guiltless who shall approve the act or apologize for its perpetrators, and we will visit upon any such, if detected in this community, the heavy indignation of a loyal people.

"Now that Abraham Lincoln is Dead," "The Voice of the Turtle is Heard in the Land."

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.—The *Alta* is really getting waked up. Everything is to be put to rights now, and no doubt quick. Gen McDowell has said it. All sympathizers with treason, and "accessories *after* the fact," of the assassination of the President, are henceforth to have no mercy shown them—not a spark. Well, certainly, this is an improvement, but are "accessories *after* the fact any more culpable than accessories BEFORE the fact?" Long ago, but not yet out of mind, the Rev Dr Scott preached treason from the [illegible] of Calvary Church, until the *outside* pressure became so great that he was forced to "sever his connection" with said church, and seek safety in flight. Neither the *Alta* nor *Bulletin* had a word of censure for the reverend gentleman of secession proclivities; on the contrary, did they not take especial pains to write up in nice style all the particulars about how grieved were the people of Calvary at the prospect of losing their beloved pastor—not that they loved their country less, but the Doctor more—and how they made up a purse for him, and continued his salary of $10,000 per annum, to say nothing of extras; and, then, when Governor Downey wrote a letter of *condolence* to the Reverend Divine on the eve of the latter's leaving for parts unknown, did not those papers spread that too, before the public without a word of comment? And, certainly, in this case, "silence" gave a most emphatic "consent." Who were the accessories before the fact?

I pass by here the fact that the columns of the *Bulletin* have teemed with abuse of the late President, for years, chiefly through its "editorial correspondence", abuse the most systematic and studied, anything and everything which could by any possibility be twisted or tortured into disparagement of the President—thus, so far as its influence extended, giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Again, has either the *Alta* or *Bulletin* ever had a word of rebuke for the conductors of the infamous sheets, the *Democratic Press*, *News Letter*, or other like prints in our midst, the columns of which have teemed day after day with the most foul mouthed abuse of the late President and Administration, and have been *permitted* to go on and throw broadcast upon the community their vile trash. And is the crime any more heinous for so humble obscure individual to say, perhaps under some excitement, that he is "glad the President was killed," than for an editor of a public journal (receiving the *patronage and support of our citizens*) to declare deliberately in the columns of his paper that he hoped the President might meet with a violent death, or, what amounted to the same, hoped a certain *torpedo* [illegible] summary punishment, and yet no word [illegible] from any quarter. Who were the accessories *before* the fact! [illegible] forbearance ceased to be a virtue to any manly breast, and when the great and good President was foully murdered by an organized band of conspirators receiving aid and comfort from such as we have named, they could bear no longer, they rose in their might and corrected the evil in part, and *compelled the proper authorities* to take notice of abuses at which they had long winked. Having partially completed their work, they kindly yielded to entreaties [illegible] the job and went home, thus "saving" the *authorities themselves* "further trouble." It is to be hoped that conductors and editors of public journals, and all others, will trim their sails to the new order of things. The *Alta* has already given in its adhesion, and the *Bulletin* will doubtless follow, especially now that the President is dead and their "vocation gone." Now we may look for the most fulsome praise of the late President in the columns of that paper.

This is emphatically the [illegible] of the [illegible]—those who never cared for the late President, nor expected anything at his hands, but loved him for his greatness and goodness alone. The professions of this hollow hearted, hypocritical politicians are as the idle wind at a time like this. No President ever received so much abuse as Mr Lincoln, and it has been chiefly from those of his own political faith, professedly. From the day he left his home in the West for the White House, his political friends were after him (abuse from political opponents was to be expected). Even the immaculate Horace indulged in a mean, contemptible, characteristic sneer at the President, because he did not wholly disregard the advice of Gen Scott and others, and go through Baltimore in a bold, open and defiant manner. Greeley said he (the President) could not have died at a better time, or in a better cause. But now that the President is dead and has fallen, as it was feared he might then fall, by the hand of an assassin, now it is "our great and wise and good President."

But, amid all the abuse and detraction heaped upon him by professed *friends* and open foes, Mr Lincoln remained "firm," kept on in the even tenor of his way, allowing nothing of a personal nature to disturb his equanimity or throw him off his guard, feeling an inward consciousness that he possessed a conscience void of offence and that he would live down his detractors. His great and only concern was for his country, self was lost sight of, and his life and best energies were devoted to the restoration of the country to its original integrity. The day he so much desired to see, when all sections of the country would once more come under the ample and protecting folds of the ever-glorious Stars and Stripes, had already dawned and gave certain promise of an early and full-orbed Union sun rise, when our beloved President was stricken down ere his eyes were permitted to behold the rising of that sun which he had contributed so much to hasten—the second sun of Freedom, without a spot to dim the lustre of its refulgent face. But, though dead, he is not lost to the country. His works still live and are immortal, and his name is embalmed in the hearts of the American people—the memory of him who, in our day, was "first in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and his memory will be cherished with an abiding love and veneration so long as the star-spangled banner continues to wave

"O'er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave."

And may that flag which the great and good departed loved so well, form his winding sheet in his last sleep—each star will vigil keep till the trump of the Archangel shall awaken the sleeper to glory again.

U H T.

An Oakland Rebel Nearly Exterminated.

The Oakland *News* of last Saturday, relates as follows:—

"A loafing secessionist at the dinner table of the Franklin House, last Saturday, when the news was announced of the President's death, chucklingly remarked that he 'was d—d glad of it—he ought to have been shot long ago!' Those present, not realizing the truth of the rumor, let it pass as the natural animus of Copperheadism. When, afterwards, they learned that the sad intelligence was true, their indignation was aroused. Sunday, Capt. Daily happened to be at the house, and, on invitation, sat down to dinner, when the conversation turned upon the cleaning out of the Copperhead papers in San Francisco. The same fellow who gloated over the President's death on Saturday, chimed in by saying, that 'this act of the fanatics didn't amount to anything,' when the Captain seizing a plate hurled it at the rascal's head with rifle precision, smashing the crockery to fragments; then picking up a chair he belabored him thoroughly until he retreated through a back door. The Captain was unable to overtake the scamp, but sent his compliments after him in the shape of an axe, which came near severing the traitor's head from his body. The fellow hasn't been seen around here since, and if he has the slightest regard for his precious carcass, he will keep clear of Oakland hereafter."

Weekly American Flag.

Invincible Banner! the flag of the Free!
Oh, where treads the foot that would falter for thee!
Or the hands to be folded, till triumph is won,
And the Eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun!
Give tears for the parting—a murmur of prayer—
Then forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With a welcome to wound [illegible] flag, and combat and [illegible]
And the glory of [illegible] all for the Stripes and the Stars.

SATURDAY APRIL 29, 1865.

A saw-mill may properly be called "a lumbering concern."

The famous Grand Island, in the Niagara river near the Falls, is offered for sale.

President Johnson begins well, as his [illegible] ate rejection of Sherman's treaty [illegible] shows.

Seven distinguished Major Generals met recently in Washington, in one day, with Brigadiers to an indefinite extent.

Loyal Frenchmen.—Two hundred and fifty loyal Frenchmen turned out in Virginia City, Nevada, on the day of the obsequies.

Awaiting Castigation.—The rebel authorities of Texas are getting rid of Union families by banishing them to Mexico. Their own turn is coming.

Consolidated.—As we have already foretold, the Chollar and Potosi Silver Mining Companies of Nevada, have been consolidated—Capital stock $5,000,000.

The Grant Guard held a meeting last evening to deliberate on matters relating to the late national calamity, the immediate duties of true patriots, and to make some expression of opinion touching the late destruction of disloyal newspapers.

Ode to the Grapevine.—The Roman Horace immortalized the grape and its juice, but it has been reserved for our fair and brilliant contributor "Zora," to make the "grape vine" illustrious in Song.

Another Gunboat.—The *Shawnee* is the name of the Monitor latest launched from the shipyard of Curtis and Tilden at East Boston. This don't look much as though government had ceased to rely upon its gunboats—as asserted.

A Pertinent Question.—The *Express* asks "Where will this split end? When will the public mind be turned to the channels of peace?" The answer at once suggests itself: when conspirators and mischief makers like the editor of the *Express* cease their calumniations and plottings.

A Precious Party to Rule Us.—The whole pack of traitor organs is about to re-appear in this city. Honest Union men may judge what a party we have now in power, when the sympathizers with and fomenters of treason have virtual sway over the public affairs.

"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T——, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumble-bee one day as he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with the hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and fore fingers, letting the insect go unharmed.

Badly Sold.—A Connecticut farmer hoarded about a ton of butter, waiting until he could realize seventy five cents per pound for it. He is now offered thirty to thirty six cents per pound, according to quality. We should like to see the same result follow all operations here by which the speculator tribe seem to squeeze the last dollar out of the consumer.

A Narrow Escape.—"The evil that men do lives after them." Apologists for the treason of Aaron Burr can now judge for themselves how dangerous were his teachings and how vile was the conspiracy which he contemplated. Had he succeeded, a despotic empire would have been established in the fairest portions of North America, and the sun of freedom would have set forever.

[illegible] the Flag.—The energies of the Disorganizers, who were for a direct union of forces with the sympathizers, have been pretty [illegible] the regular Union Party in swarms. There can henceforth be no affiliation between Union men and sympathizers with treason, unless accompanied by contamination.

There is no truth in the wicked report that Sacramento street, in region of the *Alta* office, is planted with torpedoes. Such precaution is wholly unnecessary. If one wakeful goose saved the whole Roman city, a whole nest of goslings should be more than a match for the stealthy "General Qualtlebum."

An American All Over.—We learn of the American Minister at Brussels that he gives his guests at dinners nothing but the meats and products of his own country, the hams from Washington, the ducks from Ohio, the buffalo humps from Massachusetts, etc., etc., even to the oysters that come direct from New Orleans, turtle from Pennsylvania, and wines from the Ohio.

A Foul Traitor.—That blatant and reckless organ of traitors and incendiaries, the New York *Metropolitan Record* (Irish Roman Catholic,) calls Charleston "the Moscow of the South," and still pronounces the subjugation of the South an impossibility. We would call upon Government to suppress the *Record*, but that, by knowing who are its supporters, we are furnished with a clue to the proceedings of the traitors.

Important Decision.—Chief Justice Chase has rendered an important decision in the case of the *Venice* and cargo, seized as a prize near New Orleans, about the middle of May, 1862. It is that after the date of Gen. Butler's proclamation of May 1, 1862, the United States had full possession of New Orleans, and that after that date the property of a resident of the city was not in any sense an enemy's property, and therefore was not subject to capture and confiscation in a prize court.

Almost Ready for Gabriel to Blow.—If we mistake not, the strength of the selfish partisans who were not long since expecting to wrap over to their uses enough of the Union strength to weaken its availability for national purposes, has been so decidedly weakened as to place it beyond the power of doing any more harm. We hear that the little clique who have heretofore worked the wires are frothing at the mouth with fury, because they can no longer use the people for money-making purposes.

May Day Coming.—And young folks are preparing for it. It would never do to be droopy on the first of May, when the daisy, fresh from the resurrection of the spring, lifts up its sweet face to heaven, and the clover leaf spreads its triple palms in grateful worship. Why, no; not if we were three score and ten, would we remember our infirmities and our great age, on the first of May, when the sunbeams fall in golden showers in the valley, and twilight lingers in soft transports about the hill tops.

The Only Nation that has Paid its Debts.—The United States paid every cent of two National debts, each greater in proportion to the population and resources of the people than the present prospective debt. On the first of January, 1791, the public debt was $75,463,476 00. This was successively reduced until 1812, when it amounted to $45,737 00. The war of 1812 raised it to $127,334,933 00 in 1816; the debt was thoroughly cancelled in 1835, and in addition, $28,000,000 00 of surplus divided proportionately among the States. The United States has the rare honor of being the only Government that has paid her debts, with a surplus, and this without having oppressed her people with excessive taxation.

Broomed Out.—In spite of the prohibitory resolutions, a number of Copperheads stepped on the platform of Agricultural Hall, Stockton, to deposit their votes when the Union candidates were to be nominated. But all who were known were challenged, and their votes were refused. No honey-fugling there!

DEMORALIZATION OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

The late national calamity has wholly disorganized the plans of the People's Party managers. So precarious is their situation that their organs are necessarily silent in relation to the City Election. They appear to have been instructed that the less said about it, the better; for, under the circumstances, agitation is death. Their manifest policy is to keep quiet and privately electioneer for a certain support which is just now too odious to be publicly recognized. Hence we hear no more of the "boys," "short hairs," "scrubs" and "politicians" from the organs of the People's Party, which are not now in a situation to afford the usual prodigality of ribald epithet. Indeed, so generally unpopular have they become that for a good while apprehensions have been entertained that they would fall victims to public indignation.

Under these circumstances, it must be obvious to true Union men who have until now been attached to the People's organization, that there is something radically unsound at its base. It is impossible that a party can be good and pure which has any attraction for traitors, which depends for success on their voluntary support or embraces any considerable number of disloyal persons within its circumference. It is time for serious reflection when the People's Party of San Francisco appear to shun the light of day, avoid discussion and creep to the election without making any noise. It may as well be acknowledged, first as last, that the organization is split and shattered from top to foundation, that it is odious to the great body of the people who have come to regard it as an aristocratical institution in which citizens of moderate circumstances can have no influence. Still worse, its principles appear to be the common ground on which Union men and rabid disunionists may meet and act together without dispute. Before it fell victim to the honest indignation of patriotic citizens, the *Monitor*, the mongrel traitor hypocrite, announced its preference for the People's Party, and even the *Democratic Press* had begun to move over to that side, so that the strange anomaly was about to appear of a pre-eminently "moral and respectable" party so interwoven with Copperheadism that the original texture of the fabric would be scarcely recognized.

These things have become obvious to hundreds of earnestly loyal men who have been sincerely attached to the People's organization, and they are quietly dropping away from its ranks in couples and in large companies. [illegible] no use in trying to disguise the truth that the People's Party has ceased to be a party of the people at all, and that it has become the favorite instrument of speculative capitalists and oppressors of labor. The main purpose of its existence appears to be to support a couple of newspapers with foreign instincts and which are wholly distrusted by radical Union men, and so utterly detestable to industrial people that they had to crave the protection of the Military. If any other purpose be discoverable it is to provide official employment for the brothers, uncles, cousins, fathers-in-law and confidential friends of nominating committees and others who have themselves held office under its administration. It was originally the creation of revolution, and having out-lived its usefulness, its instincts now seem to be for disorganization and ruin, insomuch that it embodies a very large proportion of disunionists and is openly arrayed against the National Union Party.

Common observation is the best advocate in behalf of the Union party, with reasonable men. We see traitors, numerous, notorious and undisguised, acting with the People's Party for the overthrow and destruction of the Union organization, and reason tells us, refusing to be contradicted, that those traitors wouldn't be there, if the People's Party were pure in principle and wholly patriotic in intention. Foul birds, not eagles, are attracted by unsound bodies. [illegible] the maintenance of the National Union organization in its undivided strength, in this city, we will earnestly request citizens still adhering to the [illegible] reflect on the foregoing facts. We will ask them to decide [illegible] what pure motive Union men can have in voluntarily entering into an association with the vilest and most obnoxious of Copperheads, to locally defeat an organization which belongs to the State and the Nation? What great necessity is there for this unnatural and most suspicious fusion of hostile elements? What horrid impiety is discovered in the regular Union party, for the extirpation of which a conjunction of other Union men with vile traitors is defensible? Answer these questions to the satisfaction of your consciences, fellow citizens of the People's Party, before raising the axe to split the Union party in two.

The tremendous bolt which recently struck the centre of the nation ought to be a sufficient warning to Union men to stand close together and wholly inseparable. If we permit the separate streams to be diverted at their sources, the great river itself will run dry. The revealed conspiracies of the copperheads, the base murder of our President, and the ill-concealed satisfaction which copperheads betray when beyond the correcting influence of majorities, earnestly preach to us to beware of the reptiles in every political and social relation. Even now, officers of angry justice are hunting down and dragging to jail wretches who have been scandalously exultant at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and whose traitor hearts are blacker and whose hatred of Union men is more implacable than is that of other and more detestable wretches who, reptile like, crawl away from the wasted carrion of Democracy to fasten on and putrify the People's Party.

Humiliating Conduct of Union Men in Sonora.

That vile little traitor sheet, the Sonora *Democrat*, comes down hypocritically in mourning. Its conductor, A. N. Francisco, is the person mentioned in the letter recovered from Berial Brown's ruins, as one of the Knights of the Columbian Star, who sent for "the tools," etc., and went about organizing traitor circles. That paper gives an account of what it calls a "celebration" of Mr. Lincoln's obsequies, in which the names of various Union men appear in conjunction with those of the vilest copperheads that befoul freedom's air by their pestilent breathing. In fact, it appears that the traitors were chief mourners and loudest in their lamentations. The infernal hounds! We know them. Riper gallows-fruit never grew on treason's plantation. A mockery more atrocious has never occurred since reviling Jews crowned the Man of Sorrows with thorns.

After having thus submitted to this humiliation, the Union men who made themselves conspicuous with vile traitors, should be ashamed to show their heads. They should take the clothes off which they wore on that occasion and burn them with fire. It were better for Abraham Lincoln to have gone to the grave in silence, than to have been thus mocked at our [illegible] his bier by the hollow lamentations of traitors. Wall in and hide the spot where this blasphemy and damnable amalgamation polluted the ground!

Short Biography of Judas.—According to that quaint old historian, Mathew of Westminster, who lived in the fourteenth century, the traitor Judas was never of much account. When an infant, he says Judas was deserted by his parents, and exposed on an island called Scarioth—hence his name, Judas Iscariot. He grew up a bad boy, and at length slew his father and married his own mother. When our Mexican population hang Judas again, we hope they will give him fits. He was a miserable fellow—worse than a Copperhead.

Assisting the French Invasion.

The editor of the *Voz de Mejico*, in its last issue, strongly protests, in the name of his countrymen, against the action of our Government authorities in allowing the French ships of war *La Victoire* and *Le Rhin* to refit and undergo repairs at our Navy Yard at Mare Island. The permission would seem to amount to a tacit recognition of the empire of Maximilian, and a violation of our amicable understanding with the republic of Mexico, which is still recognized by the United States Government. Some queer things have been done by commanders on this coast in times past, and this little business will therefore bear looking into. There are many men in this city who are disposed to regard this act as an outrage. When General Vega had purchased in this city a quantity of arms for the defence of his country against the French, our authorities seized them, and thus inflicted a severe blow upon the cause of the patriot, Juarez. The French Government would not allow a United States vessel of war to refit in its ports, although it *had* allowed Confederate cruisers to be repaired and refitted, and even to be built under protection of its guns. Why should we allow the ships of France to be supplied and victualed, armed and equipped in our harbor sea-ports for the purpose of making war upon our sister Republic? It seems to us that grave questions of international right and obligation may arise out of this case. And in taking this action, is it not perfectly evident that we are in just so much assisting in building up the cause of imperialism on this continent at the expense of those republican principles which it is our duty as well as our interest to secure in their predominance? The French thinks this a curious commentary upon our own boasted neutrality. It is the very thing for which we are ready to go to war with France.

[illegible] Insanity—Philosophy of Assassination.

If an advocate were to set up the plea of insanity, to rescue the assassin Booth from the gallows, he would be torn all to pieces by an infuriated people. Nevertheless, the subtlest metaphysicians agree that murder, arson, and other heinous crimes, result from a condition of the mind known to the books as "moral insanity." The same condition exists during furious anger or intoxication. The miser's avarice, the debauchee's lust, envy, malice, and all the seven capital sins, severally indicate a mind by so much diseased. In like manner, crimes are contagious. Murder propagates murder, and the devilish work of one incendiary infects another who might otherwise have remained harmless.

There is no question that Booth, the assassin, is a madman; but *such* madmen must die, and ought to be damned. Reason, not utterly bedevilled, would have told him that there was no place on the civilized earth where he would not be slain like a hydrophobic dog, or whence he would not be dragged to suffer the vengeance of the American people. He must have known that to ignominiously exterminate his life, this nation would undertake and carry on a ten years' war; that the Southern States would be raked and dredged for him, and that England, France, and every other country out of barbarism, would spew him out with unutterable loathing. But, withal, the deed was done, which made a fugitive and a vagabond no less illustrious than Cain. The match was in the hands of the Imp of the Perverse.

There was but a thin partition between the elder Booth and the madhouse. Therein consisted his wonderful dramatic genius. On one occasion, when playing a "dagger-scene," in Baltimore, he flew at his collocutor, would have killed him, chased him off the stage and clear into the street. The hereditary instincts of murder are in the accursed breed, and predominated in the one who is now flying before the wrath of God and man, and for whom hell yawns with the fiercest of infernal lust.

Monument to Abraham Lincoln, in San Francisco.

Washington Council of the Union League have moved the people of the Pacific Coast to build a monument to Abraham Lincoln, in this city, on a scale of grandeur and costliness corresponding with [illegible] and fame. Dr. L. T. Henry, Rev. O. C. Wheeler and Dr. S. K. Harris have been authorized as a Committee to devise a plan of procedure through which the enterprise may be presented in a practical shape to all the people. Meanwhile, it is hoped that the various Societies and Associations throughout this and adjacent States will be considering the matter, so that all will be prepared for prompt action when the Committee shall have reported. The proposal will meet the approbation of every true patriot, and we doubt not that the sculptor will be at work before many months. The origin of the enterprise comes from a popular quarter, and success is inevitable.

Andrew Johnson "A Howler!"

We will ask the readers of the Flag to attentively examine President Johnson's remarks as telegraphed last night, [see first page] and compare them with the views advanced by the Flag ever since they began to read it. The coincidence is remarkable, and it will at once be manifest to the well-bred conservatives and delicately organized moderate loyalists here that Andrew Johnson is extremely radical, if not actually "a howler!" We suppose that the President's observations may be construed as an Administrative "hark-from-the-tombs" to the very conservative and imperturbable military administration hereabouts, and that mature reflection will be indulged before re-licensing the rebel newspapers in this city. Social amenities are no longer in order, notwithstanding the admitted fact that "where traitors are numerous, treason becomes respectable." In our opinion, traitors will not be nearly so numerous, neither here nor there, after Andrew Johnson gets his institution regulated and in running order.

"Howler" stock is up, according to recent quotations from Washington.

Arduous Work for Congress.—Much has been said of the arduous and difficult labors of Congress during the crisis, whereas the actual difficulties of legislation have hardly commenced. The extra session of Congress, which events warrant and impending render absolutely indispensable, is looked forward to with the most intense interest by the entire nation, North and South. The Democrats appear to be actuated by a supposition that the laying down of arms will at once restore *all* the rebellious of the reconquered States to their former political privileges, but it must be remembered that the leaders in this rebellion have been declared outlaws by special law of Congress, which not only confiscates their property, but renders them justly ineligible to office. This is only one of numerous difficulties that will present themselves as the work of legislation is preceded with. We trust that no traitors will any be allowed to exercise the rights of citizenship who have been in any manner identified with treason. To admit them to a seat in our public councils would be a fatal error.

Kissing the Pope's Toe.—An old writer explains the origin of the custom of kissing the Pope's toe. At first it was the custom to kiss the Pontiff's hand, but the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman not only seized and kissed the Pope's hand, but also pressed it amorously. His Holiness, Leo, immediately caused the hand to be cut off, thus escaping contamination, and, strange to say, the amputated hand was preserved many hundred years in the Lateran, and free from corruption! After that the Pope decided that his toe, only, should be exposed for the adoration of the faithful.

THE POLICY OF THE RADICALS IS NOW THAT OF THE NATION.

No attempt will be made to disguise our exultant satisfaction, on learning the import of the President's speech to the delegation from Indiana. The principles which we have been all the time advancing, against the most stubborn opposition, are therein enunciated as the policy of the National Administration. If we had not learned to so heartily despise the weak-kneed, broken-backed, chalk-and-water sort of people who call themselves Union men and supporters of the Government, while they are only clogs on the wheels of progress, we should take the trouble to make them feel confounded, but, it is not worth while. In whatever progressive movement, there are always weak, timorous, shivering ones who hover in the rear, afraid of lions ahead. It is enough for us to know that all the time we have been right, or else the present head of the nation is a madman. For he says:

"The time has arrived when the American people should be educated and taught that treason against the United States Government is the highest crime that can be committed, and those engaged in it should suffer all its penalties. It is not the [illegible] mitigation of anything that I have not heretofore said, to say that *traitors must be made odious*, that traitors must be punished and impoverished. *Their social power must be destroyed*, if not they will still maintain ascendancy, and may again become numerous and powerful—for, in the words of a former Senator of the United States, 'when traitors become numerous enough, treason becomes respectable.'"

The time, then, is actually at hand when "social relations" with traitors must be broken up! There must be no more social amenities, no more attempts to make treason and disloyalty respectable by fashionable parties under the patronage of Federal Major-Generals? Instead of obsequiously bowed into the parlor by a cringing aid-de-camp, Knights of the Columbian Star must be boated off to Castle Alcatraz, to make the acquaintance of muslar rats, dream in blue blankets, and dine on hard-tack, pledging success to the Southern Confederacy and death to Andrew Johnson in a calabash of sparkling Saucelito? Traitors must be made odious! Their *social* power must be destroyed, and, horror on horrors! they must go to jail! Great Heavens! the ancient and honorable order of Very "Pleasant Gentlemen" abolished in a single breath! Woe! is the *Alta*, woe! is the *Bulletin*, woe! is Beriah Brown, "our social relations have been destroyed!" And "Woe! Woe! Woe!" cries each separate member of the "People's Nominating Committee."

The President appears to think that the assassination of his illustrious predecessor may be construed as an indication that the rebels do not feel friendly toward the United States Government. At all events, he will accept that as a rational interpretation, and instead of ratifying General Sherman's pusillanimous treaties, will give them a little additional shrapnel. We have not a doubt that the next coming Eastern newspapers will make known that a correspondingly vigorous policy has been adopted in relation to Copperhead traitors in the Union States. At length, after the blowing out of the President's brains, and the stabbing of the Secretary of State in his bed within the Capital of the United States, the surviving Cabinet began to realize the condition of war, that in the existence of the Copperhead peace party, they are surrounded by fierce internal enemies; and at last, after a forbearance and fortitude unknown to the history of surviving nations, and which have cost a million of priceless lives, the gibbet begins to loom and prison doors to creak on their rust-eaten hinges. The fiercest dogs of war are to be let loose, the flaming brand thrown into the whirlwind and Death is to be sole monarch, grim, unsparing and absolute, until the Red Fiend of Rebellion shall have been hunted from the land possessed, and driven down into hell, howling with rage and terror.

The decision of the President is a grand triumph for radical Union men and their representative journals. Its effect is already perceptible in this city, in the [illegible] conduct of the newspapers, which have already done far too much to "make traitors respectable," defiant and insulting, and to debase and dispirit public sentiment. All at once, they have become the most vociferous of "howlers," but not before their ignominious destruction had been threatened [illegible] treachery. We may hope, also, that the significant passage above quoted will have a stimulating effect on the Military Department here, which, for sufficient reasons, has been rapidly gaining on the distrust and contempt of radical Union men.

While the body of the late President, foully murdered through the conspiracy and connivance of Northern Copperheads, is yet on its way to a place to be made forever illustrious and sacred by its sepulture, it is an unpropitious time to talk of the "differences of political opinion" which distinguish rebel sympathisers from Union men. The radical nature of these differences of opinion is being demonstrated by scandalous exultation over the murder, and in one instance by the shooting of United States soldiers when in the service of the Government. In this particular, also, a little more time will show that we have been weighing the Copperhead Democratic party with the equitable scales of justice. Even now, a "Democrat" may hardly venture to moisten his lips with wine, lest his tongue become unmanageable and betray the infernal blackness of his heart, and their very women and children, with less discretion but equal bitterness, make known the devilish malignity which is hidden under the hypocritical mask and the sinister smile of a traitor carrying hidden daggers. But, at length, what was called radicalism, is becoming universal, and "pleasant gentlemen" of the conservative sort, are getting to be irrepressible "howlers."

Did Anybody Hear a "Howl!"—Listening down stairs last night, in the direction of the *Bulletin* editorial rooms we thought we heard a "howl," very like the war-whoop of an Australian kangaroo. Soon after, having received a copy of that intensely loyal journal [by great favor] we were overjoyed to find it bristling with hostile bayonets, on each particular one of which a rebel is to be skewered. The *Bulletin* thinks its now about time to get up and dust after the rebels with serious intentions!

Hallelujah!

We're overjoyed! we're wild with joy! we've labored with the *Bulletin*; we've worried with it, we've exhorted it, we've prayed with it—and cussed it some—and at last the editor [probably for the second time] is under conviction. The friends will please clear the mourners' bench, and no smoking of cigars in the rear of the preachers' stand.

A Notable Compliment to the "Rag."

Notwithstanding the determined efforts of the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, and other disloyal papers to destroy the Flag, together with everybody connected with it, the institution seems to be steadily gaining ground with the class of people whose friendship and respect are desirable. The following is a strong indication of that opinion:

Armory of the Grant Guard,
[illegible] Infantry Battalion, 2d Brigade,
[illegible] 523 Kearny street, S. F.,
April 24, 1865.

[illegible] McCarthy, Esq., Editor American Flag:

Dear Sir:—At a regular meeting of this [illegible] held this evening, H. A. Gorley, Captain [illegible] in the chair, you were unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Company. I was made the pleasing duty of the undersigned to give you notice of the fact. The Grant Guard greet you as a faithful friend of Liberty, an ardent friend and supporter of our Government, and hope you will continue to apply the lash without mercy, upon all traitors and rebels and their sympathizers, in whatever station of life they may find them.

With best wishes, I am, Dear Sir,
Yours, Truly yours,
S. C. Gardner,
Secretary Grant Guard.

The New Crisis in American Affairs.

Vain, puerile and futile is the effort to portray, either with tongue or pen, the magnitude of the importance which attaches itself to the events which have transpired within the past few weeks. The most labored effort of impassioned eloquence, though it were made by a Demosthenes or a Cicero, a Patrick Henry or a Daniel Webster, would fail. The most gifted pen, though it were wielded by a Xenophon or a Junius, would find itself wholly inadequate to the task. Like Pelion on Ossa have events piled themselves up, until one grows dizzy in contemplating them. Every hour becomes pregnant with historical material sufficient to fill a volume, and the historian, if he be not false to truth, must deal with this period as being not only the great era in our history, but the greatest era in the history of the world. Foreign powers have watched us with breathless interest during our passage through the fiery crucible, and foreign statesmen have often exclaimed, "Woe to the world if the North fail!"

From the earliest period of antiquity, history furnishes no record of so severe a test as that through which our Government and Republican institutions have just passed.

They have been rocked and swayed and tossed upon the blood-stained billows of war. They have had to buffet against the fiercest, wild winds and storms of political strife. They have been afflicted with nearly all the ills that national institutions are heir to, and have finally come out, like the pure metal, thoroughly purged of dross, a triumphant and successful experiment of self government and a glorious precedent, to be cited by all nations for all future time. From the time that our armies were placed under the immediate supervision of that brilliant constellation of genius, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, the electric wires have borne to us naught but records of victory. Sherman passes through the centre of the Confederacy with as little fear or concern as he would evince in taking a morning promenade on Montgomery street, and as he approaches Charleston, that great palladium of rebel strength, enclosing the very heart of Southern chivalry, and makes preparations for battle commensurate with the boasted impregnability of its fortifications, behold the enemy have fled! and, like Napoleon approaching Moscow, he enters the city

"Where dread silence reigns supreme."

That high-toned embodiment of Southern aristocracy, which had for years strode proudly along their battlements, defying heaven and earth, had caught in their aristocratic nostrils the disagreeable odor of war, which was borne to them from afar off. They caught sight of the avenging god as he sat perched upon our shield, and practically illustrated one version of the old saw, that

"He who runs may fight again,
Which he can never do when slain."

Sherman's march from Atlanta to Charleston was one grand ovation, and his superior strategy which causes strongly fortified cities to fall without a blow, must stamp him as an unsurpassed military genius.

The brilliant, the dashing, the irresistible Phil. Sheridan sweeps everything before him, and not only answers to roll-call at the taking of Richmond, but presses so hard on the Southern Dictator that he is compelled, virtually, to surrender the whole Southern Confederacy.

Our generals, unlike the *Anglo Napoleon* who allowed his patriotism to evaporate in tracing upon paper the winding path of the rapacious anaconda, as it drew its slimy folds around the gigantic rebellion, to crush it in its deadly embrace, have traced that circle with the sword, and drawn around its traitor heart so tight a coil that, even now, it is passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and before another autumn sun shall shine, the last vestige of the foul, polluted mass of corruption shall be swept away, and no tomb shall mark its resting place.

The New San Francisco Mint.

The long vexed and long delayed erection of the new Mint in this city, presents in [illegible] the first time some prospect of a commencement, inasmuch as Mr. A. B. Mullett, the Architect of the Treasury Department, deputed to prepare designs and report on the subject, has completed his task, and will return on the next Steamer to submit them to the Secretary of the Treasury. [illegible] the Palladian style which are [illegible] composed of a beautiful Corinthian [illegible] six columns, flanked by wings which [illegible] in pavilions, decorated with pilasters of the same order. The whole surmounted by an appropriately proportioned entablature, finished by a balustrade. According to the present plans, the building will have a frontage of 220 feet, and extend to a depth of 150 feet. It will be two stories high with a large and commodious basement, and enclose a court yard 46 by 101 feet. The first story is occupied by the offices of the Assistant Treasurer, [illegible] of the Mint, Melter and Refiner, [illegible] with their respective departments. All the machinery will be located on this floor and [illegible] the arched floor which forms the ceiling of the basement. The second story will be occupied by the offices of the Superintendent and Assayer [illegible] their respective departments, and the cabinet, [illegible] and the adjoining rooms. The basement will be principally devoted to the storage of [illegible].

The proposed building is considerably larger than the present mint, and all the interior arrangements are such, as are believed will meet thoroughly [illegible] of the government business, and tend to the [illegible] of the officers and employés. The assay department is particularly fine and spacious, and will furnish the capacity which has been so much needed. The whole design is based upon what is [illegible] to be a proper appreciation of the magnitude of the business, and would, in our opinion, be fully occupied, could it be completed to-day. [illegible] opinion, no larger than the business demands.

The question of location, is still, we believe, undecided, the unoccupied portion of the Custom House lot, is, we are informed, condemned by Mr. Mullett as it has been by all [illegible] competent persons who have examined it. No expense can secure a firm foundation, the soil in that part of the city resting on a bed of quicksand, it necessarily vibrates [illegible] the passage of vehicles in the street, which would render it impossible to perform the operations of [illegible] trying or adjusting in a proper manner. The subject will be decided by the Secretary of the Treasury, on Mr. Mullett's return, when we trust that arrangements will be made for an early commencement of the work.

Lofty Military Ducks.—A volunteer at Camp Union writes that the officers there are trying to exterminate the Flag from that camp, and threaten to court-martial (!) all of the men who subscribe for or read it!!!

If the men will send us the names of these lofty ducks, we will procure each a magnificent tin sword, mounted with elegant brass buttons, as a testimonial of our high esteem for their eminent services to the country. Moreover, we will have them introduced to our friend, Andrew Johnson, who will undoubtedly be pleased with their conduct toward American citizens who have the deplorable fortune to be under command of fellows so insufferably contemptible.

Genuine Patriotism.—When the people of San Leandro were assembled on Wednesday last to do honor to the memory of our late President, an impromptu contribution was gotten up for the Sanitary Commission, amounting to four hundred and twenty-eight dollars, which has been received at the rooms in this city. This, considering the size of the place, is one of the most remarkable contributions ever raised in the State, and does honor alike to the head and heart of the people.

Andrew Johnson on Traitors.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered in the United States Senate in 1861, by Andrew Johnson, when he had that arch traitor Jeff Davis under his eye, when the infamous rebellion was just opening. He spoke from the desk adjoining that occupied by Jeff Davis, and almost shaking his finger in the face of the arch traitor, he exclaimed:

"If I were President of the United States, I would *arrest* you as traitors, I would *try* you as traitors and if convicted I would, by the eternal God, *hang* you as traitors!"

The amount of currency now afloat is about $156,000,000.

THE CITY.

Arrival of the "America."

The opposition steamer *America* arrived the 24th, at 9 o'clock, P. M., from San Juan del Sur. Following are her memoranda and passenger list.

MEMORANDA.

The Central American Transit Company's steamer America, William Lawrence Merry Commander, sailed from San Juan del Sur on the 13th inst., at [illegible] P. M., with passengers from New York per [illegible] Golden Rule. April 14th passed steamer Golden Age, bound south. April 19th signaled steamer [illegible], bound south. April 23d spoke and received papers from steamer John L. Stephens, bound south. Arrived at San Francisco on the 25th inst., [illegible] P. M. Left at San Juan del Sur ship Fair Wind, discharging, and to sail for Baker's Island, and ship Ellsabeth, discharging, to sail for the [illegible]. Ship Fair Wind made the passage hence to San Juan in 31 days.

PASSENGERS

[illegible]

SANITARY COMMISSION.—The Executive Committee acknowledge the following further contributions up to April 24th, 1865.

FROM THE INTERIOR.

[illegible]

Rent of building award by H. D. Coggswell	$60 00
C. Hinckley	10 00
S. B. Woodward's Exhibition of Art Gallery and Gardens	[illegible]
Total	L. T. $329 · $2581 [illegible]

Behold in his Sanctum again—the Flag Writes a Prospectus.—Circumstances over which we had no control having compelled us to leave the city on the 18th instant and remain absent till within a very few days, we returned and found our office thoroughly renovated—the type distributed, but the forms and cases were gone. We saw the commencement of the operation a few minutes before we left our office, and felt confident from the number of persons engaged that it would be well done. In the hurry and excitement of the moment, our library was injured by them and a large amount of [illegible]—consisting of leading articles on various historical matters, the Kentucky resolutions and the tariff, besides much upon the prospects of the Southern Confederacy, and correspondence from various agents and officers of the government—was unfortunately destroyed, also [illegible] of the Honorable Society of Traitors, the Knights of the Columbian Star, which we have reason to believe fell into the hands of some 30's who were present. Our windows were also considerably damaged and this morning, upon visiting the spot, we found very little left in any of the cases upon which to form another base of operations, but we intend very soon to re-issue the *Democratic Press*. It will be, as usual, thoroughly *loyal*, doing all it can, as before, for the cause of the Southern Confederacy and sheltering the memory of the late President, while attacking the character and measures of President Johnson. It will, to the utmost of its ability, promote the interests of traitors in California, and we demand a military guard and system of watching for our protection in this work, similar to that employed at the *Alta* office, with which journal and with the *Evening Bulletin* we shall endeavor to maintain our former friendly relationship, confident that mutual sentiments and interest will knit us closer and closer together. There were several piratical schemes which we intended to promote, and which would [illegible] be desirable objects for investment [illegible] for our Democratic patrons on the high seas throughout the State. We desire a military guard to come down to our office immediately—will the *Alta* spare a small detail from its garrison? We shall endeavor to keep the campaign, as ably and as bravely begun lately by our friends or patrons in Sonoma county, resulting, as the public well know, in the effusion of loyal blood. We think we hear the Grant Guard coming! We expect that General McDowell will send a detachment of troops to this place at once! Will the Flag and Evening Dispatch copy this prospectus!

General Sherman's Great Error

The sentiment of regret is universal, that General Sherman should have compromised his great fame by a really pusillanimous treaty with the rebel General Johnston. The terms which he proposed to adhere to were such as no spirited citizen of the United States could endorse; they properly belong to an indefinite cessation of hostilities, and not to a surrender; and the nation will approve the prompt rejection they met with the President and Cabinet. What these humiliating conditions were, may be read in the dispatch of yesterday. Suffice it to say, that they were in conflict with the Emancipation Proclamation and the present system of governing reclaimed States. In attempting the functions of a diplomat, the silver warrior who has so gloriously marched through the enemy's territory has made an error of inexcusable gravity, and in his ambition to immortalize himself by concluding a peace, he has deplorably compromised his fame.

The Pirate Shenandoah.—Collector James received a letter from the American Consul at Tahiti Tuesday, stating that Captain Boisser of the French ship Nicholas Cæsar, which arrived from Melbourne on the 14th of March, reports that when he sailed from Melbourne the Confederate pirate *Shenandoah* was there receiving coal and being repaired. She brought three hundred passengers and had destroyed thirteen American vessels.

Another Oil Company.—The Jeffrey Oil Company filed its certificate of incorporation in the office of the County Clerk Tuesday. The object of the Company is to bore for oil in the Mattole District. Capital stock, $100,000.

Damages.—It is said, that old Marriott is to commence a suit for damages against the city. From the appearance of his office on the 15th inst it would seem that he has had *damages* enough without suing the city for more.

Is It So?—We are informed that the bark *Swallow* is taking in coal, at the foot of Vallejo street wharf, for the purpose of shipping it to Mexico for the use of Maximilian's vessels. [illegible] Is it so?

Singular History.—The *habeas corpus* case of Thomas Stewart was examined before one of our Courts, Tuesday, and resulted in his being sent back to Sonoma County. A gentleman gives us some interesting particulars relative to the case as follows: It appears that there was, at one time, in this State, fifteen brothers named Helm, said to be part Cherokee, and all desperate men. In 1861, some of them lived in Sonoma County, on a farm owned by their uncle, and while there, for some cause of anger, Davenport Helm threatened to kill Thomas Stewart, and lay in ambush a long time for him, but was afterwards slain in a fight with his uncle's men. Another of the brothers, Turner Helm, procured the indictment of Stewart, and he has remained there ever since, but not till the Copperheads got in power was he molested. Then the District Attorney, one [illegible], a "Democrat," takes up the affair, and procures his arrest. Friends of the prisoner contend that it is all to gratify political animosity, and that only one of the Helm brothers is now living, fourteen having been killed by [illegible] or otherwise for their crimes. Turner Helm having been, it is said, hung by a Vigilance Committee in Los Angeles County about [illegible] months ago. They say that the prosecution of Stewart is carried on wholly by the most notorious rebels and Copperheads; and that Beriah Brown has acted as attorney for them in this city. That fact alone ought to cast a doubt over the legitimacy of the entire matter.

"Morning Call"—New Proprietor.

[illegible] A. Wiley, Esq., Indian Agent, has purchased the interest of Mr. Barnes in that prosperous and valuable establishment, and will be henceforward a prominent intelligence in its editorial conduct. The *Call* has by far the largest circulation of any paper in the city, nearly double that of the *Bulletin* and three times more than the *Alta*, and cannot be without a formidable influence. Mr. Wiley made his ability and patriotism conspicuous while conducting the Humboldt *Times*, and will speedily make his vigorous influence perceptible in his new situation.

We might remark that the "country editors" manifest a disposition to take this town and entirely do away with the obsolete back-woods who did well enough in the early days, but whose coat-tails are too near the ground for a more advanced stage of enlightenment.

The Union County Convention.—The delegates to the Union County Nominating Convention met last Tuesday, at the rooms of the Union State Central Committee, on Montgomery street, and organized by electing C. C. Knowles, of the Ninth District, as Chairman, and A. J. Moon, Esq., of the Fifth District as Secretary. On motion a Committee of three, consisting of Andrew Jackson, Cyrus Palmer and J. R. Hardenburg was appointed to examine the credentials of delegates. The Committee reported the following as being duly qualified: First District, Dr. Hughes, Barnard Kelly. Second District, Andrew Jackson, G. W. McDonald. Third District, H. B. Reed, Melford Nickerson. Fourth District, Judge Joseph Weed, J. M. Johnson; Fifth District, [illegible]; Sixth District, J. R. Hardenburg, A. J. Moon; Seventh District, W. P. C. Stebbins, James Bowman; Seventh District, J. F. Taylor, Cyrus Palmer; Eighth District, Col. F. E. G. Tittel, Frank T. Potter; Ninth District, Dr. C. C. Knowles, Edward Winslow; Tenth District, John Herald, Chas. S. Biden; Eleventh District, G. S. Hall, Egbert Judson; Twelfth District, Joseph M. Wood, Hiram McLaughlin. The Committee then passed a resolution to conduct its proceedings in private.

Dashaway Ball.—The re-opening of Dashaway Hall will take place Monday evening next, May 1st, being made the occasion of a Grand Ball, the proceeds of which will be applied to the Building Fund. The association, which has proved of untold value and service to our people and humanity in general, has been at great expense in decorating their hall, the first in California dedicated to the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, and is entitled to the gratitude of the community. Every effort is being made to render the entertainment agreeable and worthy of support, under the presidency of E. T. Ballurs, Esq., [illegible] and true" to our Government, it cannot [illegible] of success. Let every friend of the [illegible] and the Dashaway cause turn out on the [illegible].

Curious and Reprehensible Conduct.—It appears that there are people here who intend to coerce the teachers of the public schools to admit their children, when there is no room for them, by going to the school rooms and abusing them or by sending them abusive notes. The Board of Education is determined to put a stop to such things and protect the teachers.

Under Advisement.—It is rumored that Brown and Montgomery have applied to Gen. McDowell for permission to re-issue their rebel traitor treason rags, that he did not give them a direct reply, but said he would think of it. [illegible] think a long time, General! Loyal men, who have seen the infamous course of these creatures, think their time in this city is past. There is no particular place this side of the infernal regions where their services are required.

A Courtesy Returned.—General McDowell has addressed a letter of cordial thanks to Senor Don Jose Godoy, the recognized Mexican Consul in this city, for a letter of sincere condolence addressed by him in the name of his countrymen to the former, on hearing of the late assassination. Probably none among the lovers of liberty and admirers of our great Republic entertained a more ardent sentiment of esteem for the late President of the United States than the major portion of our Mexican population.

Election of Officers.—There was an election of field officers for the Second Irish Regiment on Saturday evening, which resulted as follows: Colonel—M. C. Smith, (re-elected); Lieutenant Colonel—J. T. Hyde, (re-elected); and Major—R. F. Ryan, (Captain of Shields Guard.)

Election.—At a meeting of the Mechanics' Rifles held last Tuesday, for the purpose of electing a Captain, Col. J. W. McKenzie presiding, S. H. Davenport was unanimously elected, vice [illegible] S. Loveland resigned.

Shall Lincoln have a Monument?

Fort Point, April 23d, 1865.

Editor Flag—Sir:—Allow me to ask shall the memory of the immortal Lincoln not be perpetuated in San Francisco by the erection of a monument? If I recollect rightly you referred in the tap of Lone Mountain as suitable place. Let me also suggest that a statue of the martyred President should be placed in the center of the plaza, opposite the City Hall. I am, dear sir, very faithfully,

A Soldier.

Resolutions of the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets.

Whereas, It has pleased a Divine and Omnipotent Providence to deprive us of our great and good Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln, who fell a martyr by an assassin's hand on the ever memorable fourteenth day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, we, the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets assembled, this twenty first day of April, 1865,

Resolve, That we do hereby tender our sincere condolence and sympathy to our bereaved fellow citizens in this our most dreadful bereavement. And we do furthermore *Resolve*, as a mark of our respect and esteem for our late deceased President, and disapprobation of his most foul murder, that each and every member of this Corps do wear mourning during the term of this ever memorable month.

Nevada News Items.

A new and very rich silver ledge was discovered recently at Smoky Valley, says the *Reveille*, cropping out like a crust dyke for a distance of [illegible] miles, commencing at Geneva, and running diagonally across the Toiyabe range, southwest, to the mountains bordering Big Creek.

Assays of ore from the Desert, New Truckee and Pinon Wood Districts, show a yield of from $500 to [illegible] per ton.

Langton's old and well known Express Company in Virginia City, we are informed, from the *Union*, [illegible] a large and lucrative business, as the enterprise entitles it to. No newspaper man can scarcely see in print without being reminded of favors numerable in days gone by.

Another new district recently discovered is Empire, which is reported surpassingly rich.

Copper ore in immense quantities has been found on Walker's River.

[illegible] a number of persons are pushing off [illegible]. Among others, a teamster passed a crowd of fifty Chinamen, all in high spirits.

Weekly American Flag.

GIVING IT UP.—It is said that the rebel rams are about to haul in their horns, having got tired of bucking against Federal breastworks.

PREPARING FOR WAR.—We understand Merlott is getting ready to enter upon a new system of persecution against the Union men of San Francisco. If he does, the Union men will make short work with *him*.

A VAIN RESOURCE.—Booth, the assassin, is said to have shaved off his moustache to avoid recognition. He will have to shave off that murderous face before he can alter his identity. Even burnt cork won't disguise him.

THE "conservative element" in the People's Party are very much displeased with the violent conduct of the President. They are apprehensive that Old Andy is going to "howl!"

"My God!" says the *Bulletin*, "must we have a howler for President!"

WHEN a Missouri guerrilla was about to be hung on the next day, the Provost Marshal, having lent dollars of his money, asked the fellow what he should do with it?

"Well," said Pike, "I'm not a terbarrer, but I reckon as how I might as well quit chawin!"

ET TU, BRUTE.—It is now said—and with appalling plausibility—that the Emperor Louis Napoleon's book, *The Life of Julius Cæsar*, was written with special reference to the assassination of Lincoln, which was known among the enemies of American institutions to have been resolved upon.

THE PRESIDENT ALL RIGHT.—Andy Johnson proved his perfect competency for the position he occupies, by the prompt and decisive manner in which he has neutralized the first attempt toward a restoration of the old order of grievances under which the nation has suffered. He put his foot on the viper that killed Lincoln, the moment it crawled out of its hole.

SUFFLUNCY.—The genius of oblivion has suddenly let down his enormous extinguisher upon the party faction of monopolists and schemers who thought that, by a little prestidigitation, they might manipulate a large number of Union people into their ranks. These tricksters, once so powerful, would embrace them in a fraternal hug only to strangle them in the end.

THE Sonoma rebel paper—commonly called *Dirt*—says that Mr Lincoln's death was "celebrated" in that town. We have no doubt of it; in many a squalid "Democratic" rum shop. Among the names of traitors who blasphemously wore crape there are some who would get howling drunk, for joy, and stand on their heads over the President's grave.

CRAWLING BACK.—The "Methodist Church South," has had its brains knocked out by the club of reform in all the reconquered States, and the members are crawling on all fours over the threshold of the old religious institution. They may be re-admitted, but it will be many a day before the leaders can wash out the vile iniquity they have perpetrated in the name of Almighty God!

THE GRASSHOPPER'S DOOM.—Jeff Davis reminds us of the

"Grasshopper sitting on the sweet potato vine, who was enjoying himself in most luxurious style according to the lines of the poet, when he was suddenly YANKED off by one of those enemies to the grasshopper species known as gophers.—Jeff Davis being, for this occasion, the grasshopper, and General Grant the gopher.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.—A Washington paper says: "Years ago, if a colored man had presented himself at the White House, at a President's levee, seeking an introduction to the Chief Magistrate of the nation, he would have been in all probability roughly handled for his impudence. Yesterday, four colored men of genteel exterior, and with the manners of gentlemen, joined in the throng that crowded the Executive mansion, and were presented to the President of the United States."

OCCUPATION FOR THE MILITARY.—Volunteer soldiers frequently enquire of us "What will be done with them after the war is over?" Will they be discharged, or retained to the expiration of their terms of enlistment?"

If Gen. McDowell sets the treason mills running again, they will have to be garrisoned by Union soldiers. That will afford occupation for a good many of them.

THE little clique of three cent politicians who call themselves "*the* People's Party" are in the direst tribulation, we understand. Their organs have not the ability to defend them from the incursions of the FLAG, and if they had, they dare not do it, for fear of provoking investigation. Individuals who go before that party this Spring, asking office, will secure a long sequestration. The people—common folks—think of undertaking the city government, for a short time.

REDUCING THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.—The orders lately received in this city for the reduction of the military establishment have given alarm to some who know the influence wielded here by the Secessionists. At first thought, this movement would seem to be of a piece with the singular action of General Sherman in restoring the rebel leaders to citizenship; but in any event, the loyal people of this coast may be relied upon for the preservation of order and fidelity to the Union.

WAKING UP.—We have galvanized the *Alta* local at last, into some show of energy, but at best its pace only reminds us of an elderly pack mule which, under a crack of the whip, jogs on briskly for a few rods, with all its load of pots and kettles clattering, and then again subsides into its old leisurely trot. In its last issue it says: "It is high time that those who seek to plunge California into civil war and raise their traitor hands against the civil and military authorities, should feel the full weight of the punishment due to their crimes."

FISHING FOR MEXICO.—The parties for whom Gwin has been negotiating in Mexico are still earnestly scheming to obtain a colonial foothold. It is said, with some show of authority, that Pierre Soule, Major Calhoun Benham and Capt. Beauregard (brother of the rebel general) are all in Mexico actively agitating for that purpose, with numerous other disloyal fugitives, that there also are many persons from the loyal sections, and there, too, is General Shields, who pronounces himself, as he always has, a true blue Union man. Events are crowding each other thick and fast.

OUR PLAIN SPOKEN PRESIDENT—"GREAT GOD! MUST WE HAVE HIM!"—The country is just beginning to understand that Andrew Johnson has been calumniated, and that he is apt to be very plain spoken at times. At the beginning of the rebellion, alluding to Davis and his fellow conspirators, he used, in a speech in the United States Senate, the following language:

"If I were President of the United States I would arrest you as traitors, I would try you as traitors, and, if convicted, I would, by the Eternal, hang you as traitors!"

This is the man that the *Bulletin's* Party, through its mouthpiece, *insinuates* that we ought to remove!

"THE WHEELS KEEP DRONING, DRONING."—Work in the FLAG office never ceases, these latter days, except during a few hours on Saturday. The unchristian exactitude of the law requires us to toil on Sunday, doing the city's work. When one set of writers and printers go off, wearied with long vigils, another set come on, and keep the rollers flowing and the type clicking. A wondrous change has come over the FLAG's dream of ambition, since it used to be printed once a week in Sonora, when two printers set the type and did the pressing, and one editor prepared the matter, put up the mail, kept books, acted as solicitor, cashier, and performed all the other multifarious duties, so familiar to country journalists.

ORIGIN OF THE MILITARY PROFESSION.—The introduction of gunpowder created a revolution in the science of war—if war *had* any system in those primitive times. Previously, every man was a soldier, and, inheriting a sword or bow from his father, was always ready for the field. Henry II of England, in 1181 ordered that every man should have either a sword or a bow, which he was not to sell, but leave to his heir. The adoption of powder rendered them cheap implements useless, and required a greater outlay for equipment. Every man could not afford a gun, and so there were fewer ready for the field, and in consequence, the war spirit declined among the people, until after a while the profession of arms became a separate calling, and standing armies were established.

A Priceless Memento—An old Poem by Abraham Lincoln.

The world knows that Abraham Lincoln was a Statesman, a Patriot, a Liberator, a Philanthropist and a Christian; but, only a few know that he was also a Poet. That his strong analytical mind was as susceptible to the gentler influences of poetic beauty as his heart was to the appeals of wretched bondsmen, is made obvious by the following sweet little poem. For the treasure so rare and valuable we are indebted to the friendship of Miss S. J. WHITE, who resides on Howard street, with her brother-in-law, A. C. Austin, Esq. The young lady instructed him to say that she thought the FLAG entitled to the privilege of reproducing a composition which must now be of very great interest and celebrity. The poem was published originally in the New Hampshire *Christian Mirror*, about ten years ago, and has been carefully preserved in Miss White's scrap-book. Cordially thanking the lady for her friendly thoughtfulness, and gratified by the partiality both expressed and implied, the FLAG will start the little poem, to become famous:

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD!

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ., OF ILLINOIS.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a swift fleeting meteor—a fast flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved—
The mother that infant's affection who proved—
The father that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne—
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn—
The brow of the sage, and the heart of the brave—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap—
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep—
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death—
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

—*Christian Mirror.*

California and the Sanitary Commission.

We publish below a letter from George T. Strong, the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission, just received at the rooms of the Commission in this city. It speaks for itself, and adds another gem to the crown of the golden State, as connected with this great philanthropy:

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION—CALIFORNIA BRANCH, Rooms No 240 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, April 22, 1865.

MESSRS EDITORS:—I take pleasure in placing at your disposal the accompanying letter, this day received.

Hoping it may please you to give the public its contents through your columns,

I remain,
Your obedient servant,
O. C. WHEELER, Secretary.

68 WALL STREET, New York, March 18th, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of 10th and 21st February last, the former enclosing draft on Messrs. Eugene Kelly & Co., for sixty-three hundred dollars ($6,300) currency, and the latter referring to previous remittance, by telegraph, of eighteen thousand dollars ($18,000) in gold. Formal receipts have been forwarded for both.

I have this morning been notified of another telegraphic remittance of eleven thousand dollars ($11,000) in gold, and have received Messrs. Leo & Walker's check therefor. I am not yet informed as to the premium it will bring—probably about 61. We shall bear this falling off from the amount it would have brought six months ago with great resignation, for this great and sudden depression is a hopeful sign of returning health to the currency and peace to the country.

The work of the Sanitary Commission continues to expand, and is, I think, gaining in efficiency as well as in magnitude. We are accumulating large reserve stores of battle field supplies at Newbern and Wilmington. One hundred thousand dollars have just been expended in one purchase, and we have chartered two steamers that are now running between Newbern, Wilmington and New York. Operations on an extended scale are directed to other points in our great field. You perceive, therefore, that the Commission is an institution large enough to be not altogether unworthy the support and regard of a people as national, like yours, in not only with large things and in a large way.

California is mainly responsible for the Commission. During the first fifteen months of its existence we worked in what we should now consider a [illegible] way, and so it would have gone on a little longer, and then, in all probability, have died of exhaustion had not California come to its rescue in the fall of 1862, and by its most unprecedented munificence, enabled the Commission to assume National proportions, and to do a work that attracts the attention and quadrupled the liberality of all the rest of the country. The generosity with which California poured her wealth into our treasury at that critical time was unexampled in history, but far more wonderful is the inexhaustible stream of bounty that has been steadily flowing in upon us from that State ever since. The former might have been called an act of sudden excitement and enthusiasm, but when connected with the persevering liberality that we have felt for nearly three years it will stand out as among the most splendid and honorable events of their class recorded in history, and as prompted not by mere temporary feeling and impulse, but by deep seated and abiding principles of patriotism and humanity. I am, etc.,

GEO. T. STRONG,
Treasurer U. S. Sanitary Commission.

R. G. SNEATH, Treas Cal. Branch.

Card from D. D. Brunk.

The affidavit of M. A. Winham, which appeared in the Marysville *Daily Appeal* on Saturday morning, April 22d, 1865, pretends to describe an occurrence which took place in the city of San Francisco on the 15th day of April, immediately after the receipt of the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln, and in which I am made to appear as the aggressive party. The true character of the occurrence was in substance as follows:—On Saturday, April 15th, at about the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, while I was in attendance on one of the city courts, word was passed to the presiding Judge, that Abraham Lincoln had been foully assassinated, upon the receipt of which, court immediately adjourned, the Judge, as well as the members of the bar present, feeling too keenly the sad influence of this terrible blow to longer continue in court. As I came down Merchant street, and near its intersection with Montgomery street, I met this man Winham, whom I had known some four years ago at North San Juan. I said to him "good morning, Brad Winham." He answered the courtesy by saying "good morning." I then said to him, "how do you like the news?" He then hesitating I continued by saying, "you have said that he (Lincoln) would be assassinated before the expiration of his term of office, and now he has been assassinated, what do you say to it?" I understood him to reply that "it was all right," or words of similar purport. I then said to him "do you endorse the act?" raising my cane as I did this. He started off, making no answer in word, which I understood as an endorsement of the deed. We were then near Bancroft's Book store, and he darted into the door, while Mr. Fisher stepped between us, having mistook Winham for another person, whom he knew to be loyal. None but the above all that took place on that occasion, as far as I can remember. I was acquainted with this Winham, and knew something of his political antecedents, and therefore was not surprised at his course on the all-absorbing topic. Any man who is right at heart on the great issues of the day, would not resort to making an affidavit of his loyalty and publishing it in the public press, thinking thereby to strengthen his reputation for loyalty among his friends, for such a course would rather indicate that the promptings of his own heart are in such a measure, knowing his own treachery and weakness. Any man who will offer as an apology for his opposition to our administration that it is "*a legal grounds*," to traduce like there, ought to publish a thousand affidavits of his loyalty, yet the just indignation of the people would still be that he was a traitor to his country.

D. D. BRUNK.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25th, 1865.

THE PRESS AND THE INDIANS.—The press, all over the Indian country, exasperated by the recent outrages, are taking ground in favor of exterminating the Indians.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, March 23, 1865.

COLONEL BAKER AT WORK.

EDITOR AMERICAN FLAG:—Colonel Baker has made another heavy capture of bounty jumpers and brokers. Not content with rushing off solitary individuals to the old Capitol Prison at Washington he opened a recruiting office at Hoboken, and by several ingenious dodges, succeeded in making a haul of over six hundred of the deserters from the army who lounged about our city; and also caught six of the bounty *brokers*, who were excited and finding how easy money was to be made, and in their eagerness, tried to pocket a few hundreds of Uncle Sam's money. The Colonel's plan was as follows: After opening the rendezvous, spoken of, to enlist a score of these fellows, who had first ascertained that the employés at the office could be easily bribed, so that their companions seeing the jumpers here in the morning to enlist were surprised to find them in bark in their accustomed haunts the same evening, with pockets full of greenbacks. But Hawkshaw's little game having worked pleasantly for a while, I came more serious, and the astonished "kangaroos" found themselves whirled into a carried and the dark room, and discovered, all too late, the trap which had been sprung on them. The whole crowd were sent off at three o'clock in the morning, and it is said they are to be turned over to General Grant with strict orders to place them in the extreme front.

THE POLICY OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Our new Secretary of the Treasury has not made any definite change in the financial affairs of the country. From his speeches I imagine him to be an egotistical person, for he vows that the position was forced upon him, and I have often heard the same remark from other office holders. No doubt he will give great attention to details, for such was the tenor of his instructions issued some time since to the officers of the National Banks, wherein he laid down very minutely their proper rules of business, assuring them that they must be inexperienced and in want of advice.

THE NEW ISSUE OF NICKELS.

It seems that the new three cent postal bills are to be suppressed and we are to have nickel pieces in their stead. Judging by the size of the one and two cent coins they will not be larger than an English penny, and not at all cumbersome. Since the raising of the car fares to six cents we have had a scarcity of change, as each passenger invariably gives a ten cent bill for his fare, and receives four cents in return. A friend of mine, not long since, opened his desk and showed to my admiring gaze piles of what seemed to me glittering gold coin, but which turned out to be only bright, new ten cent pieces which he had thus received in change since the fares had been raised.

THE POLICE ACROSS THE WATER.

The policemen of Brooklyn and Williamsburg are complaining greatly of their hard lot. It seems that they are ordered to arrest every predatory goat and pig to be found, and being allowed nothing for certain are presumed to bring or drive the animal to the pound at the expense of their personal dignity. Further, a regulation has been made that the sergeant is to smell the breath of every roundsman on his return to the station house and to report him if his breath is found odorous of alcohol, cloves or cardamom seeds. I would wager to bring a pretty woman from natural causes, would so stagger and disgust the sergeant that he would gladly resign his post, and then end all the trouble and complaints would be speedily arranged.

THE NEW MINISTER FROM ENGLAND.

We are going to have Sir Frederick Bruce as our Minister from Great Britain in place of Lord Lyons, who has resigned with his health completely broken down. We ought all to be under the greatest obligations to Lord Lyons for his temperate and able management of the numerous intricate questions which, since this war, have arisen between ourselves and England. Many a hot-headed Briton holding Lord Lyons' position would long ago have demanded his passports, and we would have had a foreign as well as a civil war on our hands. It is strange that Lord Lyons should have kept from being contaminated by the opinions of his countrymen, for every one of them—at least the moneyed and aristocratic ones—are furiously in favor of the South and would go to any length to assist the rebels. It is said that Lord Lyons wrote fourteen thousand despatches to his government during the past three years, and that his letters for the year 1863 filled sixty volumes, of manuscript, of course. May his life and health long be spared, and may he ever receive from Americans the respect and esteem to which his friendly and considerate course has entitled him.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN VOCALIST.

Madame Virginia Whiting has lately deceased abroad. She was a Boston girl, and the public here were very proud of her, though she was but a singer of no extraordinary talent. She married a foreigner who is now employed in the Academy of Music, in this city, and, as Madame Lorini, she could hardly be recognized as the more republican Miss Whiting. It is not generally known that Miss Isabella Hinckley was married to Signor Susini. These foreigners must be very bewitching, for it is said that the couple were promenading with their arms about each other an hour after their first introduction, and they were married within a week. Poor lady, she died very suddenly, and though she never gained higher than the page in the Halls, she was a sweet ballad singer, and we all missed her charming voice.

AMUSEMENTS.

Our theatres continue to be nightly crowded. Mrs. John Wood, who was always notorious in the selection of her pieces, though her company is considered quite equal to Wallack's, has at last succeeded in making a hit by giving the public the "Streets of New York," and it bids fair to run as long as she chooses to keep it going. Wallack is giving his members their annual benefits, which, on an average I understand, nets them each $1500. In England, it is usual for parties who admire a favorite actor and cannot attend on his benefit night, to enclose him a five or a ten pound note with their compliments, and Grimaldi, the clown, according to his life by Dickens, got one year, on the occasion of his benefit, no less than £700 in this manner. Wallack has lately taken up with the Ticket-of-Leave Man, after it had been played out by the Winter Garden and at Barnum's Museum. Why he is this cannot be imagined unless it is to show that it can be done better there than anywhere else. Nobody who knows the various actors of our city, no longer Charles Fisher (though he is invaluable, good in all he undertakes) making so good a Bob Brierly as Florence, neither is the piece at all suited in style to Wallack's boards or audiences. I doubt if the old Gentleman Wallack would ever have permitted the play to appear while the theatre belonged to him.

Edwin Booth nightly appears as Hamlet at the Winter Garden, and a place can only be secured by applying three days in advance. It would do Wilkes' good to see Edwin Booth's personification of this character, could he appear among us after being so long murdered in the gravy. Not to have seen Booth as Hamlet is to have left unfulfilled one's destiny. Booth closes with his one hundredth representation of this character, and is then to play Iago.

Since Mrs Hoey's disappearance from Wallack's stage it is said, that John Hoey has made a million since this war commenced; the mantle and candles of superb dresses have fallen upon Mrs. Henriques, who is a pretty and painstaking actress, of no particular talent, but she does wear *such* stunning dresses and diamonds, and is a great favorite with ladies as well as the gentlemen. Her salary is $250 per week in addition to a yearly benefit, and Wallack's is open nine months out of twelve. It is certainly liberal enough to enable her to indulge in whatever luxuries and extravagances she may fancy.

DIPLOMATIC RUMORS.

It seems that we have no reason to be alarmed because no French Minister has been sent us by Napoleon. He has been detained by illness and our other diplomat is to be sent in his place. The foreigners do not hurry off to their posts in a few days, but take matters easy and leisurely, get their pot fils, and receive their instructions. On the other side the Emperor was very gracious to Mr Bigelow, our chargé, at the last levée, and conversed with him for five minutes. Probably Mr Bigelow will be left to act for us to Paris, though generally great efforts are made for the appointment by various politicians. I hear the position was offered to Rev Mr McClintock, whose only recommendation I imagine was his having been American chaplain in Paris. By the way, one of Mr Lincoln's appointees of 1861 to retain office during his second term? Such was not the policy of the great Jackson, and as I want a sixteen remarks, or wishes to be injudicious on Mr Lincoln's part. Eight years of pickings and salaries to hold acceptable office is not a thing, and I doubt, if the officeholders themselves expect any such good luck. The subject has not been agitated by any of the public journals here, which appears strange when we recollect how well the editors fared in the first distribution of offices by the present administration.

RECENT MILITARY ACCIDENTS.

Of course our readers must have noticed the great number of railway accidents occurring all over the United States, this winter. Doubtless these are to be mainly caused by defective and worn out rails, for during the past four years it has been all dividends and no repairs. After a train on a Western road had been thrown off the track lately two gentlemen walked on the track to the next station, a distance of several miles, and discovered that in many places the rails did not meet by three or four inches, and the wonder was how any train could go in safety over such a track. They manage these matters better in Europe, particularly in France and Germany, where there is a substantial cottage for each mile, during the entire length of the road, and a careful workman goes over the road several times a day, and is always seen at his post to indicate by signal that everything is right on the road.

MR. WEBB AGAIN ON THE RAMPAGE.

Our Minister at Brazil, the fire-eating James Watson Webb, has been raising another row at Rio. It seems that he suspected some steamer which was bound to the Pacific, and insisted on seizing her, notwithstanding the advice of all the prominent American merchants who were unanimously convinced of his error.

GOTTSCHALKIANA.

I see that Gottschalk, the eminent pianist, is to leave for California by the steamer of 3d of April and is to be accompanied by a Miss Lucy Simons who is to assist in his concerts. Gottschalk can put on more bifalutin airs before an audience than any person in the concert giving line within my range of acquaintance; and his airy *entrée*, dandified manner in which he takes off his gloves and his style of commencing to finger his piano are very amusing. It is stated that he lately gave a concert in Washington, and having become separated from his baggage, was obliged to perform in his travelling suit, upon which occasion it is said that he made the unhappiest man in the District of Columbia. He owns and delights to sport a number of crosses and medals, given him by the various crowned heads before whom he has performed. He is the Petit Ami of the Feithlonly wherever he goes, particularly among the piano playing ladies.

EMMA HARDINGE AND ANNA DICKINSON.

One of your California ladies, Miss Hardinge, has been lecturing here lately, but I hear to very slim audiences. Miss Anna Dickinson, of Philadelphia, has about exhausted the desire in the public mind for hearing female lecturers, and people are surfeited of the sensation. Miss Dickinson often lectures for provincial libraries and lyceums, but never takes any risk of thin audiences. Her terms are $100 per lecture, and there are always prominent patrons to entertain, so that her expenses must be light. She has a voice like a man, though in her requirements she is as lady like and feminine as a person as one could wish to see.

GENERAL NEWS.

Petroleum seems to be yet the principal card of speculators, though for my part, in view of the fact that but one company out of each hundred pays dividends, I should imagine that the gullible public would soon be tired of subscribing for shares. No doubt that the original owners, those who are in what is called the "hard pan," make money, but the prudent man avoids petroleum and places his spare funds in government bonds. I see that the new three hundred millions of seven thirties are to be placed, by means of the three hundred agencies of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, among the people of California, Nevada and Oregon, but in my opinion they will not be largely subscribed for in a country where one can get one to two per cent. per month on his money on good security.

We had an election in New York State a few days since upon an amendment of the Constitution bringing some change in the Courts of Appeals, and only six thousand votes were cast in New York city. As each election costs the city five thousand dollars for expenses this makes each individual vote in this instance, amount to a very handsome sum.

We are just now having a lively panic in Wall street with an immense fall in gold and all descriptions of stocks. Many failures are reported and doubtless the crash will be severely felt all over the country. It seems to be only the natural result of the not far distant approach of peace, the withdrawal of the Government from the market as an immense purchaser of all descriptions of supplies and a return to specie payments. The new 7 30 bonds were offered March 20th, at 99½ with no purchasers, and at the Evening Exchange, of the same date, gold was quoted at 158, a rate which, to my inexperienced eyes, seems to promise a fat profit to the speculator. It appears a rate entirely too low in view of our immense issue of greenbacks, and our heavy debt, which must increase greatly before months even if the war is settled to morrow. The "Bear" party is now triumphant and all prices are falling before their vigorous and determined efforts. Crushed sugar that was selling in January for 31 cents per pound can be bought to-day for 21 cents. It was easy enough for the dealers and shopkeepers to raise their prices as gold advanced, but they do not show equal readiness to lower their rates now that specie has fallen so materially.

The new postal law insures free delivery of letters to all towns and cities having a population of 20,000. The letter carriers are to get salaries at the rate of $50 per month, and to give security in the amount of $1,000. It is to be hoped that these postmen will be required to wear uniforms, as in Europe, so that they can be readily known as public servants.

A few days since a large crowd of blockade runners, thrown out of employment by the taking of Charleston and Wilmington, arrived here from Bermuda. Many of them were provided with American Consular passports, but all behaved themselves in a riotous and disorderly manner, and loudly expressed their contempt for everything belonging to the North. Their actions must have been made known to the authorities at Washington by telegraph, for the very next day after their arrival Mr. Seward issued a circular, ordering the immediate arrest of every American having been engaged in blockade running, to be imprisoned until the end of the war, and foreigners having been so engaged to leave the country within twelve days under a similar penalty. No attention is to be paid to passports held by these offenders, and the circular is to be on the Pacific coast forty days after its publication here.

Kennedy, another of the rebel raiders, and the man who set fire to Barnum's Museum at the time when the attempt was made to burn the city, was found guilty as a spy, and is to be hung on Saturday next at Fort Lafayette. Unlike Capt. Beall who paid great attention to religion, before his execution, this Kennedy keeps up his horrid impiety to the last hour, and will not allow the visits of the various clergymen who are anxious to aid him in turning his attention to the affairs of the other world.

PEREGRINE.

THE GREAT CRIME.

The crime of murder, in general, has been characterized by the Almighty and accepted by the universal intuitions of mankind, as the highest violation of His law, and the boldest infraction of every form of civil law. The reason of this is to be found obviously in the general provisions of God and Nature for the preservation of life from the danger of constant, actual assault, and perhaps from the hindrance of the intended increase and perpetuation of the species, which, in Infinite wisdom was designed from the beginning. In the punishment of this crime, therefore, it seems to have been very general concurrence among the nations of the earth, and the punishment of the culprit has been the severest human law could inflict, with but little exception. It has indeed, through the ameliorating influences of the Christian religion, and perhaps the too merciful constitution of its benign teachings, been received and advocated by some that capital punishment might be beneficially superseded by imprisonment for life, which they supposed would prove an equally sure preventive of its commission. But this theory has never met with very general concurrence, and has not been generally pursued in the application of the law to this offence. If the crime, in general, is so regarded by the general judgment of mankind, by which measure are we to estimate the degree of depravity reached by the miscreant who has, by an assassination peculiarly demoniac, struck down the Head of the Republic, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States? Is it not safe to say that his crime includes, in a moral point, the cold blooded assassination of every loyal citizen in the United States? He was the constitutionally chosen Head of a free people, who, of their own free choice selected him, and afterwards endorsed their preference by a re-election. Regarded in this light, is it possible even to approximate to the sum of the turpitude of the murderer's monster? We think not, and will not attempt the task. If these views are correct, as regards the assassin himself, what is the position of those, when they are discovered, who advised and counseled the bloody deed? And what will attach to those who are found after its commission approving and applauding the act? As the infliction of death upon the perpetrator is so inadequate to his crime—might not his punishment, so far as practicable, be made proportionate to its enormity, by condemning to the same fate all accessories, not only *before* the fact, but those also who now approve and sanction its commission, thereby becoming accessories *after* the fact, and therefore all equally guilty with the principal. H.

RETURNING PROSPERITY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The opening season, with all that it brings to the Nation of disaster and humiliation is full of favorable auguries. Advices from St. Louis, announce that the spring had opened briskly; steamers were loading for New Orleans and business was lively on the levee, indicating prosperous times. Freights were offering briskly to all points, and produce was coming down the Mississippi from above in immense quantities. The passenger traffic was also lively. It was estimated that one hundred million feet of lumber would be floated down from St. Paul this spring, and that one million bushels of grain would come down the Minnesota river to St. Paul. It is many a day since the journalists occupied mainly with deeds of blood and rapine have had so favorable a state of affairs to chronicle.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL.

THURSDAY EVENING, April 20.

As a matter of course, there has been no business transacted worthy of note since our last report, every stock-board, store and warehouse, without exception, having been closed yesterday in respect to the memory of our murdered President. We have, therefore, but little to record in the Commercial department.

The quarterly returns of receipts of the Branch Mint in this city have just been made up, by which we learn that the receipts of Treasure has been exceedingly heavy during the quarter, as the following copy of the returns will show:

U. S. Branch Mint Gold and Silver Bullion Receipts for the First Quarter of 1865, ending March 31, 1865.

GOLD.

Receipts.	ozs	Value
Standard weights of Gold Bullion	189,487,110	$3,535,347 [illegible]
Gold Bullion parted from Silver	671 207	12,487 [illegible]
Totals	190,158,610	$3,537,851 71

SILVER.

Standard weight of Silver Bullion	30,017 91	$36,321 [illegible]
Silver parted from Gold	22,418 50	26,0[illegible]
Totals	52,436 41	$62,403 [illegible]

Coinage of the U. S. Branch Mint during the First Quarter of 1865, ending March 31st.

GOLD.

87,350 Double Eagles	$1,735,000
4,000 Eagles	30,[illegible]
3,112 Half Eagles	15,5[illegible]
8,356 Quarter Eagles	20,[illegible]
102,818 pieces valued at	$1,821,[illegible]

SILVER.

97,000 Half Dollars	$48,[illegible]
2,000 Quarter Dollars	5[illegible]
61,000 Dimes	6,1[illegible]
30,000 Half Dimes	1,5[illegible]
215,000 pieces valued at	$61,[illegible]

As compared with the same period last year, the Gold was as follows:

	Gold deposit	Coinage
1864	$2,781,539 79	$3,595,714 67
1865	3,537,837 77	2,853,000 [illegible]
Increase	$ 756,297 98	$ 237,025 33

The Receipts of Bullion during the past ten days amounts to 32,056 ounces of Gold and nearly 10 tons of silver!

Legal Tenders are unsteady in price, ranging between 73 @ 75c., very few of the money changers will sell at less than the latter figures.

The latest dispatches from the East quote Gold at 133, and dull at that.

THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL MARKETS.

The extremely excitable and unstable condition of the Markets in the Atlantic States, and, as a natural consequence here, commands the profound consideration of every person interested in mercantile pursuits. This most unfortunate condition of affairs has almost paralyzed every branch of business, primarily through want of confidence in the ultimate value of the National Currency, though there are several secondary causes which bear an important influence. The present condition of affairs is inexplicable when examined by the precedents of the past. In the previous panics during the war, the decline in prices has generally followed the decline in Gold; has been simply an effort to adjust prices to the altered condition of the money standard; but singularly, in the present instance the decline in Gold has, in a large measure, followed the fall of prices. This fact is obviously attributable to the fact of large amounts of Gold being held by parties who had bought it very much above the recent rates, and hoping that a turn in military affairs might again put up the premium, were indisposed to sell at the reduced rates. Merchants and stock operators have proved more sagacious than the Gold dealers, and foreseeing an inevitable heavy fall in prices as the result of the rapidly improving military situation, have anticipated their fate by a corresponding reduction in the prices of their goods. Merchants who have been conducting their business upon a conservative basis have suffered much less from this fall in prices than would at first sight appear. It is true that they have realized for their goods much less than they have paid for them; but it is also true that the money they receive in payment is worth proportionally more; so that with the proceeds of the sales on which they appear to have lost so heavily they can purchase as large a quantity of goods as they have sold. But those whose indebtedness exceeds the amount due to them must lose very heavily, for the gain, connected with an appreciated currency, arising until their bills receivable are not sufficient to compensate for their loss in paying on their bills payable in more valuable currency. The party who loses capital during the decline in Gold, is the one who buys on credit and sells for cash; and the merchant who makes money by the change, is the one who buys for cash and sells on credit. Upon the whole, it is perhaps, not material whether in these fluctuating times, business is conducted upon credit or cash terms, provided that the same terms be adopted, both in buying and selling; but unquestionably there is almost certain ruin in persistently buying on credit and selling for cash when Gold is rapidly declining. Though this condition of affairs is, temporarily, destructive to business, we see no cause for alarm or despondency. It were not possible that a nation of 30,000,000 of people could pass through the fiery ordeal of such a war as is now on the eve of its conclusion, without feeling its effects through every branch of their affairs. The marvel is, how this costly war has been carried on so successfully, against such adverse circumstances, with so little obstruction to business, and without resort to borrowing from abroad. The present condition of mercantile affairs is somewhat analogous to the reaction on the human system after some great excitement. It is the temporary prostration resulting from over exertion, which a good healthy constitution will be able to overcome.

Our Local Markets.

FRIDAY EVENING, April 21.

There was a slight improvement in business during the day, chiefly for export and the interior trade. Prices, as a general thing, may be quoted a shade lower than they were last week for Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Rice, Barley, Hay, Butter and Potatoes, of all of which there is a good supply, with extensive additions on the way from foreign and domestic ports.

Spirits, Tobacco, Coal Oil and Candles are in more demand, and consequently firm in prices, though there has been no positive advance in late quotations.

The abundance of Money, and the really reasonable rates on which it is procurable on satisfactory collaterals, has abolished much of the excitement that for years attended the sailing of the steamer. This was steamer day, but there was none of the old excitements, though the steamer will take a heavy amount of Treasure. Bullion for shipment was in abundance, at rates beneficial to shippers. Sales of Gold Bars are reported at 800. Silver is held at par to ½ ₩ cent. premium. Exchange on the Atlantic cities, payable in Currency, is quoted 38 a 40 ₩ cent. premium in Gold. Bills payable in Gold, 1½ ₩ cent. premium, and Telegraphic Transfers, 3 ₩ cent.

The latest private dispatches from New York quote Gold on the 20th instant at 117, and Sterling Exchange 109.

Legal Tenders have experienced a temporary decline. As will be perceived by reference to our report of the transactions at the Stock Board, *small parcels* only are offering at quoted prices—a positive indication that they are being "beared."

The Stock Market was quite active during the day, and a great number of shares changed hands at advanced prices generally.

The receipts of Produce were unusually light today, but there has been no change in the prices of Hay or Feed Grain. Flour remains in the grip of the monopolists, who still keep it at extreme figures, say $15 for extra California, and $14 for rejected Chile.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 22.

Business during the past week has been fearfully dull in all departments for imported goods; though, as we stated yesterday, there are decided indications of improvement.

The stock market during the past week, though affected somewhat by the terrible national calamity exhibited much activity, with, as a general thing, improved prices for all the leading stocks.

Yellow Jacket holds the leading position in the market at present. Only 8 feet of this stock changed hands during the week, advancing from $2,075 on Tuesday to $2,400 at the close of the week. Shares of Gold & Curry were sold during the week at from $1,390 and $2,050.

The receipts of produce during the week, though light in comparison to previous years, were quite up to the average of the present season, and everything, except Flour and Wheat, has been in abundance and at reasonable figures.

Meal and Fish were abundant and cheap.

The arrivals from foreign ports have been few, and their cargoes not of a character to have any influence on the market.

The following table will show the extent of business done in other stocks:

	Sales.	Opening. Price.	Closing. Price.
Savage	21 feet	2030 00	2060 [illegible]
Belcher	30 feet	1773 00	1750 [illegible]
Crown Point	34 feet	1365 00	1100 [illegible]
Potosi	22 feet	800 00	6[illegible]
Bullion	101 feet	525 00	5[illegible]
Ophir	[illegible]	8[illegible]	9[illegible]
Chollar	22 feet	515 00	5[illegible]
Gould & Curry	29 feet	300 00	3[illegible]
Hale & Norcross	13 feet	530 00	6[illegible]
Sierra Nevada	22 feet	300 00	3[illegible]
Imperial	179 shs	217 00	2[illegible]
Baltimore	100 feet	145 00	1[illegible]
Alpha	50 feet	33 00	3[illegible]
Empire Mill	354 feet	45 00	5[illegible]
Union	33 feet	55 00	6[illegible]
Sierra Nevada	33 feet	21 00	2[illegible]
Yellow Jacket	115 feet	13 00	1[illegible]
Lady Bryan	100 feet	8 50	1[illegible]
[illegible]	260 feet	15 00	1[illegible]
[illegible]	245 shs	10 50	1[illegible]
[illegible]	25 feet	6 25	[illegible]
[illegible]	65 shs	3 50	[illegible]
[illegible]	440 shs	2 50	[illegible]
[illegible]	225 shs	02 14	[illegible]
[illegible]	457 shs	14 50	[illegible]
[illegible]	10 shs	2 50	[illegible]
[illegible]	50 shs	5 15	[illegible]
[illegible]	20 shs	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	10 shs	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	25 shs	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	50 shs	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	80 shs	[illegible]	[illegible]

There were also sold during the week [illegible] .... Sierra Navigation Company .... [illegible]

And $250,000 Legal Tenders at from 70 to [illegible], opening at 70¼ on Monday and closing at 71¼ at the Friday's Board.

The steamer Golden City, which left this morning, carried $850,209, belonging to

Bank of California	$310,672 [illegible]
Duncan, Sherman & Co	100,000 [illegible]
[illegible]	96,557 [illegible]
[illegible] Barbour & Beal	83,181 [illegible]
[illegible] Lazard & Co	83,676 [illegible]
[illegible]	13,524 [illegible]
D. Atherton	51,000 [illegible]
Other Shippers	113,160 [illegible]
Total	$859,[illegible]
Destined to England	$613,[illegible]
" New York	221,576 [illegible]
" Valparaiso	21,0[illegible]
" Panama	10,000 [illegible]

There were less than the usual number of Auction sales during the week, and prices ruled low. There were some extensive sales of Real Estate during the week. At an auction to-day, lots in half block bounded by Jaho, Dolores, Hount and Chattanooga streets, 26 by 125 feet, averaged $319 per lot. Lots in half block bounded by John, Chattanooga, [illegible] and Church streets, 26 by 125 feet, averaged $340 per lot. Lots in the block bounded by Alta, Dolores, John and Chattanooga streets, 26 by 125 feet, averaged $236 per lot. Lots in the block bounded by Alta, Chattanooga, John and Church streets, 26 by 125 feet, averaged $222 50 per lot. Lots in the block bounded by Napa, Dolores, Liberty and Church streets, 25 by 114 feet, averaging $255 per lot. There was a private sale of Lot on the south side of Harward street, 225 feet west of Fourth, 80 by 155 feet, for $14,400; Lot northeast corner of Second and Tehama streets, 57.6 by 80, for $9,300; Lot and buildings on West side of Mission street, just east of Eleventh, 85 by 160 feet for $6,100.

THE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

Our quasi "commercial" cotemporaries make it a practice to republish quite extensive tables of figures relating to the theoretical condition of the National finances, clipped from the Eastern exchanges, but thus far, we have failed to see a line in either the *Alta* or *Bulletin*, relating to the past, present or future of the financial affairs of the States and Territories of the Pacific. Surely there can be no subject so replete with points of interest to the people of this coast as their prospective financial affairs, nor can it be denied, that the existing condition of these affairs is engrossing the attention of capitalists and mechanics—both here and in the Atlantic States, and in Europe—by whom a full and candid expression of the views of the commercial press of the State on the subject would be read with avidity and interest; but for reasons not discreditable to the self-styled commercial press every means is taken to avoid anything like a frank, full, or fair statement of the true financial affairs of the States and Territories on the Pacific. It is this conduct on the part of these papers, that has enabled a faction to absolutely control the finances of the city, and through it, as the metropolis of the coast, all the States and Territories dependent on San Francisco for supplies. It is this policy, which is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which has enabled the [illegible] to speak through three papers, that has made Money dearer in this State, where more of it is produced than in all the other States of the Union combined, than it is anywhere else. It has been the policy that has made every "steamer day," until quite recently, the opportunity for exacting usury from the merchants and traders, under a delusive plea of a scarcity of Money, when our Branch Mint has been actually coining more than the steamers carried away. It was this policy that enabled this party to monopolize and compel California to repudiate the National Currency, which entailed upon the people high prices for all imported goods, for the special benefit of foreign firms, and cast a blot upon the reputation of the people for loyalty. It is this policy that keeps up interest to 18 per cent. per annum, when in the Atlantic States it is but 6 and 7, and in Europe but 4 or 5. It requires no argument to prove that the effects of this enormous difference is the impediment of commerce, which impedes the development of our resources and prevents the accomplishment of many important and needed internal improvements, bears directly on the laboring classes, who have absolutely to pay every dollar of this usury, which flows directly into the pockets of the monopolists. It was for this purpose that it was spread by the introduction of foreign capital. On the hypothesis that this can be explained, but it is that we annually export between 40 and 50 millions of Treasure to countries where Money pays but 4 and 5, and, as an extreme, 10 per cent. per annum, while we have to pay from 18 to 21 per cent. for exports of Treasure for exceeding, of late years, the value of our imports, shows that it is money for what we procure that our Money is exported, but to serve the purposes of a combination precisely as for the same purpose, by the same parties, Money is exported to China, to be sold at low prices than it could realize if sold here, to keep our glut a proportion, or to use for any other grounds, except than why it is that the people of this State, who produce more money than those of any other people of the world, have to pay for its use more than any other people. We call attention to this important subject hereby now, with the intention of referring to, and exposing some of the enormous abuses in our present financial system in a series of articles, in the future.

Our Local Markets.

MONDAY EVENING, April 24.

Business continues languid, there being too small a set of confidence among buyers to make trade brisk, though most of the interior merchants are in need of goods. There is no marked change in the prices of staple articles to record, except in Coffee, which has sold during the day, from first hands, as high as 21 15 per gallon, and we do not think it has yet reached its temporary limit. Sugars and Isthmus Butter are weaker, with every brand stocks on hand and to arrive.

Legal Tenders are held firm at 71 @ 72c, the latest quotations for Gold being 148 @ 149.

The Stock Market was more active, with an improvement in prices in the majority of leading stocks. Alpha, G. H., a newly introduced stock, sold at $1,000 to-day, and appears to be in demand. Hale & Norcross and Ophir went up. Chollar and Belcher came down.

The supply of Produce was good, and prices continued low for Hay and Potatoes.

We record the following transactions:

OATS—600 sks at $2 87½ @ 2 90.
HIDES—1000 dry, of 11½ @ 12c.
BRAN—22 tons at $28.
POTATOES—300 sks at from 2¼ @ 3c.
BARLEY—1200 sks at $3 07½ @ 3 12½ ₩ 100 lbs.
BUTTER—300 firkins Isthmus at 31¼ @ 31c.
MOLASSES—500 bbls Sandwich Islands [illegible] at 42½ @ 40c.
OIL—10 cs of H. A. Co's, $1 45.
FLOUR—A lot of 600 bf sks Chile in bond, for export, $12 50.

UNIVERSAL LETTER WRITTEN FOR COPPERHEADS.—We think the following formula of the one in importance to constitutional Democrats. This should commit it to memory, in case of emergency: It is a copy of a letter from a Missouri guerrilla to the Provost Marshal at St. Joseph:

"MR. PROVOST, SR. J—, Mo., Sept. 23rd, 1864.
Sister Provost Marshals
DEAR SIR:—Please send me that [illegible] Dollars or I will fly a clean shirt to be hung in.
Respectfully yours till deth,
"BENJAMIN A. GRIFFITH."

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

We call the attention of persons having money to invest for a long term, to the advantages offered by the new 7 30 loan. These bonds bear interest at the rate of 7 3-10ths per cent. per annum, payable in currency until August 15th, 1867, at which time they are payable in Legal Tenders, or may, at the option of the holder, be converted into U. S. 5-20 six ₩ cent Gold bearing bonds, such as were selling in New York at last accounts at from 5 to 6 ₩ cent. premium, and which will sell at a much higher premium in consequence of the demand for them for foreign investment. This right of conversion into gold bearing bonds is estimated to be equal to 9 ₩ cent. per annum, which would make the actual profit on the 7 30 Bonds about 10 ₩ cent. per annum. They are exempted, by Act of Congress, from State and Municipal taxation, which also enhances their value, and makes them peculiarly well adapted for investment. The latest news from Europe report these Bonds as bring to much demand, particularly in Germany. Under the direction of the Government loan agents, Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia—the whole of the 5-20 loan has been absorbed, and this new loan, which offers even greater advantages, will also soon be swallowed up by foreign capitalists, to whom 10 ₩ cent. on so secure as our Government can give is too great a temptation to withstand. But the best interests of the country require that as many of these bonds as possible should be held by its own citizens, or we shall have a steady drain on our gold supply to meet the demands of the accruing interest on them. It is estimated that it will require $30,000,000 per annum to meet the interest on foreign capital already invested in United States Securities. This is an amount which it is not desirable to increase. The total estimated interest on the National debt will not exceed $100,000,000, and it is not well to have more than one third of this amount paid to bondholders outside of our own dominions, as in the event of a war with any European power—no financial difficulties might arise. We recommend our readers to examine Jay Cooke & Co.'s advertisement in to day's FLAG concerning these 7 30 bonds.

Our Local Markets.

TUESDAY, April 25.

This has been a dull day among importers and jobbers, even the auctioneers, usually so active on their sale days, were unable to do any business worth speaking of. There was quite an extensive stock of goods offered by one of the leading auction firms to day, the greater portion of which was withdrawn for want of buyers at seller's figures. 601 chests of Japan Tea ex Lady Ashby, in good order, and of superior quality, realized only 69c., the balance of the lot was withdrawn. A large quantity of China Rice was sold at a reduction on quoted market value. Coal Oil is in demand at any $1 40 @ 1 45 per gallon. Dry Goods are held more firmly by importers, and it is probable that leading staple articles have touched their lowest figures.

There was some demand for Gold Bars of high numbers and Mexican dollars for China. The ship Bucephalus, which is entered to sail on Thursday for Hongkong, will carry $250,000, probably, in gold Bars and Mexican coin.

The French occupation of Mexico has considerably affected the business in these dollars, which are held in high repute in China, and bring our merchants trading with that country, a high rate of premium. The following statement of the imports and exports of these dollars for first three months of 1864 and 1865, will exhibit the extent of the business, and how much it has been affected by the cause we have mentioned:

Receipts from	1864	1865
Mazatlan	$ 12,889	$ 94 000
Acapulco	33,000	10,000
Manzanillo	415 000	174,000
	$460,000	$238,000

Exports to	1864	1865
Shanghai	$145,000	$ 70,000
Hong Kong	396 000	100 000
Kanagawa	10,000	8 917
	552,118	215,737

These dollars are generally received in payment for goods sold to the Mexicans. In 1864 we sold them $2,199,671 worth of Merchandise, and received $1,823,626 in dollars in part payment.

The Smyrniote leaves to morrow for Honolulu. Her letter bags will be open till 11 A.M., at the office of C. W. Brooks, her agent.

By the August, which arrived this afternoon from Hongkong, we learn that the Frey Bratos, Lottie Morin, Vicator and Georges were on the berth loading for this port. The [illegible] Mitchell was to sail for Manila to load with sugars for this port. Freights were scarce and low when the August left. Rice was abundant and ruled low. Flour was selling at $10 @ $10 50 per bbl. The China papers which have come to hand contain but little news of interest.

We notice that a number of Companies have recently been incorporated for the purpose of boring for oil.

The Tilden & Fowler Oil Company filed its certificate of incorporation yesterday. Capital stock, $500,000 in 50,000 of $10 each. Trustees—A. F. Tilden, John Fowler, Samuel McCullough, J. H. Freelon and Washington Meeks.

[illegible] Oil Company filed its certificate today. Their field of operation is in Mattole Valley, Humboldt county, California. Capital stock, $100,000 in 4000 shares of $25 each. Trustees—Geo. Uerier, James D. Lawson, George W. Grant, V. Squarza and Joseph Frazier.

Legal Tenders are, again depressed. About $100,000 sold at the Boards to-day at from 70 to 70½.

The latest reported dispatches, Monday last, from New York, quoted gold at 150.

The Stock market was unusually active during the day. The Alpha advanced from 1300 to 1425 in the morning session of the San Francisco Board. Minerva stock also advanced in favor.

The supply of domestic Produce continues good. Meal, Fish and Butter are particularly abundant and prices consequently with a downward tendency. Vegetables and fruits are arriving in splendid condition from some of the southern counties.

There were several small sales of Flour and Grain, etc., at rates as follows:

FLOUR—100 bbls extra, at $15, 300 bbls Chile, at $11, 300 bbls Oregon, $13 75 @ $11.
WHEAT—300 sacks at $1 75 to $1 87½.
BARLEY—2000 sacks at $3 to $3 10.
OATS—700 sacks at $2 75 to $2 90.
HAY—100 tons at $17 50 to $18.
BRAN—24 tons at 1¼ cents ₩ lb.
POTATOES—200 sacks assorted from $2 75 to $3 75, according to quality.

THE OIL REGIONS OF HUMBOLDT.—The Humboldt *Times* gives a favorable account of the oil regions of that county, which it represents as daily attracting more attention, and drawing thither a larger and more larger crowd. Additional oil and gas springs are being discovered. Some of the companies have secured many thousand acres.—A prominent point of attraction appears to be the banks of the North Mattole and the North Fork, and Bear River. There are also other large tracts of oil producing lands in the interior, and it is confidently believed that the whole region lying between Cape Mendocino and Trinidad Head, back to the summit of the foot hills, will be found to be rich in the mineral oil.

PETROLEUM ON THE PLAINS.—Our readers will remember the story of an emigrant woman who discovered a number of oil springs on the plains, near Bear river. The region referred to is one situated in the vicinity of Quaking Asp Station, on the stage road eastward, and about ninety miles from Camp Douglas. It is owned by a company who are taking steps to improve it.

Irish Creek has been of late the scene of numerous Indian outrages—the late council having had no effect in restraining them. A panic prevails and the inhabitants are leaving as fast as possible. From Irish Creek to Don Glen the ranches have been plundered and the occupants driven away by the Indians.

"Old John B. was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was about taking a seat, his wife who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and he fell heavily to the floor. "There!" cried he triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said. You're no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

"Pat," said the mister, "I must treat you."
"God bless yer honor, said Pat.
"Which would you prefer a glass of porter or a tumbler of punch?"
"I don't want to be troublesome," said the Hibernian, but I'll take the one while you're mixing the other."

A prisoner being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer to a misdemeanor, told the prosecutor that he could convict him of being both a thief and a murderer. Upon being required to explain his assertion, said he: "Why, you ugly, villain, you killed a monkey and stole his countenance."

Weekly American Flag.

"BEWARE of the Grapevine!" screams the terrified Mother Goose. Better beware of "General Quattlebom," Mother.

THE REBELS.—A rebel fear cat in Marysville last Saturday, remarked that she could dance upon Lincoln's corpse! Hound her out!

"LET HIM BE THUS ACCURSED, O, HEAVEN!"—A poem remarkable for the sublimity of its conception and fearful in its impressions, on fourth page. Read it, and learn the traitors' experience in hell.

AN immense edition of the WEEKLY FLAG was nearly all exhausted last night. Those who expect to get any will have to be early this morning. Next week enlarged preparations will be made.

THE editor of the *Alta* appears to be in mortal terror of a grapevine. His fears are groundless, Copperheads have no reason to dread that vegetable, *unless one end is hanging loose.*

A COLORED JURY.—A colored man has just been drawn as a juror in Providence, R. I., and has taken his seat among the rest. This is an entirely new precedent in that section.

PARALLEL FACTS.—It is something remarkable that the only three States which voted for M'Clellan, also voted to reject the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.

THE TRUTH.—The Esmeralda *Union* calls Abraham Lincoln "The Savior of the Country." This is the plain truth, in a few words, and as such he should be apotheosized.

SPLENDID WORK OF DESIGNERS' AND ENGRAVERS' ART, the engraving on first page. If not already established, it would make the reputation of Messrs Jump and Keith, who are not excelled by men in their profession anywhere.

EDWARD BOSQUI, Esq., who stopped the FLAG because it was too radical, was one of Col. McKenzie's aids on Wednesday, in the funeral obsequies of the most radical Liberator, who ever lived!

SIGNIFICANT.—At an official examination of a large number of deserters from the Confederate armies, the question, "Why did you desert?" was most frequently answered thus: "*Didn't want to fight for rich men's niggers.*"

DIRT CHEAP, CHEAP DIRT.—The *Evening Bulletin* was being vociferously offered for sale last evening *for five cents a copy!* No buyers. People wouldn't give so much as half a dime. The news boys won't be apt to invest so recklessly, this evening.

STRINGENT MEASURES.—As one immediate result of the late horrible tragedy, the principal points lately captured by Federal troops will be held chiefly as military positions—until such time as the planters and others shall begin to bring in their produce and give over their contumacy.

CHANGING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS.—A general movement is expected of rebel troops in Arkansas and Texas, to join Juarez in his efforts to expel the French from Mexico. They will certainly be more creditably thus employed than in cutting the throats and picking the pockets of their countrymen.

AT SAN JOSE.—Tom Sutton, the Irish proprietor of the Bank Exchange, a drinking saloon on First street, was arrested on Monday for treasonable language, saying "that he was glad that Lincoln was assassinated, and that if he had been assassinated four years ago, a good many souls would have been saved." He has gone to Alcatraz.

THERE is a saying that Gen. McDowell intends to permit the detestable old English traitor, Marriott, to resume publication of his infamous paper under bonds of $10,000 not to publish treason. If this be so, the Department doubtless intend to occupy some one of the military companies in protecting the concern—as in the case of the *Alta*.

EXTREME GENEROSITY.—An incorrigible youth whom the newspapers refuse to dignify by any name more explicit than "Charley," was arrested in Stockton for expressing his willingness to apply one half of a year's wages to the purchase of whisky, and the other half to buying powder to celebrate the assassination of the President of the United States. He "went up."

THE DEMON PRESS.—The Marysville *Express* one those very journals which have been endeavoring with all their might to provoke the horrible event that has happened in Washington, is still printed, we see. The co-laborers in the cause of incendiarism and murder enjoy a strange impunity on this coast. Their patron saint, the Devil, seems to have established his headquarters in the regions infested by them.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.—It is said that had the police been three minutes later the *Alta* office would have been destroyed. Citizens who took part in the proceedings say so without hesitation. MacCrellish should ask the Chief of Police to take something. But, what an episode—a "loyal" journal going to be ripped up by the loyalest sort of people!

ONE MORE LEFT OF THE SAME SORT.—When "General Quattlebom" was round distributing Copperhead type, he forgot the *California Ledger* which was so obnoxious last summer that the country papers attacked and destroyed it. Often it has been sailing under other colors, but it is the same old crew—the original old Copperhead Jacobs.

THE BELLS.—When the great bell on the City Hall tolled twelve, others on the churches, answered slowly and solemnly in succession, until the remoter ones were scarcely audible. It used to be the custom for the shepherd living highest up on the Alps, to watch when the sun went down, and immediately sound on his horn, "Praise ye the Lord," and presently the mountains were full of grateful prayers, as the others re-echoed the cry. So did the bells, only the sound was one of sorrowful lamentation. "The Lord giveth to freedom, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

RINGS.—Look sharply after the proceedings of the "Columbians," "Knights of the Circle," "Democrats," or whatever they are. They are forming "rings," or "circles," according to their system, around the persons of those loyal citizens who may be possessed of any influence to counteract their schemes, hiring adjoining apartments, bribing waiters and employés, and even colonizing whole neighborhoods, while a committee follows and waylays the victim at every turn. By degrees they contrive to obtain complete possession, and sudden death or disappearance is the most probable upshot. It is believed that President Lincoln was assassinated by this means. Under no other supposition can we imagine it possible for such a deed to have occurred.

LESS PATRIOTIC THAN AN ALIEN.—A contemptible fellow from Egypt, Illinois, on the day of the celebration at Red Bluff, said to a loyal German lady, who was engaged in displaying the American colors, "What are you going to do with that rag? Such stuff as that will do very well for little boys to play in the dirt with," and other disloyal remarks concerning the emblem under which he had found protection and a home. The brute should have withered beneath the scorn of one who, although born in a foreign clime, yet loved the starry banner which had furnished an asylum for her race!

AN ABSURD FALSEHOOD, BUT WELL STUCK TO.—The *Bulletin* frequently takes occasion to convey the idea that its circulation is 12,000! "We printed 12,000 copies on Saturday, as usual" etc., repeated every day or two. In that case they must have a good many on hand yet, as comparatively few were disposed of on Saturday.

We have a very well grounded belief that the daily edition of the *Bulletin* falls short of *six thousand*, and if it continues to lose ground at present rates, three months hence it will belong, in point of circulation, as it does in point of ability, to the humble category of second or third class journals. The *bitter-rot* has set in on the *Bulletin* with a voracious appetite.

GAMMON.—The last *Dispatch* remarked that the *Bulletin* people were keeping their paper back until nearly dark, so that subscribers had to go to the office and *buy* extra copies to satisfy their anxiety. Last night the mean fellows, having been caught in a despicable ten penny speculation, tried to explain by saying that they delayed to accommodate the Committee!

When delays of that accommodating sort occur, how does it happen that copies of the paper are for sale at the publication office—price ten cents? Bah!

The Funeral Obsequies of President Lincoln, the Martyr to Freedom.

Extraordinary Demonstration of Sorrow.

TWENTY THOUSAND MEN PARTICIPATED IN THE PROCESSION.

The Entire Military Force of the City, every Loyal Civic Society, and Thousands of Private Citizens in Sorrowful Procession.

Tremendous Outpouring of the Popular Feeling.

The Heavens Burdened with Imprecations and Anathemas upon Traitors and Assassins.

The Entire Loyal Population of San Francisco Unite in Paying Respect to the Memory of Freedom's Martyr.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE EMBLEMS OF WOE.

Grand Ovation—A Solemn Dirge, Fervent Prayers, and other Interesting Services at the Pavilion.

IMMENSE CONCOURSE OF LISTENERS.

The great event of the age, the burial of the glorious Martyr of Freedom, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is over. History furnishes no parallel of a world in grief, such as was presented on Wednesday when the last mortal remains of our murdered President were consigned to the narrow bounds of his grave. No mortal ever lived on earth before whose funeral obsequies were enacted in ten thousand places simultaneously as were those of our loved, honored, venerated President, honest, faithful, fearless Abraham Lincoln, than whom no purer patriot ever adorned the history of any country. Never before was man born on earth who, from the rude labor of splitting logs in the frontier settlement of a new country, raised himself by honest, faithful devotion to liberty and his country, to become the first citizen of the grandest Republic in the world, and the greatest statesman of the age, whose death has caused such profound grief throughout the civilized world, as he whose remains were followed to the grave by the whole body of his countrymen and women on Wednesday last. The scene in this city will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, though it were impossible to convey any adequate description of it by words, for words cannot describe that which is indescribable, as was the deep, silent, sincere sorrow depicted on the faces of all the thousands that formed the mighty throng in the funeral procession in this metropolis of the Pacific. The day was radiantly clear and bright and calm as if the Ruler of the Universe had willed it that the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in our country, to give it all the grandeur and charm which nature could lend, to impress it on the hearts of the people, that "Glorious is the death of those who die in the cause of the Lord." It was a scene that must have touched the hearts of all. Strengthening the strong in the faith of the cause for which the martyr fell, encouraging the weak, and awakening to a sense of the enormity of their guilt, those who, by their hostility to his principles while he lived, were indirectly instrumental in his martyrdom. No more let it be said that "Republics are ungrateful." Never were more genuine, outward evidences of gratitude for services rendered exhibited, than were exhibited throughout our great Republic on Wednesday, at the burial of its illustrious citizen ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the great martyr of Freedom of the nineteenth century. Not a store, workshop, or public building within the broad limits of our city but what was closed and as silent as the grave. Scarce a building but was draped in mourning. The rattle of no hoof nor the rumble of a solitary wheel over the stony streets of the city broke the silence of the morning. The booming of the minute guns of the fortifications, the mournful sounds of the bells throughout the city, and the sad tap-tap tap of the muffled drums, and the footfalls of the military and civic portions of the procession as they marched to their rendezvous, were the sole sounds that fell on the ear, and filled the very air with melancholy. Never before did the gay city of San Francisco present such a sorrowful aspect—never before was black, and the habiliments of mourning among her fair daughters, so universal.

As early as 9 o'clock in the morning the troops from the Presidio and other points began to assemble within the enclosure on Washington Square, the regulars and volunteers arriving in heavy marching order, with knapsacks, blankets and canteens on their backs, as if ready for the field of strife. These accoutrements were left on the Square when the procession was formed. The volunteer troops took up their stations on the west side of the square, while the militia corps were arranged on the east, the cavalry and artillery being on the outside of the railings—the whole forming a *tout ensemble* of the military strength of the city, such as showed that in the case of necessity, the authorities are well provided with means to put down any riotous proceedings. Thousands of citizens, their wives and children, were clustered around the square, gazing on the scene which was by far the grandest military parade ever witnessed on this coast. Here was stationed for some hours the catafalque, which was examined by thousands—a description of which will be given when describing the procession.

Precisely at 12 o'clock the signal was given by the simultaneous firing of artillery at Fort Point, Alcatraz, Angel Island, and Black Point, and by the ringing of the City Hall bell, when the procession began to move, not with "all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," not with cheering music, drums beating and colors streaming, but sad cadence to the solemn tap of the muffled drum, and colors folded in crape. It was indescribably melancholy to see the gallant cortege of cavaliers with their fiery chargers, all draped in mourning marching off to the tap of the drum.

THE PROCESSION,

Starting from Washington Square through Stockton street, proceeded in the following order:

Ten mounted policemen; Judge Shepherd.

Colonel McKenzie and five aides des camps.

Chief Burke and mounted orderly followed by the

FIRST DIVISION.

The First Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Taylor, consisting of the following Companies: San Francisco Hussars, Captain Brodt; First Light Dragoons, Captain Moore; Jackson Guards, Captain O'Brien. Two mounted Mexican military officers—in all, one hundred and twenty six rank and file and seven officers.

Next followed "Bluxome's Battery," numbering 112 men, six pieces of ordnance, caissons, etc.

Then came Colonel McKeon's Regiment, under command of Lieutenant Colonel James Brewn, preceded by a Drum Corps of six boys and Christ. Andres' Band of seventeen instruments, preceded by a Drum Major. The companies in the regiment were:

Franklin Light Infantry, Captain McComb; Washington Guard, Captain Storrs; McClellan Guard, Captain Wilkinson; Liberty Guard, Captain Dixon; San Francisco Cadets, Captain McDonald; Ellsworth Zouaves, Captain McMillan; Union Guard, Captain Simmons; Oakland Guard, Captain Morse; Marksmen's Rifles (unattached), Lieutenant Harrington, in all five hundred rank and file, forty-five officers and two standard bearers.

Next came Major Lewis' Battalion of four Companies, preceded by a drum corps. The Companies in this Battalion were the Lincoln Guard, Sheridan Guard, Grant Guard, and the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets, (unattached,) in all, 362 rank and file, 17 officers and 2 field officers mounted.

Then followed the Sixth (German) Regiment, commanded by Col F. E. G. Tillel, composed of the following Companies: Co A, Capt. Ohrenerr, Co B, Lieut. Goger commanding, Co C, Capt. Mrich, Co D, Capt. Lions, Co E, Capt. Wochatz, Co F, Capt. von Seudra; Co G, Capt. Mund, Co H, Capt. Moers, Co I, Capt. John Schneider, Co K, Capt. Louis Schulze. The San Francisco Schul zen Verein numbering ten companies, accompanied the regiment, preceded by a drum corps and band of 11 instruments.

The Second (Irish) Regiment, preceded by Kidd's band followed—consisting of the following Companies: Co C, Capt. Ryan, Co A, Capt. Flynn, Co K, Capt. Higgins, Co G, Capt Hanna, Co F, Capt. Cooran, Co B, Capt Knox, Co I, Capt. Farrel, Co E, Capt. Winters; Co D, Capt. Tiernan. Col. M. C. Smith commanding. 336 rank and file, 48 officers, and 2 mounted officers.

The First Regiment, Lieut.-Col. T. B. Lodington commanding, were the next in the line, preceded by a band of 19 instruments and 12 drums. The Companies were: Co B, Capt. Wm C Little; Co D, Capt. McElwee, Co f, Capt. Moger; Co K, E. C. Nerhoff commanding, Co. A, Capt. Dewes, Co. Capt. E. Barker, Co F, Capt Simpson, Co. Capt Pratt.

General Howelon, and 10 mounted officers of his staff.

United States Military Band of 18 instruments.

Ninth Regiment of Volunteers, 480 strong.

Eighth Regiment of Volunteers, 782 rank and file.

Portions of Second, Sixth and Seventh Regiments Volunteers, Third Regiment U. S. Artillery, 14 strong. Company of boys in a sort of Zouave uniform, without jackets, with broad black silk scarfs over their left shoulders. Three boys, smart, rosy, vigorous looking little fellows, had their own drum corps, and formed one of the most interesting and suggestive sights in the procession, forcibly reminding us of the Scripture—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he grows up he will not depart therefrom."

Then followed

THE CATAFALQUE,

Which was of a quadrilateral form, on wheels, which were hidden by black and white drapery, and drawn by six magnificent greys, fully caparisoned in black drapery, with ostrich feathers upon their heads. The base above the wheels was formed of black velvet, paneled with heavy gold mouldings, into three compartments, on which were emblazoned, in heavy gold letters "Firm," "Faithful," "True," with garlands of evergreens and white roses all around it. Above the base was a truncated pyramid, of black velvet, on which leaned the national escocheon, in white, on a black ground, with the motto "E Pluribus Unum." Above this was the cenotaph, formed somewhat in the manner of a burial casket in scarlet, heavily ornamented with gold mouldings, and on each side the name—Lincoln—in heavy raised gold letters. On the platform, in front of the cenotaph, was a superb wreath of flowers, the votive offering of a number of ladies, the whole being surmounted by a minaret like dome, formed of black cloth, supported by four heavily gilded Corinthian columns, the upper portion of which were festooned with American flags, intertwined with crape. The sides and roof of the upper portion of the dome were festooned with black velvet looped up with white silk rosettes. Above the cornice were six ostrich plumes, in black, tipped with white, and another tall plume of feathers surmounting the apex of the dome, the whole being nearly twenty feet high. Considering that this work was extemporized in a few hours, it was no honor to the taste and skill of those who had the matter in hand.

Following the Catafalque came the

PALL BEARERS

His Excellency Gov. Lyon of Idaho,
His Excellency Gov. Goodwin of Arizona,

Colonel James,	Hon Ogden Hoffman
Mr H P Perkins,	Hon D D Sawyer,
Mr R D Swair,	Mr L C Gunn,
Hon Saml Brannan,	Hon Louis Cohn,
Hon Wm Sherman,	E H Parker,
Colonel Ulrich Leonard,	B W Bell,
Mr C H Baldwin,	B W Hathaway,
Hon Elkan Cohn,	Hon Nathan Porter,
J O Eaneth,	D O Mills
R C Rogers,	Wm McKibble,
Hon S R Harris,	John Sime,
Abram Seligman,	J N Risdon,
Isaac Orr,	Captain J Whitney, Jr
Oliver Eldridge,	J D Farwell,
Frederick Castle,	J B Thomas,
Richard Chenery,	Rev T G Phelps,
C Talbot,	A B Forbes,
H C McRerr,	Horace Davis.

Next came General McDowell and staff, consisting of the following officers: Col. Seawell, Col Drum, Col Babbitt, Col. Leonard, Major Kirkham, Major Fry, Major Eddy, Major Ball, Major Drew, Major Sprague, Captain Fleming, Captain Hoyt, Surgeon in Chief McCormick, Dr Kenoy, U S A.

General L. H. Allen and staff, consisting of Lieutenant Colonels S C Ellis, S O Houghton, A. W. Von Schmidt, Robert Simson, J. H. Stearns, A H Houston, Daniel Norcross, J W Brumagim, S H Harston, Majors S P. Middleton, and T. A Hodge.

As the procession moved off, the various bands struck up the solemn music for the dead, this together with the tolling of the bells and the booming of the minute guns, formed a scene of sound indescribably grand and impressive. As the procession advanced it received accession to its numbers, by the various civic organizations standing in the side streets along the route ready to join it, in the following order.

English Residents.

One hundred and fifty English residents, in charge of a Committee Messrs Witherspoon, Scott and Mr Brunell participated in the ceremonies—a fitting evidence that Lincoln's fame, like Washington's is to shine as brightly in foreign lands as in our own.

St. Andrew's Society.

The Benevolent and Protective Society of St Andrew also mustered to the number of 200, under their President, Donald McLennan. They all wore a plaid ribbon in the lappels of their coats.

Cartmen.

The Cartmen's Association had about 50 men in the procession. They wore no distinguishing badge.

German Schulzen-Verein.

This company, numbering about 60 men, under Capt. Wilson, appeared in dark green uniforms. They presented a fine appearance, in contrast with the deep black of those around them.

After them, and in the 8th Division, came the—Independent Order of Red Men—in full regalia—High Chief, Samuel Pollock. There were three Lodges of Red Men—the Pacific, the California and the Golden Gate, and they numbered in the aggregate some 150 men.

United American Order of Druids, G. W. Andrzowski, Noble Arch—50 men.

Chebra Barith Shalom Society, S. Brodek President—80 men.

Congregation Beth Israel, A. Samuels President—25 men.

A J O R S B Society, (two societies,) B. L. Brandt, Marshal—150 members.

St Joseph Benevolent Society, Golden, President—200 members.

Sodality Society, (belonging to St. Ignatius Church,) James R Kelly, Prefect—140 members.

Turn-Verein Society, A Auferman, President—13 members.

Clerk's Relief Society, I. Gulle, President—75 members.

Barbers and Hairdressers' Protective Association, in charge of Charles Flohr, Vice President—60 members.

Fire Department.

The Fire Department constituted part of the Fourth Division, A. L. Tubbs Marshal, and was headed by Chief Scannell. They numbered about 1,100 men. With them were the Chamber of Commerce, led by Vice President A. Low, Pacific Board of Brokers, German Benevolent Society, Eureka Benevolent Society, First Hebrew Society, and the Butcher's Association.

The Masons.

The Society of F. A. Masons was represented by nearly twelve hundred members—the entire Fraternity Grand Lodge members, Encampments and Subordinate Lodges were out. They wore none of the glittering gold and tinsel regalia of the Order but the simple white apron and the suits of sombre black clothing with evergreen sprigs in the lappels of their coats.

The Odd Fellows.

Over one thousand Odd Fellows were in the procession, each Lodge in the city being quite fully represented.

Mechanics Institute.

The Mechanics Institute Association, notwithstanding the very short notice, mustered over two hundred of its members. They carried a small silk banner, tastefully draped, and were a very respectable looking body of men. Too mournful of that other mechanic, D. C. Broderick, had been previously beautifully decorated with the appropriate emblems of grief by friendly hands, as is also the plain horizontal slab beneath which lie the remains of the eloquent champion of Free Labor and martyr to his country, Col. E. D. Baker.

Mercantile Library.

There were about 100 members of this Association in the procession, and the Young Men's Christian Association, to the number of about 33, also participated.

Union League.

About 1000 members of the Union League were on the march, led by H. S. Hermann, Marshal. The Grand President and Secretary of the Grand Council of the State were with them.

The Grant Club.

Between seven and eight hundred of the Grant Club—the particular foes of all traitors and traitor sympathizers—earnest and devoted friends of the country, were out under lead of F. Jones, President pro tem. They attracted universal attention from any badge or token so much as from their firm and soldierly bearing.

NINTH DIVISION.

A. S. Gould, Marshal, composed of the following organizations:

Irish American Benevolent Society, T. Mulcahy, Marshal—200 members.

Laborers' Protective Benevolent Society, James Cahill, President—200 members.

Laborers' Union, John Connell, President—100 members. The Laborers' Union has a large membership, but its material went to swell the ranks of other divisions of the procession.

Riggers and Stevedores' Benevolent Society, Wm. Byron, President—176 members.

Boilermakers' Benevolent Society, P. Kerner, President—75 members.

I O B B (Independent Order of the Sons of the Covenant,) J Greenbaum, Grand Master, and J. Biro, Marshal—250 members.

Brass band of 16 pieces.

Journeymen Shipwrights' Association, B. F. Webster, President—125 members.

Ship Joiners' Association, E. Lott, President—50 members.

Ship Caulkers' Association, H. Cardinell, Vice President—102 members.

TENTH DIVISION.

Jacob Deeth, Marshal.

Fenian Brotherhood, Jeremiah O'Mahoney, Centre—125 members. Large numbers of this extensive organization were distributed among the other portions of the procession.

Scandinavian Society, B. A. Hendrickson, President—150 members.

Union Foundry Workmen, numbering over 100, under Messrs. Booth and Scott.

Swiss Citizens—100 Swiss residents of San Francisco, under L. Wolleb, Marshal.

French Benevolent Society, E. Lazard, President—250 members.

ELEVENTH DIVISION.

The Eleventh Division, under Messrs. Hills, Marshal, was the last, and contained the Hibernian Benevolent Association—Samuel Martin, President, 70 members.

San Francisco Olympic Club—Arthur Nahl, Leader; 200 men. The club furnished 400 of its members to swell the ranks of the military and other organizations.

Eureka Typographical Union—N. K. Stoddard, President, 10 members.

Archbishop Alemany and Clergy, Faculty of St. Ignatius College, etc; numbering 210.

Italian Benevolent Society—G. B. Cerruti, President, 200 members.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Nearly three hundred colored people and twenty-five or thirty Chinese residents brought up the rear of the procession.

Six years ago such a throng might not have been tolerated in this city, but we have now colored people too often in the fiery van of the Union armies, sent to the field by Abraham Lincoln, to object now to their marching in the rear of a procession to celebrate his funeral. They were a respectable looking body of men. The Chinamen were in carriages.

The vast procession constantly received accessions during the march, till its numbers must have swelled to from eighteen to twenty thousand people.

THE PAVILION.

Long before the time for the procession to reach it, the Pavilion was thronged with ladies and their escorts who came thus early to secure good places to hear the services of the day. Every expedient that ingenuity could devise was adopted to improvise seats for them, for alas! no arrangements had been made for the audience—except on the stand intended for the officers and invited guests, which

Weekly American Flag.

[Written for the American Flag.]

EASTER EVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

What aileth thee now, O City by the Sea—what aileth thee, that thou art wholly gone up to the house tops?

The Bird of Freedom but yesterday soaring to the sun and trilling the songs of Victory—to-day on limp wing bends his head in dumb sorrow to express piteously the sublime bereavement. The glorious Banner unfurled in triumph waits only to droop at half mast and to be veiled with the drapery of the bier and the tomb, the Stars are clouded and the Stripes are in shadow. Muffled bells struggle into tones of distress, death guns are throbbing over the blue Bay—and the mourners go about the streets—O, what aileth thee now? It is said, the wise and excellent *President of these United States* is dead! *Abraham Lincoln* has been killed by the hand of a murderous traitor!—a stealthy crawling assassin! An ignobly exultant and flying coward! Miscreant! Alas! Why should we not weep?—and why should we not fly to the house tops to bewail the Good and the True dead?

Is this your deed, O sunny South? Perpetrated on one who with God like patience has so long sought to reclaim and yearned to forgive you—rather than to condemn, or punish and sent unwilling to recognize any overt act of positive treason—Is this your deed, O blind *Southern Confederacy*?

* * * * * *

At the same moment—the darkness of night over all—another steals into the guarded bed chamber of the premier, the friend and counsellor, William H. Seward—a sick old man, weakened by suffering and helpless from a fractured arm—sick and in peril of death—even while the undivided North and the whole loyal West with uplifted hands and voices prayed Heaven to spare him a little longer—a little longer (for the arc of peace had then in the sky)—under the specious pretence of ministering to his comforts, another creature of this crawling organization penetrates to his very sacred bedside—grudging him, it would seem, the few more years that nature would allow to a life and labor of universal love and of singular charity for enemy and brothers—attacks and disables his four attendants—all unarmed and unsuspecting—overcomes them with the weapons of the thief and the house breaker, with murderous meaning stabs the sick old man repeatedly in the throat and in the face—then like a thief he too flies! O, land of the cedar and the vine, can you put on a smile of [illegible] for these deeds which your children have done? Would you take the dear life of one on whom the eyes of the civilized world have been fixed in astonished admiration, these long struggling four years of your open sedition, vile conspiracy and open REBELLION? Would you have the blood of one who pitied your infirmities as a father pitieth a son that he loveth? Who has wept over your wanderings even as the BLESSED CHRIST wept over Jerusalem the City of his love? Who would have gathered you in his arms as a mother embraces her child? O, thou that destroyeth the RULERS of my people, what shall be done unto thee?

Land of the dark cypress, prophetic of these crimes—do you call these things chivalric? Are these the noblest deeds thy sons can boast?

Ah, who taught you this lofty warfare? whose is this system of tactics?

Did it come of the lessons of our fathers—your father and ours?

Was it your separate inheritance with us—descending from the patriots of the Revolution? When did it ever enter their holy counsels thus to free themselves from the real injustice and oppressive laws of a tyrannical lunatic and his greedy ministers?

Ho! Old World! Stop and look while I show you these gallant weapons of this boasted Chivalry! Here is the hidden revolver, observe this novel war-plan of playing the *battery-de-covert*! There is the *billet* and the slung shot! instruments so low that the scholar searches all printed vocabularies in vain to find their derivation and orthography.

Behold, O world! this wonderful Confederacy of our high toned Southern brethren! See what glory they win out of the weapons of the thief and the valor of the murderer!

Sic semper tyrannis! "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Is it not a sentiment that rolls smoothly and sweetly out of the lips of this mouthpiece of a people who, from the beginning until now, have sorely oppressed with stripes and manacles and chains and prisons, and hunting with bloodhounds unto death, four millions of human creatures bereft of their primeval heritage, born and raised on their own lands, of their own flesh and blood?

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Oh, Old World! I hear your grim laughter. Gallant Confederacy! Let these be the crowning acts of your Slaveholders Rebellion! Excellent climax of an inordinate and cancerous revolt—these be the crowning acts. The crafty counsels of Charleston and of Richmond cannot exceed, though driven from those infamous cities you go to hold your infamous conclave in the deepest den of all Tartarus.

[But, O, my God, keep not Thou silence! Hold not Thy peace, and be not still, O, God!]

O, rebellious and apostate South, look upon the foul page you have written in the history of the world for the perusal of the ages unborn! O, pray you, there may be no names recorded with these crimes. Let men and women and little children be spared the thrill of terror at their mention through all coming time, lest the stricken North and loyal West do perpetually blush in all their generations and hang their heads with shame for these deeds of their Southern brethren.

Did I say brethren? Nay, nay, brethren no longer—*fiends!* Go, cast yourselves all into the deep, deep seas! Let the waters quick engulph you! Ah, though they were deeper and broader than ten thousand wide rolling [illegible], it were all too little to cleanse you of the deadly stains upon your whole flesh! Go, call on the rocks and the dark mountains to fall on you; if so be, you may be saved from the fierce gathering breath of the North—lest you meet the long averted fierce wrath of the North in her day of bitterest vengeance!

Ah! ah! ah! Go creep you into the belly of hell—to God alone belongeth vengeance. Let Him repay it! that men may know that Thou whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth.

O, San Francisco, city of restlessness, but yesterday trembling with compassionate joy, and decked with triumphant banners, go ye up now to the housetops and mourn your beloved! O, whole California! gather ye no blossoms in all your rare valleys, hide your face from the ripening grain, pluck not the luscious berry or the gleaming peach, darken your flower-girt dwelling, let not light shine therein; let not the sound of the harp be heard there nor the song of birds; nor the prattle of the little ones. Taste not the fruit of the vine, breathe not the odor of rose, or violet, or heliotrope, put off your beautiful "garments inlaid with gold," clothe you and your household in sables and sit you in ashes and mourn—mourn for your slain men—not slain with the sword or dead in battles!

But rejoice not, O base and unworthy enemy!—though we stagger like men full of woes, we shall rally again to CONQUEST! Behold I tell you the blood of these martyrs is the awful baptism of the REGENERATION OF REPUBLICAN FREEDOM, nay, I tell you more, this shedding of innocent blood shall abide with you in all your generations as a CURSE for ever and forever!

Sic semper tyrannis! Ah, strangely prophetic words! He that runneth, though he be unlearned may read their true virtues. *By this deed perisheth the Southern Confederacy, its criminal leaders and its rotten institutions.*

APRIL 19.—O, my soul; the sound of the trumpet—the dirge, the requiem, and the muffled drum! O, the gathering crowd, the towering catafalque and the nodding plumes! O, the mournful procession, the tolling bells, and the death-guns of Alcatraz booming over the blue bay! O, the sobs of a widowed Nation—a Nation already exhausted with weeping for her slaughtered heroes! Now she casts herself prone upon the ground, and vexes the ear of the bewildered world with the cries of her breaking heart, for her sons, her noble ones are dead, and her Chief is no more. * * *

FIRM, FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

Bending over this bier the laurel-wreathed bier of *Abraham Lincoln* crowned with immortal renown, O, *Andrew Johnson*—California reaches out her arms to you.

Heavy with grief—weary with sighing, her golden head droops upon her bosom—her unbound tresses are glittering with the dew of her tears—but she lifts her jeweled hands from the cold brow of her dead and places them in reticent blessing upon your head. In this time of her tribulation The Great God hath graciously shown us a token for good. Surely He it is, who, in the midst of these perplexities hath already opened your mouth with supremest wisdom. Out of the depths of her bitter and sudden, and infamous bereavement, she solemnly accepts the virgin sentiment of your official lips: "Mercy to individuals is not always mercy to the State."

Hail! Andrew Johnson, President of the United States! M. C. M. L.

The Lumber Dealers' Resolutions.

[ACCIDENTALLY OMITTED FROM THE "FLAG" OF WEDNESDAY MORNING.]

Resolutions passed at a meeting of the Lumber Dealers' Association, April 18th, 1865:

WHEREAS, Abraham Lincoln, the beloved and revered *President of the United States*, the man whom the people delighted to honor, the true patriot, the great statesman, the noble and generous heart, has been basely assassinated by traitors at the capital of the nation:

Resolved, That this great bereavement has brought to our hearts a desolation and grief too great for words to express.

Resolved, That we feel that the terrible vengeance of an outraged people should justly follow the perpetrators of this infamous and dastardly crime.

Resolved, That in our present feeling of deep sorrow and indignation, our only trust is in God, that he will sustain our rulers in their endeavors to crush out this accursed rebellion, and save to us unbroken, one beloved country.

Resolved, That we will close our places of business, and participate in the obsequies of the late President on Wednesday next, and wear some badge of mourning for thirty days.

The Association then adjourned without transacting any further business.

J. E. DE LA MONTAGNIE, Secretary.

THE O'BYRNE COURT OF INQUIRY.

TWENTIETH DAY.

The members of the Court assembled at the usual hour yesterday morning, and after the usual formalities, examined

CAPT. T. J. CUNDELL, who, on being sworn, stated that his occupation originally had been that of captain of a ship, but at present he was a shipping agent in San Francisco, in which city he has resided for the past fifteen years, that he had known Lieut. O'Byrne about two years.

O'Byrne.—Do you know a Mr. Meldrum, and do you know when he was last in this city on his way to England?

Witness.—Yes, I know him very well; I was introduced to him by Lieut. O'Byrne; in September, 1863, I think it was.

O'Byrne.—Did he ever tell you that I procured a passage for himself and wife in New York?

Witness.—He did.

O'Byrne.—Did Mr. Meldrum ever make any representations to you, in my presence, relating to what were his intentions about going into business in this State on his return from Europe? If so, what were his remarks?

Witness.—He said he was going to organize a company with sufficient capital to cut timber and work coal mines on a large tract of land that had been granted to him on the southwest coast of Vancouver's Island; and furthermore, that he wished me to remain here to act as agent for the company, to charter vessels to carry spars to Europe, that he should return from his visit to Europe in about six months from the time he left. Through these representations, I introduced him to Mr. Vaillant, who had a large contract to supply the French and Spanish Governments with spars. Mr. Vaillant made arrangements to meet him in London about the matter, which he did.

Col. Andrews.—Do you know this of your own knowledge?

Witness.—Yes, sir; I know this from what Mr. Vaillant (who has returned, and is here now) told me, and from letters which he wrote to persons in this city while he was away. He told me that Meldrum was all broken up, that he was a lunatic, and that the representations he had made here were wholly without foundation.

Col. Andrews.—This character of testimony is wholly irrelevant to the case before the Court, and I direct the recorder to erase it from his report.

Witness, proceeding,—I went down to the steamer, when he was about to sail, and introduced Mr. Meldrum to Captain [illegible], who treated him with every consideration during the voyage. I remember seeing Mr. O'Byrne there at the time.

O'Byrne.—Did Mr. Meldrum ever tell you that he was about to form a company to establish a regular line of business in this city?

Witness.—Yes, he did.

O'Byrne.—Did you not also introduce Mr. Meldrum to Mr. James Gallagher of this city, and for what purpose?

Capt. Ulio.—These are frivolous questions, and should not be put to the witness.

O'Byrne.—I appeal to the Court to grant me an opportunity to vindicate myself from charges that have been brought against me. My accusers and their witnesses have been granted every privilege in the introduction of testimony against me, and I appeal to the Court to grant me an equal opportunity to introduce evidence in my defense without a member of the court treating me with so much discourtesy.

Col. Andrews.—I assure you, Lieut. O'Byrne, that the purpose of this Court is to make a thorough investigation of the testimony on both sides of the case. No member of the Court will be permitted to interfere with its proceedings; but it is a matter with me to decide whether any member is acting improperly, and not with you.

Witness—proceeding with his testimony—I introduced Mr. Meldrum to Mr. Gallagher for the purpose of consulting on the possibility of building a wharf at the foot of Third street. He then said that he had a franchise for that purpose, which would expire in May 1864, and that he must be back from England before that time and everything would then be settled.

O'Byrne.—Did Mr. Meldrum ever tell you that in consequence of the opposition of certain parties in Victoria his business there went wrong, and that he was therefore short of funds and obliged to return to London to consult with a banker named McKeon about the matter?

Witness.—He did.

O'Byrne.—Did Mr. Meldrum ever tell you that he had letters from Mr. McKeon, a London banker, authorizing him to draw to the extent of 100,000 pounds for investment in Victoria, and that he was prevented from using this money through some trouble about money matters in that Colony, but that he would arrange the matter when he got to London?

Witness.—He did.

O'Byrne.—Do you know who procured Mr. Meldrum's passage to New York? and how do you know it?

Witness.—Both Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum told me that Mr. O'Byrne procured their passage to New York on board the steamer *Moses Taylor*.

Captain Ulio.—Were you present all the time during the conversation between Mr. Meldrum and Mr. Gallagher?

Witness.—I was also.

Lieutenant O'Byrne here introduced a package of letters from prominent citizens of this State, addressed to the Governor in his favor, which Colonel Andrews informed him were too [illegible] to be read at the present sitting of the Court, but might be appended to the report of the proceedings to be transmitted to headquarters. Mr. O'Byrne requested that these letters might be shown to the reporters that they might publish such portions of them as they thought proper. The Colonel objected to any such arrangement, as being contrary to rules governing the action of the Court.

The Court then held a private consultation [illegible] pending.

Judge Drummond was introduced to give evidence in relation to the character of the prosecuting witness, Albert S. Evans, of the *Alta*, whom he knew in Chicago as a disreputable character—but the Court decided to hear no more evidence in this case, and adjourned till Thursday next—when probably, its proceedings will terminate.

IN MEMORIUM.

At a regular meeting of 6th Infantry, Division No. 47, Sons of Temperance, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, the world, as well as this Nation, having sustained a loss whose magnitude cannot be estimated, in the sudden and violent death of our Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln, whose clear mind and steady hand have guided us through the most malignant storm of civil war known to history, therefore be it

Resolved, That we in common with all pure patriots, are deeply grieved in the loss which this country has sustained in the death of our President Abraham Lincoln.

2d, That, in respect to the memory of the departed Statesman and pure patriot, all business at the meeting be suspended, that we adjourn, and our hall be draped in mourning for thirty days.

3d, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the DAILY AMERICAN FLAG, the *Sacramento Union*, and the *Alta California*.

W. W. KENNEDY, W. P.
W. S. JAMES, R. S.

Benicia Barracks, April 15th, 1865.

I. O. of G. T.—At a regular meeting of Evening Star Lodge No. 114, I. O. G. T., held Thursday evening, April 20th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the assassination of President Lincoln, a blow was aimed at our national existence; and

WHEREAS, The deed which laid in death our revered Chief Magistrate, is but the result of rebel [illegible] teachings and principles, therefore be it

Resolved, By the Evening Star Lodge No. 114, Independent Order of Good Templars, that we look with horror upon the act of the assassin; that we hereby renew our resolves to be true to our country; that we add our cries to the lamentations of the nation and mourn the President, Patriot and Man, in whom we recognize, with all else, the consistent advocate of the cause to which, as a society, we are pledged for life.

Resolved, That our charter and emblems be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and published.

[From the Gold Hill (Nevada) News.]

Will Fawn, Now.

J. W. SIMONTON, the notorious black mail correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, in a recent letter made a fierce attack on Andy Johnson. The next month's steamer will bring for our edification a rigmarole of flattery for "Andy," penned by the same slandering ink slinger who wrote the *Bulletin* abuse of the noble statesman. Speaking in that connection, we have read and re-read Andy's inaugural speech, as Vice President, and we have to say that if it had borne inherent evidence of his intoxication—as "J. W. S." says it does—then Andy's liquor (like Grant's) should have a general distribution among the "powers that be" in the land. The head and front of his offending was that he avowed himself a "plebeian" before the gold laced representatives of foreign, monarchical Governments; told that Chase and the rest of Uncle Sam's officers were "plebeians;" said the United States Government was "plebeian," said he was proud of it all and—and—and, when the Senate reassembled after the President's second inaugural had been delivered, Andy did not make a prompt appearance in their midst. Oh! fastidious "J. W. S." —thou sober liar and black mail maligner! How hast thou exalted thyself? Now cringe and crawl, as thou wilt, struggle thyself into the popular favor of the President, and write "The President said so and so to me on such a night," as thou would like to make the real circumstance of thy presence in proximity to the person of the President, on a public occasion, a verification of thy falsely scheming [illegible]. Out! Let Andy's kitchen servants be drunk as boiled owls, they'll not [illegible] their moodling on thee. Thou branded braggart, thou whipped whelp, thou licentious loafer, thou trembling cowardly apologist for treason up to the hour of battle, out!

LOOK TO THE SCHOOLS.—The Gold Hill *News*, in view of the new system of purgation by which American society is to be rid of traitors, advises that we "look to the conduct of our schools." It is said that several teachers in Virginia are traitors of the vilest stamp, and that their evil influence corrupts the children. The same assertion applies with equal force in San Francisco, and we do not think that making these sympathizers take the oath will materially help us. Their tribe will always take the oath for the sake of the salary.

EASTERN TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

New Orleans, April 13th.—The *Times* has the following special dispatches from Lakeport dated the 13th: "I have just arrived from Mobile. The stars and stripes were hoisted on Batteries Porter and McIntosh at 10 o'clock A. M. yesterday, and on Big Church steeple, Mobile at 2:30 P. M. Granger's forces occupy the city. The rebels commenced evacuating on the 10th, and continued until yesterday, when all left. The tug boat Allena was blown up by a torpedo yesterday."

Condition of Mr. Seward.

Washington, April 19th.—Secretary Seward is so much better to-day, that he was able to be assisted from bed, and supported at the window, witnessed the passage of a portion of the funeral procession. Frederick is also improving.

Obsequies to the President.

Washington, April 19th.—Solemn funeral rites and obsequies of the late President Lincoln were held to-day in the Capitol. No greater fealty to the memory of the illustrious dead was ever demonstrated in the annals of civilization. Dawn was ushered in by the heavy booming of salutes of the minute guns from the fortifications surrounding the city. At a very early hour people began to assemble in the vicinity of the Executive Mansion, which was almost entirely draped in crape, as also were all the public and private residences in the vicinity. All our city public houses and private residences were closed. Emblems of mourning appeared from every cornice, and furled from every window, the inmates poured forth by thousands into the streets, and by ten o'clock the thoroughfares were in many places impassable. Pennsylvania Avenue, from Willard's to the White House, presented but one dense mass of people, while the adjacent streets, for half a mile in every direction, were filled with military companies and all the processions from a distance. Trains were bringing hundreds every hour. Between ten and eleven o'clock the military escort formed in line on Pennsylvania Avenue, the left resting on Fifteenth street. The escort consisted of two regiments of infantry, two battalions of cavalry, eight pieces of artillery, and one battalion of marines, headed by a full band. There were other military companies also accompanied by bands.

At noon the ceremonies commenced in the east room. The ceiling was draped with crape, and the borders of the mirrors hung with emblems of mourning. The drapery gave the room a dim light, that added to the solemnity of the mournful scene.

President Johnson stood beside the remains of the lamented President during the funeral oration. General Grant stood at the head of the corpse, while members of the Cabinet and ex Vice President Hamlin were grouped about.

Rev. Dr. Hall, the Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, read portions of the Episcopalian service for the burial of the dead, commencing with "Lord let me know my end and the number of my days, that I may be certain how long I have to live. Behold! Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect to Thee, and verily every man living is altogether vanity."

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, offered a prayer in which he touchingly alluded to the Emancipation Proclamation and other noteworthy deeds performed by President Lincoln. Reverend Doctor Gurley then read the funeral oration, and paid a high tribute to the memory of the late President. At 2 o'clock the remains were taken to the Capitol by a procession over three miles in length and were placed in the Rotunda, where the body will lie in state during to-day and to-morrow, and will be conveyed under escort to Springfield, Illinois, via Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, and Chicago.

Washington, April 19th.—All the foreign Ministers, with attaches, in all fifty six, were present at the funeral services at the Executive mansion to-day. Their place in the programme came directly after the President and Cabinet. This, for the first time in our history, was in accordance with the usage of foreign nations, where the diplomatic corps follows the monarch. Heretofore they have been placed in the Programme after the ex Presidents, Justices of the Supreme Court and members.

Upon the arrival of the head of the procession at the east front of the Capitol, the coffin was borne to the centre rotunda. President Johnson stood at the foot of the coffin, surrounded by a throng of Senators, high military officers, and a small number of Illinoisians as chief mourners. Dr. Gurley, standing at the head of the coffin, uttered a few most impressive remarks, chiefly in the solemn words of scripture, consigning the dead ashes of the once animated soul of Abraham Lincoln, to the original dust. The deep tones of his voice reverberated from the vast walls and ceiling of the rotunda, now first used for such a solemn occasion. During the impressive scene, many were affected to tears.

New York, April 19th.—It is estimated a hundred and twenty five thousand people were on the streets of Washington, to-day, to witness the funeral ceremonies.

Chicago, April 19th.—The National Monument Fund is on foot, and a plat of ground of six acres in the heart of the city of Springfield, Illinois, has been selected as the burial place of the lamented President Lincoln.

Chicago, April 19th.—Despatches from Halifax, St. John, Montreal, and other points of the British Provinces say there was a general suspension of business, display of flags at half mast, and other manifestations of deep sympathy with the people of the United States and respect for the character of the deceased. Press dispatches from all parts, east and west, state that the day was universally observed—all business suspended, churches filled, and the services and appropriate orations delivered.

New York, April 20th.—The *Herald's* Washington despatch says it was Ex Governor Farwell, of Wisconsin who notified Mr. Johnson of the murder of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Johnson had retired for the night when notified. Prompt measures were taken for his protection. But for the presence of mind on the part of Governor Farwell in all probability Mr. Johnson would also have been murdered. In the excitement produced by the knowledge of the murder of Mr. Lincoln, an unusual stir was heard in a room adjoining Mr. Johnson's where unknown men with pistols and dirks were found.

From Virginia.

New York, April 20th.—The *Herald's* advices from Winchester, the 18th, say that Mosby surrendered his forces to General Chapman, at Perryville, on the 11th, on terms similar to those granted to Lee. It is understood that Gen. Rosser has also asked that his command be included in the cartel. Mosby's men number, probably, seven hundred. Great numbers of Lee's soldiers are arriving within our lines. They scout the idea that any portion of the army had gone to Johnston, and say when the case is fully understood by Johnston's men that they can go to their homes, that they will go.

Rewards Offered.

Washington, April 20th.—The War Department offers a reward of fifty thousand dollars for the arrest of the assassin of the President, and twenty five thousand each for the arrest of G. A. Atzerodt and David C. Harold, accomplices of Booth. All persons harboring or secreting said persons, or either of them, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President, to be subject to trial before a military commission, and punished with death.

Miscellaneous.

Newbern, April 13th.—Information reaches us to-night that the rebels have destroyed their only navy yard at Halifax on Roanoke river, as a corollary to our victory at Richmond. Two vessels, one a ram and the other a gunboat, intended for operations on the North Carolina sounds, and in process of construction, participated in the destruction.

Cincinnati, April 20th.—The Nashville papers announce the death of Andrew Jackson, Jr., the adopted son of General Jackson.

Wilberforce University, in Green county, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on Friday. Loss, $50,000.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

Dates to April 6th.

New York, April 19th.—The steamer *Persia* from Liverpool the 8th and Queenstown the 9th has arrived.

The pestilence at St. Petersburg was abating.

Mr. Cobden was buried on the 7th, the proceedings being solemn and touching.

In the House of Commons, on the 7th, Lord Elcho moved for the correspondence relative to the proposed Canadian defences. He deprecated the erection of a defence which could only have the effect of irritating Americans to make Canada a battle ground. The policy of fortifying was questioned by several speakers, but the duty of the British Government to defend Canada was generally conceded.

The Ministers opposed the production of papers pending the conference with the delegation appointed by the Canadian Government to confer with the Imperial Government, and shortly expected in England. Finally, the motion was withdrawn.

On the following day Lord Elcho asked for information as to the approaching conference with the Canadian deputation. Lord Cardwell said four members of the Canadian Council were expected to confer with the Government, and the result of the conference would be promptly communicated to Parliament, and nothing will be done to bind the country without the full knowledge and consent of Parliament.

Portland, April 19th.—The steamer *Belgian* from Liverpool the 7th and Londonderry the 7th has arrived.

A dispatch from Melbourne, February 23rd, says war has recommenced in New Zealand, and the British troops had suffered considerable loss.

The plague continues at St. Petersburg. The total cases were 10,000, and the deaths 2,000, being an average of 100 a day.

New York, April 21.—The *Times'* Spanish Point Fort correspondent says there were captured in the defences of Mobile, 316 guns, of which the Spanish Point Fort had 16. The rebel gunboats escaped up the river, but they will be captured or destroyed. There were five of them—four ironclads. Our losses are about one thousand, those of the rebels in killed and wounded, not less than two thousand.

West Gulf Squadron, U. S. Ship Stockade, off Mobile, April 12th.—I have the honor to inform the Department, that on Monday, the 10th instant, subsequent to the capture of Fort Alexis and the Spanish Point Fort, the *Octorara* and ironclads were enabled in consequence of the dredging of Blakely river, to move up the river nearly abreast of Spanish Point Fort, from which point Lieut. Commander Low, with his rifled guns, shelled with great precision Forts Huger and Tracy, and with such effect that both the forts were evacuated in the evening of the 9th, and our forces took possession, capturing a few prisoners in the adjoining marsh forts. I shall hold them until Gen. Canby can garrison them with his troops. This morning I moved with the gunboats, conveying eight hundred men of Granger's force to invest the side of Mobile Bay, for the purpose of attacking Mobile. On our arrival we soon ascertained that the enemy had evacuated all their defences and retreated with gunboats up the Alabama River. The gunboats will in a few days unquestionably be captured unless destroyed by the rebels themselves. General Granger and myself have just sent into Mobile a formal demand to the Mayor for its unconditional surrender, which will undoubtedly be accorded, as the city is now at our mercy. The navy has already hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the walls of Fort Pinto and the Spanish River Battery, and three forts below it, within [illegible] Bend. I shall place a sufficient number of gunboats in front of the city to give efficient protection to the loyal inhabitants, of whom I learn there are a great number. General Canby, with the forces under his immediate command, is at present up Blakely River. One hundred and fifty torpedoes have been removed from Blakely River by Commander Crosby. (Signed) H. K. THATCHER, Rear Admiral Com'dg West Gulf Squadron.

The President's Obsequies.

Baltimore, April 21st.—The remains of President Lincoln arrived at 10 o'clock, and the escort was very large. The stores are all closed, and the whole population in the streets. The remains will lie in state until 2 o'clock.

Pursuit of Booth.

Tamaqua, Pa., April 21st.—Booth has not yet been arrested, but has been traced as far as [illegible]. The man arrested on suspicion has been discharged.

Testimonial to Mrs. Lincoln.

Boston, April 21.—A movement has been started here to raise one hundred thousand dollars, by one dollar subscriptions, to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln, as a token of the respect and veneration felt by the people for their deceased President.

Paroling Lee's Army.

New York, April 21st.—The *Herald's* correspondent says the paroling of Lee's army was completed on the 13th. The official reports put the number of men at 28,115, and 59 pieces of artillery, 71 stand of colors, 15,918 stand of small arms, 1,100 wagons, caissons, etc., and 100 horses and mules.

Washington, April 22d.—As reports have been in circulation for some time of a correspondence between Generals Johnston and Sherman, the memorandum or basis of what was agreed upon, and the results, are now given:

Memorandum or basis of agreement, made this 18th day of April, 1865, near Durham's Station, North Carolina, by and between Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate Army, and Maj. Gen. Sherman, commanding the Army of the United States in North Carolina—both present.

First, The contending armies now in the field to maintain their status quo until notice is given, by the commanding General, to either army, of its opponent. A reasonable time, say forty eight hours, is allowed the Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State Capitals, there to deposit their arms and public property in the State Arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from all acts of war, and abide the action of both the State and Federal authorities. The number of arms to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington City, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

Third, The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments, and their officers and Legislatures, on their taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Fourth, The re-establishment of all the Federal Courts of the several States, with their powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

Fifth, The people and inhabitants of all the States are to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchises, as well as their rights of person and property as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of the States respectively.

Sixth, The Executive authority of the Government of the United States is not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war, so long as they live in peace and quiet and abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey the laws in existence at the place of their residence.

Seventh, In general terms, to grant a general amnesty, so far as the Executive Power of the United States can command one, on condition of the disbandment of the Confederate armies and the distribution to their farms, and resumption of peaceful pursuits by the officers and men, as hitherto composing the said armies.

Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves promptly to obtain the necessary authority, and to carry out the above programme.

(Signed.) WM. T. SHERMAN, Commanding the army of the United States in North Carolina.

(Signed,) J. E. JOHNSTON, General Commanding Confederate States Army in North Carolina.

The President's Ultimatum—Sherman's Terms Disapproved.

Washington, April 22d.—Yesterday evening a bearer of dispatches arrived from General Sherman's army with an agreement for the suspension of hostilities, and the memorandum of what is called a basis for peace, which had been entered into on the 18th inst. by General Sherman with the rebel General Johnston. The rebel General Breckinridge was present at the conference.

A Cabinet meeting was held at eight o'clock in the evening, at which the action of Gen. Sherman was disapproved of by the President, Secretary of War, Gen. Grant, and by every member of the Cabinet. General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities immediately, and was directed that the instructions given him by the late President, in the following telegram, which was penned by Mr. Lincoln himself, at the Capitol on the 3d of March, were approved by President Johnson, and were ordered to govern the action of military commanders. On the night of the 3d of March, while President Lincoln and his Cabinet were at the Capitol, a telegram from Gen. Grant was brought to the Secretary of War, informing him that Gen. Lee had requested an interview or conference to make arrangements for terms of peace. The letter of Lee was published in a letter from Davis to the rebel Congress. Gen. Grant's telegram was submitted to Mr. Lincoln, who, after pondering a few moments, took up his pen and wrote with his own hand the following reply, which he submitted to the Secretary of War and Secretary of State. It was then dated, addressed and signed by the Secretary of War, and telegraphed to Gen. Grant, as follows:

Washington, March 3rd, 1865.—*To Lieutenant General Grant*: The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on some minor and purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. In the meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

(Signed,) STANTON.

Movements of Jeff Davis.

The orders of General Sherman to General Stoneman to withdraw from Salisbury, North Carolina and join him, will probably open the way for Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe with his plunder, which is reported to be very large, including not only the plunder of the Richmond banks, but previous accumulations. A dispatch received by this Department from Richmond, says "It is stated here by respectable parties that the amount of specie taken South by Jeff Davis and his party is very large, including not only the plunder of the Richmond banks, but the previous accumulations. They hope, it is said to make terms with Sherman, or some other Southern commander, by which they will be permitted, with their effects, including their gold and plunder, to go to Mexico or Europe. Johnston's negotiations look to this end, and after the Cabinet meeting last night, General Grant started for North Carolina, to direct operations against Johnston's army.

(Signed) STANTON.

President Johnson's Address to the Colored People of Tennessee—The Black Man's Moses.

The Vice President elect has some time ago, addressed a meeting of the colored people in Nashville and vicinity. In giving a sketch of this address, a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, says:

"Looking at this vast crowd of colored people," continued the Governor, "and reflecting through what a storm of persecution and obloquy they are compelled to pass, I am almost induced to wish that, as in the days of old, a Moses might arise who should lead them safely to their promised land of freedom."

"'You are our Moses,' shouted several voices, and the exclamation was caught up and cheered until the Capitol rang again.

"'God,' continued the speaker, 'no doubt, has prepared, somewhere, an instrument for the great work He designs to perform in behalf of this outraged people, and in due time your leader will come forth, your Moses will be revealed to you.'

"'We want no Moses but you!' again shouted the crowd.

"'Well, then,' replied the speaker, 'humble and unworthy as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage, to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies, and when this strife, in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life.'

"It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which followed these words. Joy beamed in every countenance. Tears and laughter followed each other in quick succession. The great throng moved and swayed back and forth in the intensity of emotion; and shout after shout rent the air."

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.—The Virginia *Union* is out in favor of extending the right of suffrage to the negro.

[Written for the Daily American Flag.]

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

BY ROBERT J. PRESTON.

And now, along the crowded Mall, the funeral cortege comes,
Columbia's standard draped on high—hark to the muffled drums!
There's sorrow's gloom upon each face; some have seen sad rights before,
And their step is measured, by the march, for him who is no more.
Ah! many a time aiding strength, they've dragged the heavy gun,
Their wrinkled faces can tell of battles lost and won;
And some, no doubt, can show their scars, when death around them flew
At Malvern, Springfield, Donelson, or sanguine Carthage, too.

The music falls with mournful wail, upon each hearer's ear,
Still tears are starting to the cheek of some old Dearghera(?) near,
The Nation feels her sudden loss, and heaves a parting sigh—
The Nation's pride, the Nation's Chief, too soon, alas to die.
Oh! where can vengeance raise her arm, to strike the assassin low?
Oh! where on earth, from justice, can this foul traitor go?
Who dares give root to shelter him? 'Tis death to take his part,
He's stricken down the Nation's Chief, and broke the Nation's heart.

Our flag which God with victory blest, but a few days ago,
Is wrapped in emblems of the grave and trappings of deep woe;
And he who strove to raise it more, has been a sacred trust,
Soon friendly hands must now consign his dust to kindred dust.
But, hark! A deafening peal is heard! Along the gloomy shore,
The minute guns, with fiery breath, proclaim his days are o'er.
Again, we see the assembled throng with reverence look aside,
To take the farewell glance at him who was his country's pride.

O Spirit of the Honor'd Dead! God was your shield and right,
Your work is done. Your life expired tremendous in this fight.
Your armor it is thrown aside, and taken is the lance,
No more your charger is equipped as sounds the loud advance.
But other fights as yet may come, our foes are not subdued,
For long and the battle-plain may be with blood bedewed;
But fight to crush base slavery, we shall, we must, we can,
Trusting to God, who holds the fate, of country, law and man.

[From the Flag's Evening Dispatch.]

LET HIM BE THUS ACCURSED, O, HEAVEN!

Accursed be the name forever, of Booth,
While earth shall exist, or planets shall move!
Accursed be the air, the land or the sea,
Whereon they stop, where'er they may be!
The food that they eat be bitter with gall,
Each drop that they drink, with scorpions crawl!
And, oh! may the bed whereon they would sleep
Be cursed with the slime where *Copperheads* creep.

And, God! let the curse in treble weight fall
On him who, like Judas, bereft us of all,
Of all that a people in glory could boast—
America's idol the nation has lost.
Let fibres and nerves to serpents now turn,
Each one *seven headed*, volcanoes to burn,
Each move that he makes, each breath that he breathes,
Be laden with curses more mighty than these.

And, oh! let the spot whereon he may stand,
Be black with pollution, the traitor's own brand;
The arm that accomplished the God cursed deed,
From its millions of pores, hell's brimstone bleed;
And the tongue that repeated, in fiendish glee,
"*Sic semper tyrannis*," a flaming brand be,
Each hair on his head, hissing demons that yell
And prove by their torture the triumphs of hell.

When death shall have come, for body and soul,
The veil between heaven and earth be unrolled,
The vengeance of God so terrible be
That devils in wonder will linger to see,
Instead of one soul, a legion appear,
Whose curse each one feels, each one is to bear,
While seven times hotter the billowy sea
Shall damn them combined through eternity!

ZONA.

[For the American Flag.]

POEM,

In commemoration of the death of Abraham Lincoln, delivered at the great Public Meeting of Colored Citizens on Tuesday evening, 18th of April, 1865.

BY J. MADISON BELL.

I.

Wherefore half mast and waving sadly,
And seeming ill disposed to move,
Are those bright emblems which so gladly
Were wont to wave our homes above?
And why is all this lamentation?
And why these outward signs of woe?
And why is this all glorious nation
In this her hour of hope bowed low?

II.

Wherefore those marks of grief and sorrow
So visible on every face?
To what foul deed of bloody horror
Do all these gloomy signs retrace?
Aback to the walls and lofty spire!
Back to the Nation's Halls of State!
Back to our country's bleeding sire!
Back to our dying Magistrate!

III.

We know not why God has permitted
This tragic scene, this bloody deed,
An act so seemingly unfitted,
In this surprising hour of need.
Though none perhaps may the intention,
Or the wondrous purpose tell,
Of this direful life suspension—
Yet God, the Lord, doth all things well!

IV.

Our Nation's Father has been murdered!
Our Nation's Chieftain has been slain!
By traitorous hands most basely ordered,
And we, his children, feel the pain.
Our pain is mixed with indignation,
Our sorrow is not purely grief,
And nothing short of a *Irodiion*(?)
From *Treason's* heart, can bring relief.

V.

Hence we, in sight of earth and heaven,
On bended knee, with lifted hand,
Swear, as we hope to be forgiven,
To drive foul treason from the land!
Henceforth we'll grant nor ask them quarter,
Exterminate! shall be our cry,
Fathers and sons, and wives and daughters!
Rebellion's hated brood shall die!

VI.

And that fair land so long polluted
By the sweat of unpaid toil,
Shall be by liberty uprooted,
And thickly spread with freedom's soil.
Thus we'll avenge the death of Lincoln,
His noble principles maintain,
Till every base inhuman falcon
Is swept from freedom's broad domain,
Until from terrace and from turret,
From mountain height and prairie wide,
One flag shall wave—and freedom's spirit
In peace and love o'er all preside!

NORA IN THE VALE

"None on earth, but one in Heaven!"
And the words are murmured low,
For the memory of her lost one
Fill's the mother's heart with woe,
One long, sunny, glittering ringlet,
Clipped from off that infant brow,
Is the only thing remaining
Of her little Nora now.

"None on earth, but one in Heaven!"
Swells the father's aching breast;
Ah! he sees the lovely vision
Of the dear one laid to rest!
Where the old oak tree is waving,
And the violets, meek and pale,
Bloom above the fair child sleeping—
There lies Nora in the vale.

WHEN THE ROBINS COME AGAIN.

He was fading, fast, my darling,
Drooping 'neath the hand of pain!
But he murmured sadly—"Mother,
When the robins come again
I shall not be here to meet them,
As I did this last bright year."
And upon the little pillow
Fell so silently a tear.

It was Spring—the air was ringing
With the robin's song once more,
But the little bed was vacant,
And the chair beside the door;
And I knew in realms of glory
I should meet my little one,
And I tried to murmur meekly—
"Not my will, but Thine be done."

OUR LOSS ANOTHER'S GAIN.—One hundred and twenty millions of dollars worth of cotton were exported last year from Alexandria, in Egypt. We may judge by this how much the Southern rebellion has lost to the country.

Important to the Afflicted.

THE ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE

645 Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY, 1860,

By an Association of Scientific Gentlemen, for the Cure of Diseases and the Suppression of Quackery.

TRUTHS FOR THE AFFLICTED

This splendid establishment was inaugurated in February, 1860, by an association of scientific gentlemen, that there might be a Medical Establishment in San Francisco, where the afflicted could find scientific and honorable as well as humane treatment. *Outrageous Quackery* has so long run rampant over afflicted humanity, that all confidence was being lost in the Medical Profession, and it was time that there should be an Institute, where the afflicted could apply with a certainty of honorable and scientific treatment. And the result has thus far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

Thousands have been made to rejoice in returned health, who had been trifled with by the numerous vampires that abound upon this coast, the chief of whom have been obliged to close out and leave the country, but still there are some left of whom the afflicted should be aware.

The basis of the treatment at the Institute is the Electropathic System. The Physician and Surgeon, who has been a Professor in one of the best Medical Colleges in America, and who has made a special study of Chronic [illegible] for the last fifteen years, has discovered certain vegetable remedies that will cure any curable disease, which he will warrant shall be perfect and permanent in the shortest possible time. All long standing diseases, no matter what may be their nature, give way under the course of treatment pursued at the Institute, and the result is perfect health and a strength [illegible] faculties, where it has been injured.

It would be useless to enumerate the diseases, as it would be occupying space to no purpose. Every complaint to which humanity is liable can be cured by the Faculty of the Institute.

No mercury is used upon any consideration. All medicines prescribed are vegetable, and in cases where the patient can remain in the city, and wishes to be treated by Electricity, no medicines will be used. All [illegible] are [illegible], which makes them much more [illegible] and destroys all nauseous taste, making them [illegible] as wine.

The Directors wish to speak of specialities more [illegible] than of other complaints because [illegible] is used more deceptively about them than they have about the regular treatment of the human family. And first on the list is that dreadful malady denominated Seminal weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, a complaint which not only affects the body with pale and insidious marks of [illegible], but affects the brain, creating *insanity*. It drives more men to the madhouse than all other causes added together. By the Electropathic System this terrible trouble gives way, and the hitherto ruined man is made to rejoice in perfect health.

Next upon the list is Venereal, in all of its terrible forms and phases.

It is impossible to paint the disease in colors which will do it justice. It is the most awful disease to which the human family is liable, and it is a terror that will seat its victim a loathsome mass of living corruption. It is also one of the most insidious diseases in the world. While the exterior shows no symptoms, the horrible disease is sapping the foundation of life, preparing to attack its vital parts, as soon as the patient shall [illegible] indiscretion weaken the system. Reader if you ever had this awful disease in any form whatever call at the Institute, and the physician there will examine you and tell you if you have any of the virus in your blood. In such cases consultations are always gratis, and should you have any of the dreadful complaint about you, a cure will be warranted in a short time, or no charges will be made for services.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.

This trouble is generally the offspring of badly treated venereal and [illegible] about the same. Although not so loathsome in its action, still it is as fatal to happiness and eventually to life.

Its almost universal result is pains in the joints and bones, having a great resemblance to rheumatism, but it is more [illegible] and inflammatory, and requires the most careful and scientific treatment to insure a perfect cure. Such cures can be had at no advertised establishment in this State, except the Electropathic Institute, for at no place are those world renowned *Electro Magnetic Baths* administered in all their purity except here, and without them no human effort will cure the dreadful disease.

STRICTURE.—This terrible affection, which so badly affects the nervous system as to prevent sound and healthful sleep, should be attended to in its early stages, as an operation both painful and dangerous will have to be resorted to. It is usually first indicated by darting pain in the parts, but very slight and hardly noticeable at first, increasing gradually, until they become troublesome, sometimes accompanied by slight irritation in the passage of urine. A quick cure is easily performed at the Institute if early application is made.

TO FEMALES.

Your delicate organization should be treated with great scientific care. At the Institute you will find a skilled physician, who can at once discover your disease or trouble, and sympathize with you in your affliction. Should you be irregular you can get relief, no matter what may be the cause. You need not fear to call on account of the delicacy of consultation, for the utmost secrecy will be insured at all times, and the Resident Physician will treat you in the most honorable manner, giving you all the assistance and advice, both medical and surgical, that you may require.

Private Apartments Especially for Ladies.

PREVENTIVE.

Dr. J. H. JOSSELYN's celebrated Preventive for married ladies can be obtained only at the Institute. Price Ten Dollars.

Warranted to prevent [illegible]. Can be used with [illegible] one year if directions are followed.

This Magnetic Preventive [illegible] [illegible] in health and may be used [illegible] the knowledge of any one but the party using it.

[illegible] practiced in the State of California [illegible] is the only one of scientific [illegible] are employed [illegible] the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street [illegible] a few doors below [illegible].

Besides [illegible] medical [illegible] all those before employing any one else, and judge for yourself. You will there find the best scientific [illegible], the best operating talent in the State, together with the only Electropathic Instrument that can be depended upon in the aerative process.

Medicine sent to all parts of the State, Oregon and [illegible] upon the receipt of a letter describing the [illegible]. All letters must be directed to J. H. Josselyn, M. D., Resident Physician, Electropathic Institute, by which they will be answered promptly, and the utmost secrecy observed.

Dr. J. H. Josselyn has no connection with any other establishment or Institute in this city. Please remember the number, 645 Washington street.

ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, to the right.

All letters answered with promptness and pleasure, and the utmost secrecy observed. Address

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.,
Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington street.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
a15-d3p1l w11

DR. P. HOWARD, HAVING RETURNED from his tour through Mexico and the Sandwich Islands, taken for his health, (which had become impaired by close attention to the arduous duties of his profession,) has at the earnest solicitation of his former patrons, resumed the practice of Medicine, and opened his office at the

Howard Private Medical Institute.

The Oldest Established Institute in the United States,
537 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Two doors above What Cheer House, adjoining the Bank of Donohoe, Kelley & Co.

NOTICE.—The Doctor having been waited upon by numerous friends and societies to resume his lectures, takes this occasion to state that though he appreciates the compliment thus tendered, it will be impossible for him to accept their invitations, as the new arrangements in the running of the Howard Medical Institute demand his constant attendance and not being willing to entrust the treatment of his patients to other hands than his own, takes this occasion to respectfully decline all calls to lecture. In reopening this old and popular Institute to the people of the Pacific Coast, the Doctor's sole desire is not only to suppress Quackery, but afford an asylum for the afflicted, where they can procure proper medical treatment without fear of observation, or of being imposed upon by any of those specious announcements of foreign adventurers who advertise their visits to Europe as hospitals as a guarantee of their professional ability. That physician who has spent years in treating diseases of a peculiar nature upon this coast, is the only one to offer the knowledge of the proper remedies to be applied to persons suffering from Special complaints in this peculiar climate.

DR. HOWARD has enjoyed a practice of nearly fifteen years in this city. Coming here in early times when disease were so prevalent and suffering so common, he soon learned that the old remedies so much relied upon in Europe and the Atlantic States, for private diseases, were worse than useless. Even in that early date, he discovered those purely vegetable remedies which have proved so eminently successful in his extended treatment of special complaints, weakness and debility.

To the Ladies.

The peculiar branch of medical science that pertains to the treatment of female complaints, Dr. Howard has made his special study for nearly twenty years, and his extended practice with which he has been successful both in family and office practice, warrants him in saying he is better fitted to treat the delicate diseases of the sex both medically and surgically, than any other physician practicing on this coast.

Dr. Howard's Female Pills are compounded from his own private prescription, and have now obtained a more extensive popularity, and are correctly viewed to be the safest and surest remedy for all cases of irregularity, etc. Sold only at the Howard Institute, and sent to any part of the world upon the receipt of $5 per box.

The Ladies' Reception Room is entirely separate from the rest of the Institute, affording those seeking the advice of the Doctor every assurance of privacy.

In all cases of a private or chronic nature, arising from whatever cause, cure always guaranteed, or no pay required.

Persons residing in the interior, who may prefer being cured at home, by sending a careful description of their symptoms can have their medicine sent to them by express or mail, with full directions, thereby enabling them to bring about a speedy and permanent cure.

☞ Consultation by letter or otherwise FREE.
Direct all letters to P. HOWARD, M. D.,
Howard Medical Institute,
ap1? 1p tl 537 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

1865. 1865.

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☞ ONE THOUSAND of these Machines in use on this Coast, which we consider THE BEST PROOF of their SUPERIORITY over all other Machines.

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DR. CHAS. H. TOZER'S

Private Medical Institute,

N.E. cor Jackson & Kearny sts., S. Francisco

THE GREAT ERADICATOR OF SPECIAL Complaints, formerly of Lock Hospital, London. Eight years in Sacramento, and the last three years in San Francisco. Dr. Tozer's experience is of 40 years standing, and during that time has met with unparalleled success in the treatment of all those diseases generally known as VENEREAL or CHRONIC. It is impossible here to mention all the Diseases with which he is familiar, some perhaps will not be out of place. The most formidable, the most destructive to mankind, is Self Abuse. The brain being the seat of the Disease, the whole system suffers in consequence. I will here enumerate some of the symptoms, so that those afflicted may be able to form an opinion in regard to their complaint, and seek advice in time, thereby saving themselves a world of suffering. Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Limbs and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Limbs, Headache and an aversion to genial society, particularly to that of females. There are a great many more, but these are sufficient, and should you be suffering from any of them, call on Dr. Tozer, and he will cure you in a short time, without any interruption to your business—or write your case by letter, and there will be no occasion for your calling at the office.

STRICTURE OF THE URETHRA is another formidable enemy to Health. Send for one of my circulars on that Disease, and inform yourself of its terrible results. The worst cases cured in a few days.

VENEREAL DISEASE in all its various forms, either Primary, Secondary or Hereditary, completely eliminated from the System. Your constitution being restored to perfect health, there will be no danger of handing down to your children that terrible disease known as Scrofula. This disease as it presents itself on this coast, is of a more formidable character than that seen in the Atlantic States or Europe, arising from the fact of its being a compound of Spanish, Chinese and Sandwich Island disease. Those of you who have visited the two latter countries, no doubt have seen the dreadful effects of it on both the native and foreign population. It requires altogether different modes of treatment. The old formulas of Ricord, Acton and Baldwich are of little account, except to dry up the disease on the surface, leaving the poison in the blood, which, sooner or later, will show itself as a secondary disease in an aggravated form. These facts I have learned by experience, and think I can say without boasting, that I have seen more practice in these Diseases than any other physician in California, dating as far as, from 1849. It becomes you, therefore, to think well before you employ a physician, whether the proper one to consult, an old experienced one or one who has recently settled amongst you. My plan is purely vegetable, destroying the disease and purifying the blood, so that there is no danger of secondary symptoms. Rheumatism, Neuralgia and diseases arising from the use of Mercury, such as pain in the Skin Bones swelling of the different joints of the body, running sores, &c., and impurities of the Blood cured in a short time by the use of my Vegetable Mixture known only to myself.

Diseases peculiar to Females, such as Retention, Suppression and Painful Menstruation, &c., &c., has been my study for a great number of years, and I can safely render a perfect cure in a short time.

Do not deterred from calling on Dr. Tozer from delicacy, or a fear of exposure, as the Doctor is a man in whom you can trust, and all cases are treated with the utmost secrecy.

☞ [illegible] Pills are the best ever used in this climate [illegible] of the monthly sickness. Every lady should have a box in case of necessity. Price $5. Consultation at the office or by Letter—FREE. All letters returned or destroyed. Office hours from 9 A. M. till 9 P. M.

Remember Dr. Chas. H. Tozer's Institute is at the N. E. corner of Jackson and Kearny streets, San Francisco, Cal. Entrance on Kearny street. All Letters through the Post Office or Express should be addressed to

DR. CHAS. H. TOZER,
ap1 4t w San Francisco, Cal.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

DR. GIBBON'S DISPENSARY,

[ESTABLISHED IN 1854.]

617 Kearney Street, near Commercial, San Francisco.

EXPOSURE OF QUACKERY

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphylis in all its forms, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, etc. Skin Diseases (of years standing) and Ulcerated Legs, successfully treated.

DR. GIBBON has the pleasure of announcing that he has returned to this State, after an absence of one year, during which time he has visited all the principal hospitals of Europe—among them those of Dublin, London and Paris. The following celebrated hospitals, of London are among those visited by the Doctor: Guy's, Highstreet, Borough, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, St. Luke's, Old street, St. Mary's, Camb. Place, Pad., Lock, Harrow road, University, Gower street, Westminster, Broad Sanctuary, Charing Cross, Agar street, Strand, London, Whitechapel road, Royal Free, Gray's Inn road, King's College, Portugal street.

DR. GIBBON has also visited Drs. Acton, of London, Parker of Birmingham, England, and Ricord of Paris, who are considered the best physicians and Surgeons in the world, and whose authority is acknowledged to be the highest in the treatment of Sexual Diseases.

DR. GIBBON has obtained from them their new mode of treatment, which cannot be surpassed.

DR. GIBBON has spared neither time nor money in seeking out new remedies, and has returned with increased facilities for the alleviation of human suffering.

Horrible Diseases.

How many thousands of persons, both male and female, are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgences, or [illegible] absorbed into the system! Look at their [illegible] emaciated and disfigured faces and their broken down constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death takes the scene. Let parents, guardians, friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life destroying maladies—see that they are saved in time and cured before it be too late. Send them immediately to DR. GIBBON, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, or to those who are interested in the welfare of their friends, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of those charlatans.

Syphilis or Syphilis the world over, so is Small-Pox, Consumption and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

Seminal Weakness.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS, the consequent of self-abuse. This solitary vice or depraved sexual indulgence is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measures, viz: Sallow countenance, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania and frequent insanity. If cure be not obtained should apply immediately either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give One Hundred Dollars to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured of this complaint by either of the San Francisco quacks.

DR. GIBBON is responsible and will give to each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure, or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be CURED AT HOME, by addressing a letter to DR. GIBBON, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 617 Kearny street, near Commercial, San Francisco. Post Office Box 252.

Caution to the Unfortunate.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who, with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors, whose names are to be found in the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and became too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence office keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will not find their medical institutes in it, but you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862 and 1863. The only way to avoid imposition is to make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for, as advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. DR. GIBBON does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. DR. GIBBON will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure. ap5 1m

O. B. FOGLE,

No. 617 Montgomery street,

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This House is New, and furnished throughout with Spring Beds. Rooms to let by the Day, Week or Month. Open all night.

L. J. EWELL, Proprietor.

mr3 tf wkly

Weekly American Flag.

A Soldier's Tribute to the Dead President.

CAMP UNION, Sacramento,
Co. A, 2nd Cav. Cal. V.
April 15th, 1865.

EDITOR AMERICAN FLAG: What mean those arms reversed, that muffled drum, that drooping flag? Those measured steps, that heavy tread! Ah, a nation mourns to-day! He who towered conspicuously above the heroes of the age, that pure and lofty spirit, whose noble deeds fired a nation's zeal, that eloquent tongue, whose simple accents thrilled a nation's heart, and caused the hearts of States and Empires to beat with the strength of redoubled pride, is hushed in death! Weep! Weep! O, America, for the loss of him, who like some lofty monument above surrounding valor, towered sublime—above earth's mightiest heroes!

Robert Hall, hearing of the battle of Waterloo, exclaimed: "The wheels of the world's civilization have rolled back six ages!" A greater calamity has befallen the world to-day, and a nation of mourners echoes the sentiment. "When Abraham Lincoln's assassin did his thrice accursed work, a number on the dial plate of time could justly mark an empire's loss."

A nation mourns, and at a moment, too, when the heart grew warm with hope that he who, panoplied in the armor of a nation's faith, had welcomed the foe on legions to a barrier of death, would speak the simple word—"Peace, be still!" and calm the lashed sea of strife. But, alas! Treason's loathsome reptile did its accursed work, and pulled to grief a nation's joy.

Lincoln, the great, the good, has fallen! A nation mourns, two races weep. He has fallen, but

"Lies in a grave of glorious deeds!"

No majestic column need mark his resting place, no sculptured pedestal rear its noble head above the spot where lies one who

"hath left
A nobler monument than Egypt hath piled
In her brick mountains above dead kings."

He has fought the good fight, and finished his course with joy, and the approval of earth's great and good is his crown of which neither time nor tyrants can rob him. An admiring world and adoring nation crowns him this day with a diadem of honor, which time cannot tarnish. When the ephemeral productions of man shall have passed away like the

"Baseless fabric of a vision,"

His monument, the "Temple of American Liberty" redeemed and regenerated by him, shall stand unmoved, enduring and immoveable, and the stranded wrecks of European tyranny strewn all along the highway of time, shall mark the mile posts of our glory.

Accursed be the monster who thus hath robbed us of a nation's pride. Damned, double damned, not through the ordinary channel of vengeance, but according to the economy of God's direct wrath, be he who at one fell swoop, hath robbed us of him who spoke the simple words "Let my people go!" When manacles burst, and fetters fell, and millions more, disenthralled, rose to the Liberty wherewith God had made them free.

Blessed be thy memory! O, our country's Saviour! A nation mourns for thee! A world in homage bows! A people redeemed, regenerated and purified as with fire, whom thou hast taught to balance along the difficult path of Empire, mingles this day their tears with thy martyred blood. And, oh, if thou canst look down from the realms of bliss, to inspire us to nobler deeds at Freedom's shrine—that

"When from the hills and mountains
Comes that solemn sound that
Bids the world prepare—"

for a nation's wrath, we falter not, but gird ourselves with the destroyer's weapons and the martyr's zeal, and sweep from the face of the earth with the fiery besom of a nation's wrath that damnable scourge that has blackened our fields, spread sterility o'er our soil, and draped our land in mourning, is the prayer of A SOLDIER.

The Deadly Assault on the Life of Andrew Jackson.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln has called to mind an incident in the life of President Jackson, in 1835, when an Englishman undertook the same horrible act of felony for which Wilkes Booth has had a price set upon his head. The incident is resuscitated from Benton's *Thirty Years' View*. On the 30th of January, 1835, the remains of W. R. Davis, late a member of the House of Representatives, were being conveyed from the Capitol for interment, the President and some of the members of the Cabinet attending. Mr. Jackson issued from the door of the great rotunda upon the portico, across which the procession was moving surrounded by his Ministers.

At that instant, says Mr. Benton, a person stepped from the crowd into the little open space in front of the President, leveled a pistol at him, at the distance of about eight feet, and attempted to fire. It was a percussion lock, and the cap exploded, without firing the powder in the barrel. The explosion of the cap was so loud that many persons thought the pistol had been fired. I heard it at the foot of the steps, far from the place, and a great crowd between. Instantly the person dropped the pistol which had missed fire, took another which he held ready cocked in the left hand, concealed by a cloak—leveled it—and pulled the trigger. It was also a percussion lock, and the cap exploded without firing the powder in the barrel. The President instantly rushed upon him with his uplifted cane, the man shrunk back, Mr. Woodbury aimed a blow at him, Lieutenant Gedney, of the Navy, knocked him down, he was secured by the bystanders, who delivered him to the officers of justice for judicial examination. The examination took place before the chief of district, Mr Cranch, by whom he was committed in default of bail. His name was ascertained to be Richard Lawrence, an Englishman by birth, and house painter by trade, at present out of employment, melancholy and irascible. The pistols were examined, and found to be well loaded and fired afterwards without fail, carrying their bullets true and driving through inch boards at thirty feet distance; nor could any reason be found for the two failures at the door of the rotunda. On his examination the prisoner seemed to be at his ease, as if unconscious of having done anything wrong—refusing to cross examine the witnesses who testified against him, or to give any explanation of his conduct. The idea of an unsound mind strongly impressing itself upon the public opinion, the marshal of the district invited two of the most respectable physicians of the city, (Dr Caussin and Dr Thomas Sewall), to visit him and examine into his mental condition."

The examination failed to discover any trace of insanity—the prisoner insisting that he had made the attempt with the view of improving the condition of his class, but he was never brought to trial.

Open Rebellion in Solano.

If our military authorities are not soon stimulated into activity by what is going on around us they soon will be, on finding themselves the victims of the same system of treachery by which President Lincoln came to his death. A number of vile secessionists who have long infested Solano county with their infamous presence, broke out into open rebellion at Green Valley, on receipt of the dreadful news from Washington. The Military Department being informed of this, promptly dispatched to the scene a company of troops from Benicia. These, on arriving, found the rebels fortified in the block house of David Jones, a wealthy farmer of the Valley. A demand of surrender was met by a volley of fire arms which wounded two of the soldiers, who returned the fire with interest, charged and captured a number of the rebels, including David Jones and his two sons, Wm. P. Durbin and son, Charles Ramsay and son, A. O. Lamoree and son, and John Sirles—others have escaped. These prisoners have been taken to Benicia, and will be tried for the highest crime known to the laws—high treason, which is punishable with death. For certain reasons, the telegraph has been silent in regard to these incidents.

Another Vile Reptile Permitted to Live.

SUTTER CREEK, April 25.

Capt. Knight, of Company G, came up to-day from Ione and arrested John Garer, a blacksmith of this place, for exulting over the death of President Lincoln. When the news of the assassination was received here, Garer said he was glad of it, and was soundly thrashed, and would have been killed at the time by a man named Fakes, if other Union men had not taken pity on the scoundrel. Garer was called the "learned blacksmith," and was a correspondent of the Amador *Dispatch*.

Capture of Desperate Cattle Thieves.

PLACERVILLE, April 25th.

A shooting affray took place near Clarksville, in this county this morning, between Deputy Sheriffs J. B. Hume and J. D. Van Eaton, and two notorious horse and cattle thieves, one of whose name is Jackson. The other gives his name as Harkins. The latter had nineteen cattle, supposed to be stolen, and was intending to move them yesterday. The officers having previously so learned, were in wait for them, and in attempting to arrest them shooting commenced, resulting in badly wounding Jackson through the hips and riddling Hawkins' clothing and capturing both. Neither Hume nor Van Eaton touched; one horse was killed by Jackson, eleven shots were fired, both prisoners were brought to the County Jail.

THAT was a false report which came by grapevine, that Long-primer Hall had purchased a controlling interest in the *Alta California*, with the intention of making it a loyal paper. Hall says he hasn't got the money.

EASTERN TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

New York, April 23.—Circumstances which have come to the knowledge of Government render it nearly certain that Booth's horse fell with him on Friday night, the 14th, and it is believed that it caused the fracture of one of his legs. It is also reported that he has divested himself of his moustache.

A Suffolk, Va., correspondent of the *Herald* states that rebel officers who have arrived there report that the news of General Lee's surrender reached Jeff Davis at Danville, and he left next morning at daylight for Greensboro. Jeff states that if hard pushed he was sure he could rally an army around him to make another stand, and that he should never leave the [illegible] of the Confederacy. He issued orders to burn the bridges over the Weldon and Roanoke rivers, which was reported to have been done, and also for the evacuation of Weldon.

Washington, April 23rd.—President Johnson's speech to the Indiana delegation, yesterday, is more important than any yet delivered. The President said: "We are living at a time when the public mind has almost become oblivious of what treason is. The time has arrived when the American people should be educated, and taught that treason against the United States Government is the highest crime that can be committed, and those engaged in it should suffer all its penalties. It is not the promulgation of anything that I have not heretofore said, to say that traitors must be made odious, that traitors must be punished and impoverished. Their social power must be destroyed. If not, they will still maintain ascendancy, and may again become numerous and powerful—for, in the words of a former Senator of the United States, 'when traitors become numerous enough, treason becomes respectable.' And I say, that after making treason odious, every Union man should be remunerated out of the pockets of those who have inflicted the great suffering upon the country. While I say as to the leaders of treason, punishment, I also say leniency and conciliation to the thousands whom they have misled and deceived."

In speaking of reconstruction, the President made the following remarks: "Upon this idea of destroying States, my position has heretofore been well known, and there is no cause to change it now. Some are satisfied with the idea that the States are to be lost in Territorial and other divisions, are to lose their character as States, but their life breath has only been suspended, and it is a high Constitutional obligation we have to secure each of these States in the possession and enjoyment of a republican form of government. A State may be in the Government with a peculiar institution and by the operation of the rebellion lose that feature, but it was a State when it went into rebellion and when it comes out without that institution, it is still a State. I hold it as a solemn obligation on any one of those States where a rebel army has been beaten back and expelled—I care not how small a number of Union men it has, if enough to man the ship of State—I hold it, I say, a high duty to protect and secure to them a republican form of government. This I still regard as expressed in conformity with my understanding of the genius and theory of our Government—adjusting and putting Government in operation again. I think the progress of the work must pass into the hands of its friends. If a State is to be nursed until it gains strength, it must be nursed by its friends not smothered by its enemies. Now permit me to remark that while I have opposed dissolution and disintegration on one hand, on the other hand I am equally opposed to the centralization of power in the hands of the few."

Private dispatches quote Gold on Saturday in New York at 148@149, Sterling Exchange 103@103½.

FROM CANADA.

New York, April 23. The Toronto papers contain affidavits stating that the notorious McDonald of that city, together with another man named Dr. [illegible], were preparing a pirate at Collingwood for the purpose of plunder on the Lakes. The scheme has been frustrated by the seizure of the vessel.

Mr. Seward's Condition.

Washington, April 24th—9 A. M.—The Secretary of State is free from pain and stronger this morning. Mr. F. Seward passed a quiet night.

This Department has information that the plan of the President's murder was organized in Canada and approved at Richmond. One of the assassins is now in prison who attempted to kill Seward. This is believed to be one of the St. Albans raiders.

(Signed) STANTON.

From Virginia.

New York, April 24th.—The *Times'* special Washington dispatch says that Mosby has secured a basis of agreement similar to that obtained by Johnston. A person present at the consultation informs the correspondent that the memorandum, or basis of agreement was drawn up by General Chapman, in presence of twenty two Federal and twelve rebel officers, and it provided that Mosby should surrender upon the same terms as Johnston, if the latter should surrender. That two days' armistice should be allowed, to submit the agreement to General Hancock for his approval, and that if Hancock approved, then ten days were to be allowed Mosby to get a reply from Johnson, and in the meantime no skirmishing should take place in Fauquier and Loudon counties. That if Johnson failed to surrender, or got whipped, Mosby should surrender on the terms upon which Lee surrendered.

The *World's* Washington special dispatch says a letter from Barkesville, Virginia states that some of the paroled men from Lee's army have been detected in tearing up the railroad between that place and Richmond. The parties are not caught, but if arrested they are liable to be tried and immediately shot for a violation of their parole. The same letter adds that the last remnant of Lee's army, composed of some dozen wagons and old ambulances, had taken their departure for home. A good many of Lee's old officers declare they never will live in the South or North; they shall either go to Europe or Mexico, though they prefer going North, and enforcing the Monroe doctrine to the letter.

From Washington.

The *Tribune's* Washington special dispatch says sundry paroled rebel prisoners have arrived there from their former place of residence, and that the Government will have to take some action to rid the city of their presence. It has been deemed proper to place a guard around the residence of Chief Justice Chase. About twelve per cent. of the Clerks in the Bureau of Deserters have been dismissed as unnecessary.

From North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

New York, April 24th.—The steamer *Blackstone* from Hilton Head the 20th, brings Savannah papers of the 19th. The *Herald* of the 19th says that intelligence was received there on the 15th, confirming the news of the fall of Montgomery. The place was evacuated by the rebels, and occupied by the Federals on the 11th. The rebels retreated in the direction of Columbus. The Government stores are being removed from Columbus, the fall of which place was expected by the next news from Augusta.

A Savannah letter of the 19th says the receipt of the intelligence of the sad calamity that has befallen the Nation has cast a profound gloom over the city. All flags are suspended at half mast, and other emblems of mourning are seen everywhere.

A meeting was held at Hilton Head, at which resolutions condoling with the Nation and the family of the deceased, and calling for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, were adopted. On the 20th seven arrests were made at Hilton Head. On the receipt of the sad intelligence in Savannah, Gen Grover reported the papers and withheld it until the next morning, and doubled the guards throughout the city.

Fortress Monroe, April 22d.—Advices from Newbern state that a large number of the members of the North Carolina Legislature arrived there on the 10th, for the purpose of negotiating with Gen Sherman, with a view of restoring that State to the Union.

Obsequies of President Lincoln.

Trenton, N. J., April 24th.—The funeral train reached here at 5:30 P. M., and Gov. Parker and staff, of New Jersey, were taken on board at the dividing line of the State.

New Brunswick, N. J., April 24th. The funeral train has arrived here. An immense crowd were at the depot. Minute guns were fired while here and until the train left. The train consisted of nine cars, and it left at 7:55.

Philadelphia, April 24th. The body of President Lincoln remained in State till 1 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the line of march was taken to the Trenton depot.

Jeff. Davis' Flight.

New Orleans, April 8th. It is reported that Jeff Davis has crossed the Mississippi river, at Turkey Bend, which was occupied by Texan cavalry, on the night of 16th, escaping the observation of the naval forces.

From General Sherman.

Washington, April 23d. The proceedings of General Sherman are disapproved for the following reasons:

First—It was an exercise of authority not vested in General Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston knew that he (Sherman) had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.

Second—It was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government.

Third—It undertook to re-establish the rebel State Governments, which had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousands of loyal lives and treasure, and placed arms and munitions of war in the hands of rebels at their respective capitols, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States are disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue loyal States.

Fourth—By the restoration of the rebel authorities, in their respective States, they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.

Fifth—It might furnish a ground for the responsibility of the Federal Government to pay the rebel debt, and certainly subjects loyal citizens of the rebel States to the debt contracted by the rebels in the name of the State.

Sixth—It put in dispute the existence of loyal State Governments, and the new State of Western Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United States Government.

Seventh—It practically abolished the confiscation laws, relieved the rebels of every degree, who slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crime.

Eighth—It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly, and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

Ninth—It formed no basis for a lasting peace but relieved the rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their efforts to overthrow the United States Government and subdue the loyal States whenever their strength recruited and opportunity should offer.

Raleigh, N. C., April 19.—The General commanding announces to the army a suspension of hostilities and an agreement with Gen. Johnston and high officers which, when formally ratified, will make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande until absolute peace is announced. The line passing through Tyrrell, Mount Chapel Hill, Durham Station and West Point, on the Neuse River, will separate the two armies. Each army commander will group his Corps entirely with a view to comfort. Military discipline must still be maintained. The General hopes and believes that in a very few days it will be his good fortune to conduct you all to your homes. The fame of this army for courage, industry and discipline is admitted all over the world. Let each officer and man see that it is not sullied by any act of vulgarity, rowdyism, or petty crimes. The cavalry will patrol in front of the lines. General Howard will take charge of the district from Raleigh up to the cavalry. General Slocum the left of Raleigh, and General Schofield in Raleigh, its right and rear. The Quartermasters and Commissaries will keep their supplies up to light loads for wagons. The Railroad Superintendent will arrange a depot for convenience of each separate army. (Signed) W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-Gen Commanding.

Washington, April 24th.—*To Gen. Dix*:—A dispatch from General Sherman states that General Wilson had Macon on the 20th, with Howell Cobb, G. W. Smith and others as prisoners, but they claimed the benefit of the armistice. He was telegraphed through the rebel lines for orders, and I have ordered him that he may drive out of Macon and hold his command for further orders, unless he has reason to believe the rebels are changing their plans to our prejudice.

(Signed,) STANTON.

Stoneman's Trophies.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 23d.—Among the trophies of General Stoneman's expedition are twelve battle flags. The barracks are old United States flags found in the home of a loyal citizen at Salisbury. The famous pen, where many unfortunate Union prisoners pined their lives away, was burned to the ground. A few United States prisoners were found, the skeletons of their former selves, and a part of them died on their way to Knoxville.

Miscellaneous.

New York, April 24th.—The *Post's* Washington special dispatch says arrangements have been made for the prosecution of the war with overwhelming energy.

Capt. Smith, of the brig *Titan*, from Bermuda, reports that the United States Consul there had learned that one Dr. Blackburn, of Wilmington, N. C., had collected four bales of infected clothing from the hospitals, which he intended to ship to New York for the purpose of spreading the yellow fever in that city. The clothing was seized and was to be burned.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist*, of the 17th, says that Jeff Davis has gone either to the trans-Mississippi Department or Europe, taking with him half a million in specie.

The Lake City (Florida) *Columbian* announces that Governor Milton, of Florida, has committed suicide by shooting himself.

Cincinnati, April 24th.—Hervey Hall, Dayton, was destroyed by fire this morning. Loss, $10,000.

New York, April 25th.—A constant stream of people have been passing through the room where the remains of the late President lie in state since yesterday afternoon. They pass at the rate of 80 per minute. At midnight the German singers, numbering about one thousand voices, chanted dirges, and throughout the night, the long line of citizens, anxious to view the remains, was kept moving. Early this morning it seemed diminished, but very little, and soon after daylight it was lengthened greatly, extending from Warren to John street, on Broadway, on the west side of the City Hall, while there was another line of great length running through the streets on the east side of the Hall. All places of business are closed, while the upper stories of every building along the route of the procession are occupied by anxious spectators. At one o'clock, the procession commenced moving with the remains to Hudson River Railroad depot. It is one of the most imposing spectacles ever witnessed in New York. Indeed, perhaps it was never equaled. There are no vehicles in the line of the procession, and it moves with an awe-inspiring solemnity in the mournful music of a thousand bands. The military are out in full force as also a very large number of civic societies, etc. The number who viewed the remains is estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand.

A Day of Humiliation.

Washington, April 25th. President Johnson has issued his proclamation designating Thursday, May 25th, as a day of national humiliation and mourning.

Mr Seward's Condition.

Washington, April 25th. The Secretary of State is convalescing rapidly. Frederick Seward speaks more distinctly this morning, and is better.

About Sherman.

New York, April 25th.—The *World's* Washington special dispatch says advices received here to-day direct from Raleigh state that the conference of Generals Sherman and Johnston was at Chapel Hill fifteen miles west of Raleigh. Johnston's army, 30,000 men, including Hampton and Wheeler's cavalry, were twenty miles from the city on the Charlotte road. At the second interview, Breckinridge was present and participated, drawing up the already published memoranda of the terms of capitulation. During the conversation he readily admitted the failure of the rebellion, and declared peace almost at hand; and in alluding to the Constitutional amendment, he said it was the strictly legal way of abolishing slavery. He predicted its ratification by more than two thirds of the States.

It is understood that during the conference, which lasted two days, Jeff Davis was at Hillsboro, in telegraphic communication with Breckinridge and Johnson's headquarters. No public or private property was destroyed by our troops. The citizens, including quite a large number of ladies, appeared on the streets as usual, and business was not suspended. The news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached Raleigh on last Wednesday, and on that night a large meeting was held and resolutions passed, deploring the dread and representing sympathy for the nation and the people. The size of the meeting surprised the army, who stood aloof. Gov. Vance skedaddled before we entered the place, and the report of his capture is therefore [illegible]. When this intelligence left Raleigh it was the opinion in the army that the terms of Johnston's surrender were unconditional submission; even among the Generals of high rank no others were known or hinted at.

New York, April 25th.—The *Herald's* correspondent says Major-General Halleck issued his official order assuming the command of Richmond, as the successor of General Ord, just entered. General Ord goes to South Carolina to supersede General Gilmore. Just before General Ord's relinquishment of the command of Richmond a circular was issued by his direction informing the paroled officers of Lee's army who desired to leave the country that passports and baggage to Halifax, N. S., would be furnished them on application to the office of the Provost-Marshall of his Department.

Lee's Capitulation.

Philadelphia, April 25th.—A special dispatch to the *Bulletin*, from Washington to-day, says that Attorney General Speed had made a highly important decision on the terms of the capitulation of Lee. In reply to a letter of the Secretary of War relating to the points he decides—*First*, That the rebel officers who surrendered to Gen Grant have no homes in loyal States, and have no right to come where their homes were in loyal States prior to going into rebellion. *Second*, That persons in the civil service of the rebellion, or who have otherwise given it support, comfort and aid, and were residents of rebel territory, have no right to return to Washington under that stipulation.

Early's Movement.

New York, April 24th.—A Washington dispatch says the Richmond *Whig* of the 4th has the following: General Sheridan routed Early at Waynesboro about the middle of March, and put him in irredeemably upon the most tremendous rout, which concluded by bringing him to Richmond attended by one of his staff, sans rout, hat and almost everything. When Sheridan's column had swept by Richmond, Early was ordered back to Staunton and was there at the time of the evacuation of this city. Upon hearing of this event, he returned to Lynchburg, and thence towards Southwestern Virginia, where finding Gen. Echols, he took command of the forces that were there, retreating to form Stoneman and Thomas. When last heard from he being unable to withstand the forces in his front, and afraid of Grant in his rear, he had deferred to the right, and is apparently making for the [illegible] Valley. It is doubtless whether he has yet become aware of the surrender of Lee.

Miscellaneous.

New York, April 25th.—It is said that the exchange of 5000 Union soldiers at Darien, Ga., which it is supposed has taken place by this time, will leave scarcely any of our men in the hands of the rebels, while there still remain in the hands of our Government 60,000 or 70,000 rebels, besides those paroled under the terms of Lee's surrender.

The *Herald's* Washington special dispatch says President Johnson regards it of the utmost importance that Mr. Seward should remain in the Cabinet.

The Mexican Minister had a lengthy and important private interview with the President yesterday. General Ortega has been sent for. He is on his way here from St. Louis, and is hourly expected—a circumstance imparting additional magnificence to yesterday's audience.

The *Tribune's* Washington special dispatch says: "The opinion of well informed gentlemen here is that Jeff Davis will be able to reorganize a force of 10,000 troops in Texas, with which he will move into Mexico, in the event of his being pressed by the Union armies."

New York, April 25th.—The *Herald's* Fortress Monroe special dispatch says the steamship *Ashland*, loaded with troops from New York, ran ashore on the 17th at or near Oregon Inlet. The steamers *North Point* and *Prometheus* were sent to her assistance, and succeeded in saving all of the troops, who landed safely at Roanoke Island. The *Ashland* had five feet of sand and four feet of water in her hold, and lies in a precarious condition.

Baltimore, April 25th.—Joseph Shaw, the editor of the Westminster, Carroll county, (Md.) *Democrat*, was mobbed, and the material of his newspaper establishment destroyed, on the night of the murder of President Lincoln on account of disloyal sentiments. He had been warned away by the people, but returned again yesterday, to Westminster. Last night he was waited upon by a delegation of citizens and ordered to leave the place forthwith. He then fired upon the crowd and wounded one of them. Upon this, the enraged citizens fell upon Shaw and killed him upon the spot.

[IN MEMORIAM.] A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

[Written for the Buffalo Historical Society at the request of JOHN LORD LOVE, a Corresponding Member in San Francisco, California.]

HE WHO TOILS HUMBLEST, BRAVEST, TOILS THE BEST.

HENRY H. HAWKINS, the colored man who recently died in San Francisco, on the morning of April Wednesday, and was buried from the house of John Pleasants, on Clark street, under the ministerial auspices of Rev. Dr. Wyatt, of Trinity Parish, had lived an industrious, orderly and exemplary life, and had rounded the even period of time allotted to human nature.

So bravely and well had he acted his humble part in life, the writer does not hesitate to ask the indulgence of the generous and intelligent reader in behalf of this informal effort to reclaim his name and reputation from the oblivion of the customary brief mention in the columns of a daily paper.

Where, but in the spirit of a man, can his true nobility be lodged? and where his dishonor, but in his own cowardly position or in his unworthy deed.

Henry H. Hawkins was born in the State of Maryland, about the year 1795. It has been said he was a lineal descendant of John Hawkins, otherwise called Sir John Hawkins, an English admiral whose memory bears the unenviable distinction of having been the first to interest the English government in the slave trade. In the year 1562, this bold knight, in the prospect of sudden wealth, determined to make an experiment in this abominable traffic. He confided his scheme, in council with several gentlemen in London, who became liberal contributors and adventurers. Three staunch ships were at once provided, and with three ships and three hundred men, Hawkins sailed to the coast of Guinea, where, by money, force and artifice, he collected and secured about three hundred Africans and sold them at an immense gain, in Hispaniola.—The rich returns of this surreptitious enterprise in sugar, ginger and pearls, attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and when, five years later, another expedition had been fitted out under Sir John's supervision, and was ready to put off, the Queen was persuaded not only to bestow upon it her patronage and protection, but to share the cruel traffic.

In the reports which Sir John himself gives of one of his raids into Africa, he says that he set on fire a city, of which the huts were covered with dry palm leaves, and such was the rapidity of the flames, and the consternation of the helpless natives that out of a population of eight thousand, he succeeded in capturing two hundred and fifty.

The deliberate and self approving frankness with which this wicked and unfeeling act was told, and the false lustre which the fame of Sir John Hawkins acquired during the reign of Elizabeth, perhaps knighted by reason of these achievements, for in the history of his first expedition it is mentioned as plain John Hawkins, bear testimony to the depravity of public sentiment in England at that time. A man of admirable fearlessness of character and of large enterprise, he did not appear to the moral sense of his contemporaries as one of singular cruelty; and it is recorded of him that in all other relations of life he was compassionate, and was known to relieve the wants of the unfortunate and helpless with the most prompt and cheerful generosity.

Henry H. Hawkins, this reputed descendant of that daring and unscrupulous speculator, left his native State in early life, together with three sisters younger than himself, to come North, in the service of a gentleman, whose name the writer has forgotten; to whom he and all that were his, or all that seemed to be his, by the laws of that State, belonged. The gentleman settled temporarily with his family in the village of Canandaigua—a little place springing up on the borders of a small romantic lake of the same name situated in Central New York.

Soon after the long contested and somewhat stormy admission of Missouri into the Federal Union in 1821, that gentleman proposed to migrate to the new State with his family, and, of course, with his servants; but they, having breathed the atmosphere of a condition comparatively and substantially free, had become enamored of the prospect of personal liberty — an Act having been passed in 1817 decreeing that there should be no more slavery in New York after the *Fourth of July*, 1827—and on taking legal counsel, were advised that they could not be compelled to accompany the master back into the condition of *Slavery*. There existed between the parties interested all the amiable feeling which the domestic relations foster in all human souls—but the love of personal liberty in the Hawkins family exceeded, and they determined to avail themselves of the opportunity which an overruling power seemed to order for their release from the bonds of involuntary servitude. On learning this decision the master remonstrated and threatened—the mistress wept and entreated, but Henry was as firm in maintaining his simple declaration of manly independence as he was affectionate in disposition and upright in moral character. The lady, finding herself about to be deserted by her people, endeavored to persuade her husband to relinquish his project of emigration. Failing in that, she flatly refused to accompany him to that new and distant locality unless Henry could be persuaded to drive their horses, (of which she had a deadly fear,) and otherwise minister to her comfort and promote her safety throughout the vicissitudes of the long and rough journey, for they were to make it all in their own carriage, and the settlements along the route were few and far between.

In the integrity of his own heart, and in the fullness of his reliance upon the honor of his master, Henry having gained a promise from him, through the intercession of his mistress, that he should be allowed to return, at once, after driving them to their place of destination, consented to accompany them, and did actually fulfill his part of the contract, cheerfully driving to the uttermost foot of Free Soil, when he bade his generous friends a respectful and grateful farewell and returned to Canandaigua, a free man, the head of his own house, toiling for the support of his sisters, and all rejoicing.

While yet a young man, Henry removed to the city of Buffalo, then a village, now a prosperous and growing city in the western part of New York, where he married and established a homestead and raised an interesting family. Few young girls were more carefully taught or made a more prepossessing and respectable appearance than the daughters of Henry Hawkins. He had no social home. At that time of life he was employed as steward of the Eagle Hotel under the proprietorship of Benj. Rathbun. He held, by general favor, also another office, that of purveyor in chief to all formal entertainments, and to all merry makings, which took place in the choice circles of that comparatively social city.

So generally a favorite was he, by reason of his cheerful temper and his dexterity and success in whatever he undertook, that no arrangements for public or private festivals were counted complete until Hawkins had formally assumed the management and responsibility of the whole affair. Many a fastidious matron in that beautiful Northern city sits complacently to-day in her comfortable parlor, before a glowing grate, and tells her marriageable daughters, 'mid smiles and tears, the story of her grand dinner in her own house, and how "Good Henry" piloted her successfully through all its mazes and perils.

I remember one—a beautiful and accomplished woman—the cynosure of all admiring eyes where ever over the wide world she appeared, who, once suddenly meeting in this distant country, this plain old household associate of her own happy girlhood—impulsively wound her arms about him and wept upon his neck.

O! sweet friend, with the vision of your strange loveliness rising in my mind, I have seen little children rambling among the old graves of Mission Dolores, gathering in innocent affectionate zeal the choicest roses of that consecrated spot, to strew upon the massive tablet that bears your name, and hides you forever from all mortal loves. The buds and blossoms of an even decade have flourished and faded around you, all the years since we laid you there—safe from the storms of earth—to that tranquil sleep, so still they bud and blossom, scent their odors and perish unto the coming of the Angel and the Voice of God.

O, lips that out-rivaled the ruby, teeth that outrivaled the pearl; O, glossy golden tresses that shone on dimpled shoulders, where now do you glisten? Voice that out-trilled the rising lark—O eloquent tongue—O magic smile—where now is your inspiration?

Fingers that wrought marvelous melody—starting the harp—airy little feet that spurned the ground, where now are you straying?

For many years Henry discharged, in addition to these, the duties of sexton of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Buffalo, under the rectorship of Rev. Dr. William Shelton. There he was baptized and received the rites of confirmation and the sacrament of Our Lord's Supper.

Upon the failure of his patron, Mr. Rathbun, and during the subsequent misfortunes of that half distracted man, Henry attached himself personally to the interests of that unhappy family, and on the return of Mr. Rathbun to society and to business he joined him in his original capacity in the city of New York.

In the year 1850, or about that time, Henry became Steward on board the United States revenue cutter *Active*, sent to cruise along the Pacific coast.

Stopping at San Francisco, in 1851, Henry was supplied with a situation in the United States Branch Mint, then in the first year of its institution, where he received a liberal salary. Systematic in his habits, hale and temperate, the gray dawn herself was not earlier than he to his work, more constant.

'Twas during that portion of his life that this faithful man had his home with the writer. He was among the first (and they were few) who met on board us on our arrival in San Francisco, waiting in the strange crowded wharf to greet us, when we landed from the decks of the *Uncle Sam*, and he followed us to our new home, with many significant characteristic nods and smiles, and pleasant familiar words, many a household thing that was all too heavy, falling from feeble and over tasked fingers, found its way to those broad, patient shoulders, and was quietly borne out of sight.

In those rougher days of life in California—those troublous times which doubled the cares of a growing family—that mistress of a house and mother of children, counted herself blest, if, by keeping at home, even as Martha, of the olden time, the little ones might go to the house of divine worship, to sit at the feet of Jesus. At that time Henry was a communicant of Grace Church, then under the immediate care of Right Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, Bishop of California. And so it happened that on all calm bright mornings of our Lord's day, the gray old man led by the hand to church a fair haired child, who knelt by his side as he prayed and whispered with him, "Our Father."

All these years, while maintaining a feeble and expensive family at home, one of the sisters, who came from Maryland, had become hopelessly blind, and his wife had been an invalid many years, when he died at Buffalo in the winter of '57—this good man was paying out hundreds of dollars for the liberation of other sisters and their children, who were still held in bondage in their native State.

To day, April 10, 1865, I have lifted up my eyes in the joy of tears, to see the American Eagle resplendent, and the triumphant Stars and Stripes, two hundred thousand times, all radiant in the clear atmosphere of a perfect day, repeated from dome and masthead, streaming in the rough breeze over all this loyal San Francisco and the blue dimpled bay. Even as I write, a salvo of irrepressible enthusiasm greets my willing ear, thundering out of Captain Blaxome's Battery the joy of Grant's victory and the complete surrender of Lee's army, and I know, and I reverently lift up my voice and thank my God that there will be no more buying and selling of human flesh under the folds of that beautiful flag.

Republicans abroad will be surprised to hear this story, having served seven years and a half under a Democratic rule, was removed from his respectable position in the Mint, by the new Superintendent coming in under the Administration of '61.

Himself not a Republican—the appointment having been made (it is supposed out of personal regard for the gallant and ever lamented Baker,) by honest Abraham Lincoln, God bless him, in the sincerity of his heart. It is said this new officer of the Mint coveted Henry's position for a man of his own political proclivities, who was also a legal voter. Surely that was a holy retribution, which some of us know followed so closely on the heels of this wrong shame. In plain terms, the Superintendent was soon relieved of his own office, and the friends of Henry Hawkins were not sorry for that.

The changing waves of life bore us apart, patient, persevering and hopeful, I heard of my old friend always at work, but as the years came on I knew he was getting feebler and painfully thoughtful, till on the morning of the second day of March 1865, I saw in the paper the following brief notice:

Henry H. Hawkins, a colored man, was found dead early yesterday morning on the steps of his lodging house—an autopsy revealed the cause of his death, it have been water in the chest.

In the usual place of funeral advertisements I learned he was to be buried on the afternoon of the same day.

"Poor old man!" I said, "poor old Henry, is this all?—risen early going out to your daily tasks, fallen in your own footsteps, dying in harness and all alone—will these strangers to your early days make haste to lay your gray head low in the dust and say no more?" We shall see.

The young ladies of the Seminary on Silver street, where he was lately employed as steward of the household, and where he finished his course, brought clusters of Egyptian lilies, geraniums and laurustinus—a wreath of dainty white blossoms and green leaves was twined about his pillow by the same young and fair fingers. Even the opening bud of a rose, which he had noticed and smiled upon in the shrubbery but the day before, had been tenderly placed on his bosom, and there was no lack of out-spoken affection and respect among those who gathered about his well-appointed bier. 'Twas grateful to the eye of the stranger to look upon those placid features, whereon the angel had set the mortal seal, and kindly left no sign of pain or trace of weariness, nor was there wanting the friend of earlier years to drop a tear or two upon his whitened locks, and to pass a pitiful hand in final benediction across his broad, blood forehead; for clearly beautiful in the repose of Death.

Had Henry Hawkins died in Buffalo, where his name is a household word, and his lovely home is normal, his funeral would have been honored by the representatives, in person, of several generations of families, possessed of sturdy integrity and unostentatious dignity. But in San Francisco, there were few even of his own kindred and his own people to follow him over the bleak hills to Lone Mountain, nevertheless, there were not wanting a single formality of Christian burial. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was never more impressively said, even at the burial of bishops.

The body of our deceased brother being thus committed to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—and looking for the general resurrection at the last day, and the life to come through our Lord Jesus Christ, the little child that he led in prayers on those sunny Sabbath mornings, to the church rather now, now grown to womanhood, knelt into the soft yellow sand just heaped upon his breast, and planted the emblems of the Christian faith in fragrant leaves and saintly lilies upon that new made grave.

O life long friend, farewell! Excellent old man, your long day's work is done! You have lived to see the fresh light of the morning that shall surely end altogether loose the bonds of your race. I would you had lived to the full orbed blazing day which shall give Freedom to all men within our borders, and peace. Even as the aged prophet lived long and wearily, for the expected advent of the Infant Christ, so I would you had waited to repeat his words: "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." But I heard a voice, crying: Blessed are the dead, for they rest from their labors.

Modest and genial representative of a race just emerging out of the darkness of bondage, not one of us has ever heard your voice clamorous for social or political rights. Earnestly devoted to the fulfillment of every duty, faithful in all things, by your great patience you have lifted up your own people and commended their fitness to the favorable regard of all who knew you, and here is rest for you at last. Sleep well.

Wealth has come here before you to lay off its purple and gold and pearls, saying we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we carry nothing out.

Genius, too, reposes here in the nameless, neglected grave of Pollock, sweetest California poet. Hither has come the martyred Broderick, lying down in the power of his great manhood—the great spirit passing away while the white lips whispered: "They have killed me because I opposed the extension of slavery." And here, too lies Baker, with a half score of rebel bullets in his breast, dropping on the banks of the far Potomac the gray eagle of the Republican party on the Pacific, has here folded his wings over the great heart hushed and the eloquent eye—these rest here from their loftier labors. (Let no other a few virtues to strew about their green graves. Let them sleep sweetly.)

Yonder is rapidly spreading a city, in its infancy already renowned, full of hilarious life, full of tumults and strifes, but tumults and strifes shall not wake you, shall the dead hear?

Baffling the reach of the finite eye, this great sea beyond stretches away into infinite space, in my captivated ear it seems ever to murmur a tenderly mournful song of rest to all these dreamless sleepers; 'till the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise, I know it will not cease to murmur its same mournful song. Wherefore, O humble friend, sleeping among the mists of Lone Mountain, though the cold wind blows sharp through the Golden Gate to others the rose, whither the sage tree, and moaning through the tangled oaks around you, I know it is true to that dreadful day, not Senators, nor warriors, nor kings, shall make a grander couch than yours.

M C M L.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10, 1865.

A Catholic Mission to the suburbs of San Francisco, on the spot now occupied by one of the Missions of Spanish friars, founded in 1776, by father Junipero Serra, [illegible] ... Mission Dolores ... [illegible]

NEVERMORE.

[Written for the American Flag.]

BY [illegible].

Nevermore the warbling music
Of my own relia's sunny voice
Shall dispel the gathering sorrows
And recall life's fleeting joys.

Nevermore the watching ghosts
Of her matchless loving eyes
Shall bring peace to restless spirits,
Quickly smoothing rising sighs.

Mid the flowerets of the valleys
Not one more she'll lily roam,
Spreading light about her pathway,
Making earth a fairy home.

Dearer far than earthly treasure
Is the pure, ensoilled love
Which she gave into my keeping,
Ere she left me for above.

Telling me, in accents loving,
With it I must never part,
I have sealed it in a casket,
And that casket is my heart.

Little treasured golden ringlets!
Clustering around her brow,
O, my breaking heart can see them
Nestling in the cold earth now.

Ne'er so valued as the vine land,
Or India's many skies,
As the spot amid the wild flowers
Where my own one gently lies.

Though the wild blast sweeps above it,
And the storm king o'er it flies,
Round it broods a holy quiet,
For 'tis there my darling lies.

And at night, when I am dreaming
Wakeful dreams in my dreary room,
Then I hear her merry laughter
Floating round me in the gloom.

And I hear her fairy foot-steps
Lightly tripping to my side,
Now the little spirit is trying
Behind my great arm chair to hide.

'Gainst my arm her soft cheek pressed,
Round me cling her arms so fair,
And, up from my vision springing,
Find I've naught but empty air.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1865.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

[Written for the American Flag.]

"Then I praised the dead that are already dead
More than the living which are yet alive."

There's solemn silence on the crowded street,
While the long column pass with measured tread,
With arms reversed and muffled drums' dull beat,
Paying war's tribute to the illustrious dead.

The cannon's gone, the martial telling bell,
With drooping banners, signs of a nation's woe,
Emblems indeed are these but fail to tell
Of grief too deep for speech or outward sign to show.

The brand of age is bowed in sorrow, and the rose
Forsakes proud Beauty's cheek, and leaves it pale,
Even stern manhood's eye with tears o'erflows,
As friend to friend repeats the mournful tale.

And well befitting is the garb of grief,
Befitting 'tis all nation's tears should flow;
Come friend of Freedom, gather round your chief,
And mourn the God like form that lies so cold and low.

In peace at last, he heeds not war's alarms;
He, at whose word the haughtiest foes arose,
No battle struggling with sorrow, or his clashing arms,
Nor busy cares of State can break that calm repose.

The patriot Statesman, merciful and just;
Above thee he, the halls of State are rent;
With aching bosoms we consign to dust,
The people's choice, "the noblest work of God."

The guest of Monarchs and the poor man's friend,
With power unlimited—more than kingly sway;
Proud Rome benefited a Cæsar's tragic end,
A greater than Cæsar, lies in state to-day.

No monumental pile his deeds display,
On marble or from the laurels his name,
Take thou a spire, O, Earth! thou sacred clay,
Immortal history shall preserve his fame.

COMPANY D.

FORT SAN JOSE, April 19th, 1865.

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Ah, mourn the nation, and weep for the dead,
For the champion of liberty torn amongst us has died;
Through struggling with sorrow, our sin country's worth
Yet his heart teemed with pity for her sins in all earth.

So, as it, it is the day that spread gloom o'er the land,
And caused freedom to blush, through the assassin's hand;
[illegible]

Break not bitter the tears, the nation will shed
For him who's so torn us on our illustrious dead.

Though the no longer amongst us, the wise and the brave,
The friend of the lowly and hope of the slave
A martyr for freedom, he died of her shrine,
His ball lies in our souls to the end of all time.

There is gloom in the cabin, there is gloom in the hall
There is grief at the loss whom we cannot recall
[illegible]
And though dead to our nation he will live in her fame.

EAN QUENTIN.

A MAGICAL THING IS THE GRAPEVINE LINE.

[For the Readers of the 'Daily American Flag.']

Hurrah! Hurrah! for the grapevine line,
It brings the news in a half the time
It use to take, when the liquid fire
Came creeping o'er the "Company's" wire,
And, strange to say, we ne'er have heard
It ever gave out "beyond Julesburg!"

A magical thing is this grapevine line,
It buds and blossoms in Eastern climes,
And the fruit it yields for friends is sweet,
But gall to traitors who cannot reach;
And the root is firm, while the branches throw
How *Truth* in the soil of *Freedom* will grow.

A wonderful plant—its thousands of leaves
Are registered abroad on Liberty's breeze,
They fall with a soft and holy spell,
And its tempers alike to all who dwell
In palace, or cot, on mountain, or vale,
That *Justice* will triumph and *Right* will prevail.

A *powerful* plan—Oh! this tiny line—
And woe to the thing round which it twines
Its tendrils young, for strength it grows
To hold in the last, till foes are driven
From out our land and to dust laid low,
While they reap the whirlwind in direst woe.

To souls of the guilty it sent a chill,
Surging, its true, the motherly quill
Of a goose, where rest has long been known
As the spot where all the feathers have flown—
Plucked from the weak and silly few
Who were *thinly robbed* by the *Alta's* crew.

Lumbering along, with its weight of years,
From Australia's hills, an adder appears,
Who thinks with its *fangs* and *rime* to kill
This truth telling vine at his lordship's will.
But hold, while we answer in dashiest rhyme,
They'll better hang by the *grapevine line*.

Oh! the vine *shall grow*, and the fruit will be
Sweet bunches of grapes from Liberty's tree,
And the good can eat, while 'neath the shade
They silently watch for the *traitor's blade*—
For say what they may, and throw now whine
Not one hat would murder our grapevine line.

ZORA.

BIRTHS.

In this city, April 20th, the wife of William Harris, of a son.

In Weaverville, April 13th, the wife of George H. Lord, of a daughter.

In Marysville, April 18th, the wife of John Rivers, of a daughter.

In Marysville, April 16th, the wife of James McCaig, of a son.

At Forest, April 1st, the wife of James Van Dyse, of a son.

At Red Bluff, April 15th, the wife of R. S. Bellis, of a son.

In Red Bluff, April 15th, the wife of E. S. Cushing, of a daughter.

In Red Bluff, April 15th, the wife of John Trawb'ee, of a son.

At Silver Mountain, April 12th, the wife of A. B. [illegible], of a daughter.

In Silver Mountain, April 12th, the wife of J. Deer[illegible], of a daughter.

In Grass Valley, April 13th, the wife of James Paul, of a daughter.

In Grass Valley, April 13th, the wife of S. D. Dreasy, of a son.

In Martinsburg, El Dorado county, March 31st, the wife of John Orr, of a son.

In Stockton, April 17th, the wife of L. Barnola, of a son.

[illegible]

MARRIAGES.

In this city, April 20th, at Grace Cathedral, by the Rev. H. Goodale, Rennoe M. Chamberlin to Kate S. [illegible], late of Brooklyn, New York.

In this city, April 15th, by the Rev. Father Croke, [illegible] to Mary H. [illegible].

[illegible]

DEATHS.

In this city, April 20th, Alice Flyinn, infant daughter of Frank H. and Mary Amelia Reynolds, aged 1 year 2 months and 18 days.

In Vallejo, April 11th, Earl Parker Aldrich, aged 27 years and 20 days.

[illegible]